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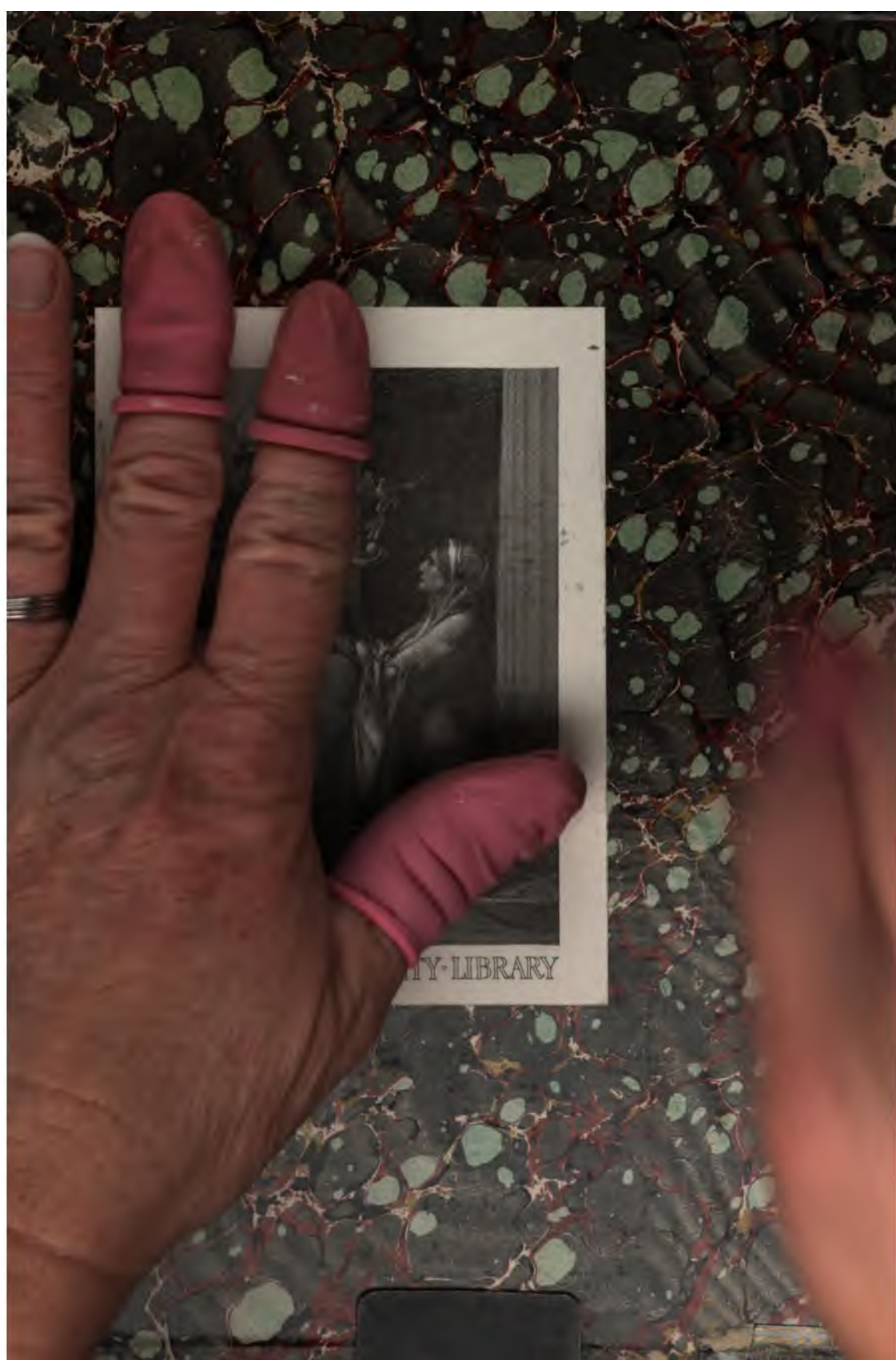
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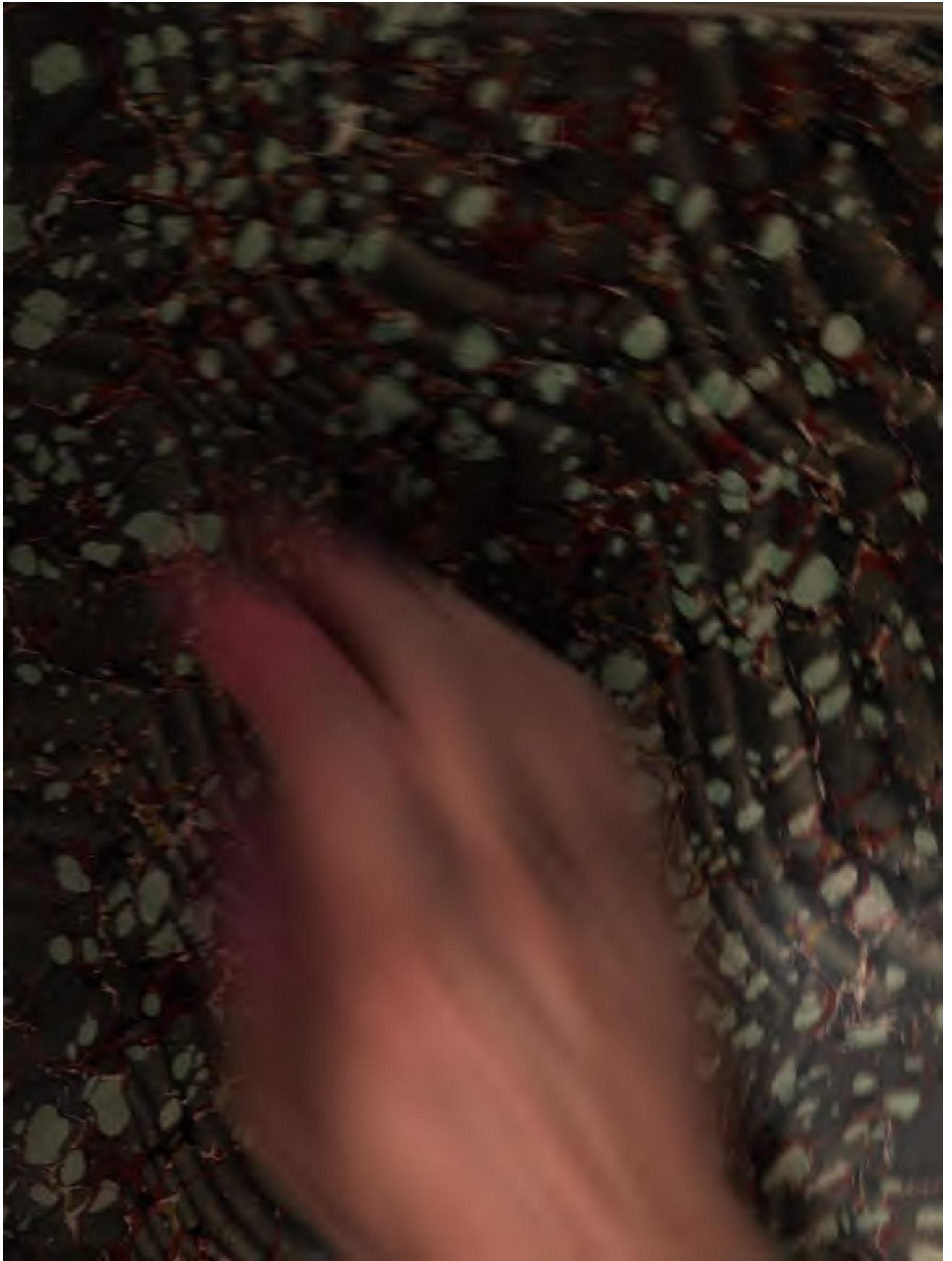
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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
THOMAS LODGE



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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
THOMAS LODGE

[1580-1623?]

NOW FIRST COLLECTED

VOLUME FIRST



PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB

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УПАВЛІ ОБОТНАТЗ

PREFATORY NOTE.

IN completing for the Members of the HUNTERIAN CLUB the first collected edition of the Works of THOMAS LODGE, the Council begs to thank Mr. S. CHRISTIE-MILLER and Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER for lending for reproduction or collation the very rare, in some cases unique, originals in their possession. A grateful sense of the help which in a similar respect the Club received from the late Mr. HENRY HUTCH and the late Mr. FREDERIC OUVRY, may also here be expressed.

The principle steadily kept in view in the reproduction of the several pieces now brought together has been to preserve the appearance and character of the originals, so far as could be done with a uniform type. The typographical ornaments, initial letters, and woodcuts have been given in facsimile, while the same exactness has been followed in the text, which has been rendered page for page, line for line, and word for word. Misprints have therefore been retained, but the reader will have no difficulty in correcting these for himself.

Excepting in one case, the tracts have all been reprinted from First Editions, which, as a rule, are considered by bibliographers more valuable than later impressions.

PREFATORY NOTE.

LODGE translated the Works of Josephus, Seneca, and a French "Summary" of Du Bartas. His own part in the dedications and addresses which accompanied these, as well as his contributions to the "Phoenix Nest," "England's Helicon," and other works, will be found printed with the Miscellaneous Pieces.

In writing the Memoir it is almost needless to say that Mr. Gosse was left entirely free to form his own judgment as to LODGE's place in English literature. The interest of the Memoir is enhanced by a few points not hitherto known in LODGE's personal history.

It has not been thought necessary to add Notes to the Works of a writer so purely literary as LODGE: but the appended Glossary will doubtless be found helpful in the perusal of his various pieces, now reprinted uniformly for the first time.

As a matter of bibliographical interest, it may be stated that only Two Hundred copies have been reprinted, exclusively for Members of THE HUNTERIAN CLUB, with Ten additional copies for presentation by the Council.

GLASGOW, *March*, 1883.

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MEMOIR
OF
THOMAS LODGE.



F a full and continuous biography of THOMAS LODGE could be recovered, it would possess as much interest to a student of Elizabethan manners and letters as any Memoir that can be imagined. It would combine, in a series of pictures, scenes from all the principal conditions of life in that stirring and vigorous age. It would introduce us to the stately civic life of London City, to Oxford in the first glow of humanism and liberal thought, to the dawn of professional literature in London, to the life of a soldier against Spain, to the adventures of a freebooting sailor on the high seas, to the poetry of the age, and then to its science, to the stage in London and to the anatomical lecture-room in Avignon, to the humdrum existence of a country practitioner, and to the perilous intrigues of a sympathiser with Catholicism trembling on the verge of treason. LODGE is therefore in many respects a typical figure. His genius, from the purely literary point of view, is sufficiently considerable to make him interesting in himself, and to give him a

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noticeable presence in the shifting pageant of the times. But what mainly distinguishes him from four or five other composers of delicate lyrics and amorous romances is the length and picturesque variety of his career. Of this career, unhappily, we possess but the outline. A few dates in wills or at the close of prefaces, a few nimble conjectures, a page of biography in the *Athenæ* of Anthony à Wood, these we have to piece together as best we may, and to endeavour to recover from them the lost presence of a man; nor are we without this consolation, that, for an Elizabethan poet, LODGE stands out before us at last with some measure of distinctness.

The year of the birth of THOMAS LODGE is a matter of pure conjecture. At the death of his mother in 1579 he was not yet twenty-five, and at the death of his father in 1583 he had almost certainly passed that age. The various circumstances of his early career combine to make it probable that he was born in 1557. He was the second son of people in affluent circumstances, his father, Sir Thomas Lodge, a grocer, having been Lord Mayor of London in the plague-year 1563. The poet in after years took care to sign himself "Gentleman," and to hold himself a little above the crowd of playwrights. His family pedigree was, or professed to be, an ancient one, and he claimed descent from Odoard di Logis, Baron of Wigton in Cumberland, a nobleman of the twelfth century. The poet's mother, Lady Anne Lodge, was the daughter of a previous Lord Mayor of London, Sir William

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Laxton, who died before the poet's birth, in 1556; his grandmother, Lady Laxton, who lived to see him grown up, seems to have shown him a particular partiality, and to have selected him for preference among her daughter's children, which were six in number. According to Wood, THOMAS LODGE made his first appearance in Oxford about 1573, "and was afterwards servitour or scholar under the learned and virtuous Mr. Edward Hoby of Trinity College, where, making early advances, his ingenuity began at first to be observed by several of his compositions in poetry." This Edward Hoby was perhaps the son of that accomplished Sir Thomas Hoby, who, a quarter of a century earlier, had Englished the *Courtier* of Count Baldassar Castilio.

About 1575 there were three distinct schools or haunts of polite letters in England, each of them silent to the world, but each preparing to make itself widely felt, and each fitting out soldiers for the great conflict of the wits. At the court of Elizabeth, Sidney, Greville and Dyer were turning over the masterpieces of Greek and Italian literature, and dreaming, at least, of some form of stately English emulation. At Cambridge, amid a breathless circle of private admirers, Spenser was testing his powers of versification, as yet with little notion of the direction they would ultimately take. At Oxford, when Lodge went up to Trinity, John Lyly had already been four years at Magdalen, and though still only twenty years of age, had attracted considerable notice by his neglect of purely academical studies, and by

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his proclivities to poetry and romance. Among the youths which were clustered around him were George Peele, afterwards a famous playwright, and Abraham Fraunce, a writer of more reputation than merit. Probably in the same year which saw LODGE's advent at the University, Thomas Watson came to Oxford, and joined the *cénacle*. It would be very interesting to follow the intellectual development of this set of Oxford students, who seem, in some obscure way, to have found at Cambridge an ardent friend and adherent in Robert Greene. Their early exercises in verse and prose have all been lost, unless, indeed, as seems not unlikely, some portion of Lyly's epoch-making *Euphues* was composed before its author took his degree in 1575. LODGE was beyond question deeply influenced by Lyly. To the close of his career his style continued to be coloured with Euphuism, and on two separate occasions he blazoned the name of Lyly's masterpiece on a title-page of his own. To his intimacy with Peele he owed, in all probability, his interest in the stage, and his zeal for the revival of dramatic art; and Watson, whom he was destined to surpass in every branch of poetry, may have led him first in a lyrical direction with his amorous and precocious *Hekatompathia*. His own writings show that he was deeply read in the classics, that he had mastered French, Spanish, and Italian, and that he was familiar with all the learned subtleties which at that time engaged the leisure of the Universities.

All that we positively know of LODGE's Oxford career is that he was at college with Edmund and

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Robert Carew, sons of Lord Hunfdon, and that he remained at Trinity until he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, on the 8th of July, 1577, being then probably twenty years of age. He did not remain at Oxford to take the higher degree of Master of Arts; but, returning to London, was admitted, on the 26th of April, 1578, into the Society of Lincoln's Inn. His elder brother, William Lodge, had belonged to the Society, in which his father also had held office since 1572. In the winter of 1579 he had the misfortune to lose his mother, Lady Anne Lodge; in the course of that year she had drawn out her will, in which she makes particular mention of her son Thomas, bequeathing part of her property towards "his finding at his book at Lincoln's Inn," and the rest to him at the age of twenty-five, with this provision, that should he "discontinue his studies," and cease to be what "a good student ought to be," this property should, on his father's decision, be divided among his brothers. It is unsafe to argue from this caution that LODGE was already a youth of unsteady character; on the contrary, he must have shown particular powers of intelligence to be thus selected among six children as his mother's sole legatee. There was probably some understanding on this point entered into between the father and mother, for in Sir Thomas Lodge's will the five other children are provided for, but the poet is not mentioned. It was perhaps recognised that Thomas had already received his share of the family estate direct from his mother.

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The death of his mother seems to have been the occasion of his first essay in publication. *An Epitaph of the Lady Anne Lodge* was licensed on the 23rd of December, 1579, and the name of its author was entered as "T. Lodge." This poem, which was probably an unbound pamphlet, has totally disappeared. LODGE's next venture has shown more vitality, but caused him at the time great disappointment and vexation. In 1579 the Rev. Stephen Gosson, a young divine of more effrontery than talent, published a furious counterblast against poetry, music, and the drama. This volume, which was named *The School of Abuse*, was in fact a puritanical attempt to nip in the bud the whole new blossom of English literature. It was not inspired, as the attacks of Jeremy Collier were a century later, by the righteous anger of a not very imaginative man who saw the wickedness of the stage without noticing its poetry; it was merely the snarl of a dull cleric who hated all that was urbane and graceful for its own sake. What was perhaps the strangest thing about it was that it abused poetry, and music, and stage-plays before these things had really begun to exist in England, so that its author was forced, in the absence of actual foes, to fight with such phantoms of literature as Webbe and Puttenham. *The School of Abuse* had hardly been published when the *Shepherd's Calendar* appeared, and demonstrated its absurdity. Young THOMAS LODGE had the want of wisdom to fly in defence of the fine arts against this lumbering opponent, and to pit his Oxford rhetoric against the

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apparatus of a professed pedant. A much greater honour, and a much more complete disaster, awaited Goffon in the fact that Sir Philip Sidney was about to deign to answer his attack on the arts in his final *Apology for Poetry*. This latter work, not printed till 1595, was written in the autumn of 1581. It was probably about a year earlier that LODGE wrote and hurried through the press his reply to Goffon. Of this reply only two copies have come down to us, each in a mutilated condition, without title-page or introduction. There seems to have been a refusal of publication, for LODGE himself says, in his preface to the *Alarum against Usurers*, in 1584:—

“About three years ago, one Stephen Goffon published a book, intituled *The School of Abuse*, in which, having escaped in many and sundry conclusions, I, as the occasion then fitted me, shaped him such an answer as befecemed his discourse, which by reason of the slendernefs of the subject, because it was in defence of plays and play-makers, the godly and reverend, that had to deal in the cause, misliking it, forbad the publishing, notwithstanding he, coming by a private imperfect copy, about two years since, made a reply.”

LODGE'S *Defence of Poetry* need not detain us long. It is a production of the old inflated type, without a touch of modern freshnefs, full of pompous and only too probably spurious allusions to the classics, vague, wordy, and, in its temper, offensive. The author's opponent is “shamless Goffon,” a “hypocrite,” a “monstrous chicken without head,” and is addressed throughout with unmeasured and voluble contempt. The whole tract consists, as we possess it, of only

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twenty-four leaves, and within this small compass all the arts are defended from their clerical assailant. It is illustrative of the poverty of native literature in 1579, that not a single poem or play in the English language is quoted or referred to. That the little tract should have been suppressed is unaccountable, yet not more so than such an act of purposeless tyranny as the extinction of Drayton's *Harmony of the Church* ten years later. We know too little of the circumstances attending the censorship of the press under Elizabeth to hazard a conjecture regarding its mode of operation.

During the next few years we have great difficulty in following LODGE's fortunes. According to our conjecture that he was born in 1557, he must have inherited his mother's fortune in 1582, since it was to pass to him when he reached the age of twenty-five. It is possible that before this he had become alienated from his family, and had even suffered poverty. In 1581 LODGE revised for the press, and issued with a commendatory poem of his own, Barnaby Rich's romance of *Don Simonides*. In this poem he speaks of his muse as dulled by his "long distress," and remarks that "a dolefull dump pulls back my pleasant vein." I confess that these phrases seem to me to suggest illness rather than material ill-fortune, and I think that this view is justified by the famous phrase of Stephen Gosson, who, returning to the attack in 1582, spoke of LODGE as "hunted by the heavy hand of God, and become little better than a vagrant, looser than liberty, lighter than vanity

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itself." Here, I think, we may perceive a mixture of fact and supposition. Goffon had doubtless heard of that "distress" under which LODGE was labouring, and at once proceeded, in the cowardly manner of disputants in that age, to exaggerate it to LODGE's confusion. Goffon knew so little about his opponent, that he calls him William, some copies of *Plays Confuted* containing a slip, on which is the word "Thomas," pasted over the "William." Goffon's testimony is of little value, and if we listen to his vague accusation, we are no less bound to remember that, when LODGE found next occasion to take up his pen, he denied the charges of Goffon in a manly and straightforward epistle to those who knew him best, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court:—

"You that know me, Gentlemen, can testify that neither my life hath been so lewd, as that my company was odious, nor my behaviour so light, as that it should pass the limits of modesty: this notwithstanding, a licentious Hipponax, neither regarding the asperity of the laws touching slanderous libellers, nor the offspring from whence I came, which is not contemptible, attempted, not only in public and reproachful terms, to condemn me in his writings, but also to slander me."

LODGE was not so vagrant a person but that he had married by this time, and in 1583 possessed property, which he devised in his will to his wife Joan, and to his daughter Mary. In December of the same year his father, Sir Thomas Lodge, died and was buried at St. Mary, Aldermary, with civic honours. With this event the early career of the poet closes, and it is at this point that we must refer

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once more to the *Alarum against Usurers*, in which a number of passages occur which have been supposed, and not without a show of probability, to be autobiographical. In that work, published in 1584, LODGE comes before us as a writer possessing much more command over language than he had displayed in his attack on Gosson. The *Alarum* is a prose treatise against "coney-catching," the first of a class in which Greene, and afterwards Dekker, were to attain a great popularity, in which the temptations and miseries of London life were painted in gloomy colours, and the results of dissolute living were traded on to produce a literary effect. In LODGE's case it has been taken for granted that the palinode was sincere and personal, and that in this pamphlet he wore the white sheet publicly for notorious offences of his own. Nothing is more rash than a supposition of this sort, and nothing more dangerous in biographical criticism than to identify the literature with the man. LODGE describes a young gentleman from the University, whose mother tenderly cherished him, and whose wit was praised and his preferment secured, until his father brought him to the Inns of Court, where he fell among evil companions, and sank into giddy and debauched habits. His mother is now dead, his father's allowance to him is insufficient to meet his expenses, and he is deeply involved with usurers. There is no doubt a great temptation to the biographer to distribute the incidents of this picturesque story along the scanty lines of LODGE's own Memoir, but a more careful perusal of the *Alarum* shows the

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extreme danger of this course. The tract is inspired, probably, by some experience of the evils of which it treats; but it is not possible that, if the poet had been notoriously an evil-liver of this boisterous kind, he would have chosen to analyse his experience in so full and open a manner, in a book which bore his name, and which was elaborately dedicated to his colleagues of Lincoln's Inn. It is much more likely that his experience as a lawyer opened up to him the abuses that he describes, and that the real object of his tract was a distinctly philanthropic one, a desire to bring the scandalous tyranny of the money-lenders before the notice of Parliament. Bound up with the *Alarum against Usurers*, in 1584, were two other works of a widely different nature. The *Delectable History of Forbonius and Prisceria* is a romance in prose and verse, which shows that LODGE responded with instant promptitude to Greene's start-word in *Mamillia* the year before. In these florid and cumbrous stories the English novel put forth its first bud; it is in these imitations of Italian romance that our long series of fiction commences. One or two writers, and particularly Whetstone in his *Promos and Cassandra* in 1578, had given a kind of timid suggestion of a story; but it is Greene to whom the merit is due of first writing a book wholly devoted to fictitious adventure in prose. LODGE, on his side, made an improvement on Greene by introducing into *Forbonius and Prisceria* poetical interludes and a system of correspondence in sonnets, which were immediately adopted by Greene, and bequeathed by him to his imitators.

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Hitherto LODGE's achievements in verse had been slight and far from promising, but in this book he begins to express himself with that mellifluous smoothness which afterwards characterised his poems. The prose style of the romance is founded on that of Lyly's *Euphues*, of which LODGE was then, and remained, by far the most successful adapter. His memory was no less well stocked, and his fancy no less graceful than those of Lyly himself, and he added to Lyly's rather cold ethical abstraction of style a southern glow of feeling. In *Forbonius and Prisceria*, however, we see rather a suggestion of this latter quality than the presence of it, and the merits of the romance are negative rather than positive. The third division of the volume is the best; it is a vigorous satirical poem in rime royal, intitled *Truth's Complaint over England*. In accordance with prudence, no less than the fashion of the age, the exact meaning of the satire is concealed under an allegorical narrative. Britain is expostulated with for her unjust madness, for her prejudice against truth, and for being "hard-hearted, flinty-minded, and bent to abuse." In the face of LODGE's later relations to the Catholic party, it is difficult to understand these reproaches, otherwise than by supposing the satire to be a prudently concealed protest against the anti-Romanist action of Parliament, and the new stringent laws against the Jesuits. To have openly attempted to stem the rapidly increasing flood of prejudice against the Papacy would merely have been to endanger the poet's own head, and we must suppose *Truth's Com-*

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plaint to have been one more of those cryptic contributions to politics which the Elizabethan poets loved to devise, and the only satisfaction of which must have been the pleasure of making an oral commentary to private friends.

As far as I am aware, there is no reason to suppose that any earlier edition of LODGE's next work, *Scilla's Metamorphosis*, than that which we now possess of 1589, was ever published. Yet I confess I should be little surprised if it was found to belong rather to 1585 or 1586. It seems to me to be a product of the poet's early London life, before the date of his wanderings, and the tone of the preface, no less than the style of the contents bears out this supposition. It is dedicated, like the *Alarum against Usurers*, to the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and the author styles himself "of Lincoln's Inn, Gent." The preface, which is written in a cumbrous and affected style unworthy of LODGE in 1589, complains of the spread of poetic composition, which enforces him to publish his verses and assert his individuality. This petulance may either have been provoked by the success of such miscellanies as Clement Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights*, or may be the expression of a passing irritation at the success of LODGE's personal friends, Lyly, Greene, Watson, and Peele, all of whom had come before the public with some prominence during the last few years. The rapidity with which Greene, in particular, had poured forth his romances, might well have suggested to LODGE that "our wits now-a-days are waxed very fruitful, and our pamphleteers more than prodigal;"

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and the ease and skill with which the same writer had adopted and enriched that manner in poetry, which LODGE had invented, may have provoked the latter to irritation. *Glaucus and Scilla*, as the poem of *Scilla's Metamorphosis* is more properly named, was, however, a work in which its author owed little to his predecessors, and had nothing to fear from his contemporaries. It is no small merit in LODGE that in this work he was the inventor, or the introducer into English literature, of a class of poem which has thriven amongst us, and which counts Shakespeare, Keats, and even Wordsworth (in *Lindemur*) among its direct cultivators. This was the minor epic in which a classical subject is treated in a romantic manner. LODGE sustains his theme through nearly 150 stanzas, and if his narrative manner leaves much to be desired, his style is fluent and coloured, and his fancy is well supported. But the great interest of this poem, and one which has never fully received the attention it deserves, is the influence which it had upon the mind of Shakespeare. It is not too much to say that *Venus and Adonis* is a direct imitation of *Glaucus and Scilla*—an imitation, indeed, which vastly outshines its original, but none the less was distinctly composed in emulation of the older poem. The stanza in which the two poems are written is the same, and the relation between the volumes of 1589 and 1593 becomes quite startling when we realize that these verses occur in the earlier poem:—

* He that hath seen the sweet Arcadian boy
Wiping the purple from his forced wound,



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His pretty tears betokening his annoy,
His sighs, his cries, his falling on the ground,
The echoes ringing from the rocks his fall,
The trees with tears reporting of his thrall;

“ And Venus starting at her love-mate's cry,
Forcing her birds to haste her chariot on,
And full of grief at last with piteous eye,
Seen where all pale with death he lay alone,
Whose beauty quailed, as wont the lilies droop,
When wasteful winter winds do make them stoop.

“ Her dainty hand addressed to daw her dear,
Her roseal lip allied to his pale cheek,
Her sighs, and then her looks and heavy cheer,
Her bitter threats, and then her passions meek;
How on his senseless corpse she lay a-crying,
As if the boy were then but new a-dying.”

This is very close to the earliest manner of Shakespeare; and, if we turn from *Glaucus and Scilla* to *Venus and Adonis*, we shall be struck by the resemblance in many points. There can be no doubt that the young Shakespeare borrowed from LODGE his tone, the mincing sweetness of his versification, and the “precious” use of such words as “lily,” “purple,” “crystal,” and “primrose.” None of the predecessors of the greatest of our poets had so direct an influence upon his early style as LODGE, and this must certainly be accounted not the least of the claims of the latter to our attention.

The remaining poems in the volume of 1589 are worthy of careful examination. A poem “In commendation of a Solitary Life” is a very delicate and

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refined composition, and one which might be taken as a typical example of the poetry of reflection in the age of Elizabeth. "A Beauty's Lullaby," on the other hand, is confessedly a work of the author's youth, and returns to the unwieldy versification and confused volubility of a preceding generation, in which rhetoric had taken the place of fancy. "Sundry sweet Sonnets," with which the collection closes, contain a variety of interesting lyrical experiments; the little madrigal, beginning "A very Phoenix, in her radiant eyes," and the song of which this is a verse—

"The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices,
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing,"

should be omitted from no anthology of Elizabethan verse; the sonnets are most of them written in that spurious form of sixteen lines invented by Watson in his *Hekatompathia*, but in a single instance LODGE gives us here a sonnet of fourteen lines. He founds it, evidently, upon French usage, for it is in alexandrines. The proper Elizabethan sonnet had not yet been presented to the public, though Sidney's had doubtless been widely circulated in manuscript.

The progress of poetical taste was so rapid in the ninth decade of the sixteenth century that we may trace it almost year by year. It seems to me impossible that so very intelligent and sensitive a poet

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as LODGE could have written these "Sundry sweet Sonnets" after Sidney's death in 1586. He might very well publish them later, indeed; and yet I feel much inclined to think that *Scilla's Metamorphosis* was but reprinted in 1589. Of its author's adventures and manner of life between 1584 and 1590 we know only this, that he was engaged in at least one freebooting expedition to Spanish waters. In the very interesting preface to *Rosalynde* he tells us that he accompanied Captain Clarke in an attack upon the Azores and the Canaries. His expressions are so eloquent, and breathe so exactly the grandiose spirit of the age of Elizabeth that we may quote them with advantage. "Having," he says to his friend Lord Hunfdon, "with Capt. Clarke made a voyage to the Islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this book, rough, as hatched in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the furies of many perilous seas." No account of this particular expedition has been preserved, and we may believe that it did not materially differ from many others of which a record has been kept by Purchas or Hakluyt.

The romance of *Rosalynde: Euphues' Golden Legacy*, which appeared in 1590, is the next, and by far the most important of LODGE's longer productions. "Room," says the author, "for a soldier and a failor, that gives you the fruits of his labours that he wrought in the ocean, when every line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm." It is very pleasant to imagine the

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young poet, in the same picturesque dress in which his fellow-soldiers fought the Spanish Armada, stretched on the deck of his ship while she sailed under a tropical sky, and setting the amorous passions of the Forest of Arden to the monotonous music of the ocean. But for us the great interest of this, the best of LODGE's works, consists in the fact that Shakespeare borrowed from it the plot of one of the most exquisite of his comedies, *As You Like It*. With the exceptions of Rosalynde herself, of Phœbe, and of Adam, the trusty servant, Shakespeare has altered all the names which LODGE gives to his persons. Sir John of Bordeaux (Sir Rowland de Bois) has two sons, Saladyne (Oliver) and Rosader (Orlando); the younger of these departs from his brother's house in dudgeon, and arrives at the court of Torrismond, King of France (Frederick), who has banished his brother Gerismond (the Duke), the rightful monarch, to be an outlaw in the forest of Arden. At the usurper's court Rosader meets the wrestler Norman (Charles), and challenges him to try a fall in the presence of Rosalynde and her friend Aliena¹ (Celia), the false king's daughter. All then follows as in *As You Like It*, except that there were in LODGE's story no equivalents to Jacques, Touchstone, and Audrey. We put LODGE at a great disadvantage when we compare his crude invention with Shakespeare's magical insight and perfect vision; it is more fair to compare the *Rosalynde* as a story with the

¹ It will be remembered that Celia adopts this name in the forest.

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tales of LODGE's immediate contemporaries. In it, and in the *Menaphon* of Greene, which was probably written about the same time, though published in 1589, we find the two cotyledons between which sprang up the shoot which has spread into the mighty tree of English fiction. In these languid and cumbersome stories it may be difficult to trace any promise of the subtlety of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, or of the vivid realism of *A Modern Instance*, but the process of evolution which has led from Greene and LODGE to Mr. Hardy and Mr. Howells has been consistent and direct. Already in these Euphuistic romances we trace in embryo certain qualities which have always been characteristic of Anglo-Saxon fiction, a vigorous ideal of conduct, a love of strength and adventure, an almost Quixotic reverence for womanhood. Before their time anything like a coherent tale in prose had been unknown in English; chronicle-history had been attempted with occasional success, but not purely imaginative invention. If we compare the *Rosalynde* of LODGE with the *Menaphon*, which is Greene's masterpiece, we are first struck with the strong similarity between the methods of the two friends. They had acted and reacted on each other, until it would be difficult, without much reflection, to be sure whether one rich dreamy page were the work of Greene or of LODGE. The verses would always help us to discriminate, and by and by we should perceive that in the conduct of his story LODGE is more skilful and more business-like than Greene, who becomes entangled in his own garlands and ara-

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besques. The *Rosalynde* is really very pleasant reading for its own sake, and as the author appears to have invented the plot, we may give him credit for having conceived a series of romantic situations which Shakespeare himself was content to accept. The life in the forest of Arden is charmingly described. Shakespeare gives us a sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees, but in LODGE the banished king is found feasting with the outlaws under a grove of lemons, and Rosader, while he rests from hunting lions with a boar-spear, inscribes his sonnets on the soft bark of a fig-tree. These anachronisms cannot disturb those who enter into the spirit of either romance. The light which is blown down the deep glades of Arden, and falls lovingly on the groups in their pastoral masquerade, is that which never shone on sea or land, but which has coloured the romantic vision of dreamers since the world began. And it is very curious that the generation which saw the whole of Europe plunged into civil and international wars, when the roar of cannon became a common sound in the ears of Christendom, and when the whole religious and social polity of man was undergoing noisy revolution, should turn with special fondness to the contemplation of Arcadias and Eldorados, out of space, out of time; and that, on the very eve of the Armada, LODGE should have sailed under the battlements of Terceira with his brain full of Rosader's melancholy amoret in praise of beauteous Rosalynde's perfection.

The verse in the *Rosalynde* demands particular

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notice. It is as far superior to the prose in excellence as LODGE himself was to Goffon or Gabriel Harvey. Such a stanza as

“ With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view;
Nature herself her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her sight,
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light,”

and the pieces beginning “ First shall the heavens want starry light,” “ Love in my bosom like a bee,” and “ Turn I my looks unto the skies,” are of the first order of excellence. Nothing so fluent, so opulent, so melodious had up to that time been known in English lyrical verse, for we must never forget that when these exquisite poems were given to the public, the *Faery Queen* itself was not yet circulated. In these love-songs a note of passion, a soaring and shouting music of the lark at heaven’s gate, was heard for the first time above the scholastic voices of such artificial poets as Watson, and for a moment, to an observant eye, LODGE might have seemed, next after Spenser, the foremost living poet of the English race. Only, however, for a moment, since the vaster luminary of Shakespeare was on the horizon, attended and preceded by Hesper and Phosphor, Marlowe, with the pride of his youth, and Sidney, with his posthumous glory. And then the

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full morning broke, and LODGE in his sweet colours of the sunrise was set aside, and forgotten in a blaze of daylight.

Something of this must have been dimly felt by Greene and LODGE. They did not confess that they were superseded, and from LODGE at least we have no word of petulance at the success of younger men. But from this date there is less effort made to breast the accomplishment of the age, and we find in both poets a recurrence to the established forms of their art. Greene, indeed, during the brief remainder of his life, abandoned pastoral romance in favour of those treatises of "coney-catching" of which LODGE had set him the example in his *Alarum against Usurers*. That the friendship between these eminent men had become close we have many evidences. LODGE, who must have been reading Ronfard or Baif, addressed an octet in French to Greene in 1589, as an introduction to the *Spanish Masquerado* of the latter poet, in which he addresses him as "mon Greene," and "mon doux ami." The success of *Rosalynde* in 1590 was instant, and this romance continued to be printed for nearly a century. LODGE was encouraged to take up literature as a profession, and his publications during the next five years were very numerous. On the 2nd of May, 1591, he issued "from my chamber," presumably in London, a piece of hack-work, the *Life of Robin the Devil*, a pseudo-historical account of the vices, adventures and penitent end of Robert le Diable, first, or as LODGE inaccurately states, second Duke of Normandy, whose brief career

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closed on the 2nd of July, 1035, and whose eccentric vigour of character had collected a whole train of myths about his memory. This pamphlet was evidently a professional piece of work, but it is very far from being one of LODGE's less successful pieces. The poems which he scattered through its pages display, it is true, much less originality and brilliance than those in *Rosalynde*, but the story, such as it is, is well told, and there are prose passages, such as the voluptuous description of the Bower of Editha, which are equal to the best which LODGE has left us. It is perhaps not unworthy of remark that it is in this book that we first detect that sympathy with the Catholic creed, and with Roman forms of penitence and ritual, which became more and more marked in LODGE's writings, and which have led to the shrewd conjecture that he was already secretly a member of the Roman communion.

At the close of *Rosalynde* LODGE promised that, if the public encouraged his labours, he would next prepare his *Sailor's Calendar*. This work, which, if it ever appeared, has been hopelessly lost, was probably an account of the author's expedition to the Azores with Capt. Clarke, and would doubtless have been rich in such autobiographical touches as we can ill be content to miss. In October, 1764, there was sold from the library of Mr. John Hutton, of St. Paul's Churchyard, a black-letter volume by LODGE, entitled *A Spider's Web*, which has not turned up since. Several of his existing works remain in unique exemplars, and there are, therefore, it is possible,

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other lacunæ in our list of his productions. The next book which comes under our notice is one of the rarest of all, and its entire disappearance would denude its author of little of his glory. Before, however, we consider the *Catharos*, which was apparently published late in 1591, and during its author's absence from England, we must deal with the circumstances which led him abroad. Thomas Cavendish was a young squire of Suffolk, who, upon attaining his majority, had fitted out a ship, and had gone with Sir Richard Grenville on a privateering expedition to the West Indies. His courage was extraordinary, his judgment above that of a boy of twenty-one, and his power over men almost magical. In July of the following year he set out, at his own cost, on an enterprise which greatly impressed the imagination of the age, the circumnavigation of the globe, and this he accomplished in September, 1588. He ravaged the coasts of many peaceful and savage nations, and returned to England with silken sails and every ostentation of wealth. So brilliant had been his success that he was encouraged, although his constitution had suffered in his adventures, to undertake a still more important piratical enterprise. On the 26th of August, 1591, "three tall ships and two barks," with Thomas Cavendish at their head, set sail from Plymouth, bound for the coast of China and the Philippine islands. Cavendish sailed on board the "Leycester," and among the company of gentlemen who manned the second ship, the "Defire," a galleon of 140 tons, in which Cavendish had made his previous

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voyage, was THOMAS LODGE, the poet, who was now about thirty-four years of age. There may have been in him a hereditary love of this species of adventure, for his father, the sober mayor of London city, had in the poet's infancy taken part in a peculiarly infamous expedition of the kind, the voyage of Robert Baker to Guinea, in 1562, with the "Minion" and the "Primrose." It was in the course of this expedition, and of that which followed it in 1563, that the traffic in negro slaves was set in motion.

It was necessary for Cavendish to avoid those particular portions of the globe which he had ravaged in his voyage of circumnavigation, and we hear of his landing first on the coast of Brazil, which he had formerly avoided. He ordered an attack on the town of Santos, while the people were at mass; the surprise was accomplished, but no use was made of the success, and the failure of Cavendish's judgment was soon made apparent. From the 15th of December, to the 22nd of January 1592 the little fleet remained at Santos doing nothing; the captain of the "Roebuck," the third galleon, was told off in command of those who preferred to spend this time on shore, and LODGE was among the latter. The Englishmen took up their abode in the College of the Jesuits, and LODGE occupied himself, as he tells us, among the books in the library of the Fathers. He had by this time, perhaps on one of his previous expeditions, made himself master of the Spanish language. Something which he met with in a book at Santos suggested to

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him the idea which he proceeded to weave into a new romance. Meanwhile the English fleet were driven from their position by want of food, and proceeded down the coast of Brazil to the Straits of Magellan. "Here," says LODGE, "I had rather will to get my dinner, than to win fame;" and, indeed, a spirit of diffension and mutiny began to render life on board the English ships almost unbearable. Cavendish, who could bear his men through unruffled success, but who was too young and too inexperienced for calmness in misfortune, seems to have lost his head altogether. The cold was extreme, the ships were separated by violent storms, and at last Cavendish left the "Leycester" and came on board the "Desire," where LODGE was, bitterly denouncing his own men, and refusing to sail with them any longer. The officers of the "Desire" held parley accordingly with those of the "Leycester" and Cavendish was persuaded to go back to the latter. LODGE seems to have shared the common dislike of Cavendish, for in 1596 he speaks of him as one "whose memory, if I repent not, I lament not." In the midst, however, of these sufferings and disturbances, while they lay storm-bound among the icy cliffs of Patagonia, LODGE occupied himself by writing his Arcadian romance of the *Margarite of America*, which he printed four years later. In the preface to that book he says:—"Touching the place where I wrote this, it was in those Straits christened by Magellan; in which place to the southward many wondrous Isles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patagoes, withdrew my senses: briefly, many bitter

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and extreme frosts at midsummer continually clothe and clad the discomfortable mountains; so that there was great wonder in the place wherein I writ this, so likewise might it be marvelled, that in such scanty fare, such causes of fear, so mighty discouragements, and so many crosses, I should deserve to eternize anything." The weary months spent to no purpose within the Antarctic Circle must have fretted the spirits of all the companions of Cavendish. At last it seems to have become plain to them that autumn was coming on, and that they would not get through to the Pacific at all. The "Defire" set off alone on her return voyage, and LODGE, if he was still on board of her, landed, after disappointment, suffering, and almost starvation, on the coast of Ireland, on the 11th of June, 1593. The crew of the ship had been reduced to sixteen, and of these only five were in tolerable health. Cavendish himself died of a broken heart, at the age of twenty-nine, before he completed what Purchas calls "that dismal and fated voyage, in which he consummated his earthly peregrinations."

This voyage appears to have cured LODGE of all his youthful vivacity, although his wandering spirit soon broke out again. During his absence of twenty-two months great changes had occurred. Three of those poets with whose names his had been most closely united had died during that interval; these were Watson, Greene, and Marlowe. But he found that his memory had been supported during his absence, in one case, certainly, by a friend whom he should never see again. In 1591, immediately after his

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departure, had been published his *Catharos*, or, as the sub-title names it, *A Nettle for Nice Noses*. This has become one of the rarest, and must always have been one of the most insignificant of his productions. Three friends, Diogenes, Philoplutos, and Cosmofophos, whose names bewray their didactic purpose, carry on a dreary dialogue on the subject of the seven deadly sins as they are practised in Athens, or rather London. Diogenes is a cynic moralist, who claims that his own life is *καθαρός*, *pure*, and who bitterly reflects on the conduct of his fellow-citizens. The *Nettle for Nice Noses* has no literary merit; it is an early example of the rabid and pedantic prose satire of the Elizabethan age, a style of cheap literature which pandered to the respectable lower middle class, and fostered its prejudices. Here and there we find a touch of LODGE's eloquent Euphuism, but as a whole this is among the tamest of his books. Infinitely better and more characteristic is the romance of *Euphues' Shadow*, which appeared the following year, and the editing of which was one of the last performances on earth of Robert Greene. LODGE, as appears from the preface, wrote from America to Greene, begging him to see this book through the press and to select a patron. The title of the romance directly recalls the famous work of Lyly, and it is in *Euphues' Shadow* that LODGE comes nearest to his great precursor. Those far-fetched references to the classics, those applications to man's estate of a fabulous zoology and botany, those involved and sonorous sentences, each a very microcosm in itself, all these

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features of Lyly's extraordinary style are reproduced by LODGE with the most startling precision. We have the beast Varius, with his rich skin but rank flesh, the bird Struchio, the populous and pompous city of Pafan, the horn of the serpent Ceraftes, the virtues of the herb Abrotamum, almost before we have fairly started in the story; and the manner of Lyly is caught with singular art and precision. Probably this was done on purpose, for it is certain that after a few pages the author becomes weary of this antithetical apparatus and panoply of examples, and sinks to the rich, easy style that was native to him. The lyrics, which are more sparsely than usual scattered over the pages of this romance, are not in LODGE's brightest vein, and no one of them would be selected as among his most characteristic pieces.

It is probable that both of LODGE's surviving plays were first acted during his absence from England. We know that this was the case with *A Looking Glasse for London and England*, in which Greene had been his collaborator. This drama was performed by Lord Strange's servants on the 8th and 27th of March, 1592, and again on the 19th of April and the 7th of June of the same year. A passage of Greene's posthumous *Groat's Worth of Wit* has been rashly considered to refer unquestionably to LODGE. After exhorting Marlowe, Greene proceeds: "With thee I join young Juvenal, that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedy." It is perhaps not much to the point that the *Looking Glasse* is not a comedy at all, but a tragedy; but it is almost

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certain that when Juvenal is mentioned Nash is always meant. Nash had made himself many enemies by his pasquils, and was widely known, which LODGE was not, as a "biting satirist." It is possible that Nash may have assisted Greene in writing his *George a Greene*, or in composing some other comedy which no longer exists. At all events, our desire to clutch at every shred of biographical allusion must not blind us to the fact that by Juvenal Greene can hardly have intended LODGE, or any one but Nash. In a tract printed in 1867, Dr. C. M. Ingleby carefully sifted and collated all the evidence for the popular assumption that LODGE was himself a player, and he showed it to rest upon absolutely no basis at all. That somebody called Lodge failed to pay his tailor's bill, and left Henslowe responsible for the debt, is one of those tantalising little facts which may mean everything or nothing, and upon which it is exceedingly dangerous to dogmatise. LODGE had certainly very little dramatic faculty, and there is no evidence to show that at any period of his life he tried to eke out this talent by actual stage experience. Of his two plays, the *Looking Glass for England and London* is by far the more interesting. It is very primitive in form; the serious part of the plot deals with the arrogance and licence of Rafni, King of Assyria. Neither in manner nor in metrical peculiarity are these descriptions of the pride of Niniveh like anything else to be found in the works of Greene or LODGE. Whichever of them wrote the opening scenes of the *Looking Glass* was fresh from witnessing

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the performance of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, and was anxious to outdo the young master himself in the "swelling bombast of bragging blank verse." It is probably LODGE to whom we owe the rant of these "drumming decasyllabons," which occasionally soften to a richness which reminds us of the lyrics in *Rosalynde*. This is the language in which the King of Cicilia thinks fit to describe King Rafni:—

"If lovely shape, feature by nature's skill
Passing in beauty fair Endymion's,
That Luna wrapped within her snowy breasts,
Or that sweet boy that wrought bright Venus bane,
Transformed into a purple hyacinth,
If beauty nonpareil in excellence
May make a king match with the Gods in gree,
Rafni is God on earth, and none but he."

Unfortunately, although the authors of the *Looking Glass* borrowed from Marlowe something of his boisterous music and his high key of passion, they possessed none of his sounder dramatic qualities. The piece is a strange old-fashioned farrago of bombast and satire; when Rafni and the Ninivites are not mouthing, low comic personages in the streets of London are talking Elizabethan slang. A certain Ofias serves as chorus, and shifts the clumsy scenes. Jonas is thrown straight out of the mouth of the whale on to the stage, and the vengeance of heaven falls on Niniveh with a grotesque attempt at realism. Yet poor as is the *Looking Glass*, it is a better play than LODGE's sole unassisted effort at dramatic composition, *The Wounds of Civil War*, first printed in 1594.

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The dull and tame issues of this historical play, in which there is hardly an attempt at action, and where there is even a melancholy absence of any beauty allow themselves to be read. At one point LODGE remembers who he is, and Marius is made to enter on the Numidian mountains, recites with great instruction a sonnet and a long madrigal, the circle carved on the trees of Arden by Robert and Montanus. It may be said that there is no female character in *The Wound of Civil War*, for though Cornelia and Fulvia cross the stage, and then at the circle recede, they have no further business to perform. The play contains its sole historical interest in the fact that it was the precursor of those tragedies of Roman history which form so splendid a part of the repertory of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

During 1593, the year of his return from South America, LODGE's pen was particularly active. It is probable that he resumed his legal connection, for, on the title-page of his *Life and Death of William Longbeard*, he once more styles himself "of Lincoln's Inn." This tract is a pseudo-historical romance of the same kind as LODGE's previous *Robert the Devil*, but more hastily put together, and eked out with a variety of short stories about famous pirates, and the melancholy fates of learned men. The tale which gives its name to the volume is adorned by a variety of odes and sonnets, which are pretty in themselves, but preposterously out of place in such a profane narrative of crime and its reward. LODGE was better occupied during the same year by contributing lyrics to the

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miscellany called *The Phoenix Nest*, which was printed by John Jackson, and nominally edited by a certain R.S. In the induction to his next publication, *Phyllis*, LODGE seems to claim for himself the responsibility of the *Phoenix Nest*, in which we find no less than thirteen of his pieces which occur nowhere else. *Phyllis* itself, however, is a far more important publication than either of these. It is, in fact, from a critical point of view, the best of all LODGE's works, *Rosalynde* excepted. Among the cycles of Elizabethan sonnets it takes an early place, being preceded by Sidney's *Stella*, Daniel's *Delia*, and Constable's *Diana*, and accompanied by Barnaby Barnes' *Parthenope*, and Watson's posthumous *Tears of Fancy*. LODGE's sonnets are particularly rich in single lines, such as :—

"The falling fountains from the mountains falling,"

and in short passages of extraordinary felicity, such as :—

"The rumour runs that here in Isis swim
Such stately swans, so confident in dying,
That when they feel themselves near Lethe's brim
They sing their fatal dirge when death is nighing;
And I, like these, that feel my wounds are mortal,
Contented die for her whom I adore,
And in my joyful hymns do still exhort all
To die for such a faint, or love no more."

But it is rare to find a sonnet which preserves this level of excellence throughout. That beginning

"How languisheth the primrose of Love's garden,"

has found its way into the anthologies, and

"I wrote in Myrrha's bark, and as I wrote,"

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with its beautiful pine-wood scenery, is almost as worthy of popularity. The use of the double rhyme gives a unique sweetness to many of LODGE's sonnets, and in almost all of them, even where the construction is most lax and the sense most obscure, the diction is particularly rich. The volume contains, besides sonnets, some of LODGE's best songs and lyrics, in particular "Love guides the roses of thy lips," "My Phillis hath the morning sun," and "My matchless mistress, whose delicious eyes," each of which might be quoted as a type of the exotic poetry of the age. The whole book was dedicated to Lady Shrewsbury. It closes with a long, dreary, and excessively obscure elegiac poem called "The Complaint of Elstred," which may have given Shakespeare a faint suggestion of the form of his *Lover's Complaint*, and which tells those histories of Locrine and Sabrina, which were dramatised two years after with the assumption of Shakespeare's name, and in a subsequent generation occupied the attention of Milton.

When Joseph Hall brought out his *Virgidemiarum* in 1597, and boasted with youthful braggadocio—

"follow me who list
And be the second English satirist,"

he forgot or neglected to remind his readers that LODGE had, in 1595, published in his *Fig for Momus* four or five satires which led the way for future essays in this vein so distinctly that to overlook them was an act of bad faith or of bad history. This was another case in which LODGE set a fashion which has been

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followed by every English writer of the same kind. The satire in heroic couplets has passed from LODGE through Hall, Donne, Dryden, Pope, Churchill, Crabbe, and Byron, to such rare later efforts as have been essayed, without any change of outward form, and LODGE deserves the credit of his discovery. His satires seem to have attracted no notice in his own age, for he was never encouraged to print that "whole centon of them," which, he says, were in his possession. The *Fig for Momus*, which was sent out to the world on the 6th of May, 1595, was in several ways a tentative volume. LODGE proved himself an innovator again by publishing in it, for the first time in English, epistles in verse to private persons, founded in form upon those of Horace. Of these epistles several address private persons in terms of friendship. One to Michael Drayton, to whom an eclogue in the same volume is inscribed under the pseudonym of Rowland, shows the existence of an intimate affection between LODGE and the young author of *Idea*, and is an early testimony to the dignified esteem with which Drayton was regarded by his contemporaries. An eclogue in the *Fig for Momus* is dedicated to Samuel Daniel, an Oxford man who had gone up to Magdalen after LODGE's time, and who had lately made himself noticeable for a very pure and intelligent vein of reflective poetry. Daniel and Drayton were men of the best class, gentlemen who held themselves aloof from the vulgar struggle of the wits, and it is significant that they, and no longer the rough sort of professional pamphleteers, should appear as LODGE's

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friends and associates. He was now approaching the age of forty; the new canons of literary taste which he had been among the first to institute, were now being adopted by authors of far greater power and freshness than he. Shakespeare was in motion; the riotous crew of the dramatists were lifting up their voices, and LODGE breathed along his oaten flute with less confidence, and betrayed a certain growing agitation year by year. The *Fig for Momus* marks his latest appearance as a poet, since the sonnets of the *Margarite of America* certainly, and those published in *England's Helicon* probably, were the work of several years prior to their publication. LODGE's satires, eclogues, and epistles are very monotonous in style, and do not command attention by their vigour or concision. The thought is rarely bright enough, or the expression nervous enough to demand definite praise. The best that can be said of them is that they are lucid and Horatian, escaping the faults of those succeeding satirists who thought themselves tame unless they took Persius, or even, perhaps, Lycophron, as the model of their obscurity.

In 1596 LODGE's activity as an original writer culminated, and practically closed. We possess no less than four distinct volumes published by him in that year. On the 15th of April he gave to the world his prose disquisition of *The Devil Conjured*. It is a tedious soliloquy on virtue, put into the mouth of a "virtuous and solitary Hermit called Anthony," and bears a sort of whimsical resemblance in its conception, though certainly none in its execution, to the *Ten-*

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tation de St. Antoine of Gustave Flaubert. The author himself thought highly of this performance, and even went so far as to contemptuously describe his former poems and romances as mere corncockles, while this was the real wheat of his brain. The preface, indeed, is a palinode; there can be little doubt that he had now taken religion, and that his early amorous writings, though always innocent enough, seemed to him to call for penitence. It appears from the dedication to Sir John Fortescue, that LODGE was now suffering from misreports, and it is probable that he was already suspected of being a Catholic. This element in his nature is still more apparent, though yet not openly avowed, in *Wit's Misery and the World's Madness*, another prose disquisition, of a pseudo-philosophical kind, which he issued from his house at Low Leyton, on 5th of November of the same year, 1596. The LODGE family had always been associated, more or less vaguely, with this village, which lies in the Hundred of Becontree, in Essex, about six miles to the north-east of London. The messuage or farm of Malmaynes, in the same hundred, was originally given by Lady Lodge in her will to her son THOMAS, but the gift is set aside in a codicil, and certain lands on the borders of Suffolk and Essex, at or near Nayland, are bequeathed to the poet instead. Sir Thomas Lodge's house, however, had been at or near Low Leyton, and it may be conjectured that by some means or other his second son had come into possession of it. By this time, it would seem, LODGE's first wife was dead, and he had married

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Mrs. Jane Albridge (or Aldred), a widow lady, a Catholic, whose first husband had been a dependent of LODGE's early patron, Sir Francis Walsingham, and who had herself been useful to the Catholics at Rome and other places in the days of their darkest persecution. The future Mrs. Lodge has retained a minute niche in history as a cat's-paw in the hands of the detractors of the Earl of Arundel during his imprisonment in the Tower in 1586. Bearing these circumstances in mind, it is by no means extraordinary that a leaning towards Catholic psychology of the more obvious kind, such as we find it expressed in the *Devil Conjured* and in *Wits' Misery and the World's Madness*, should have taken the form of direct Romanism in the "*Protopopeia*, or Tears of the Holy, Blessed, and Sanctified Mary, the Mother of God." It has been doubted, I cannot conceive upon what grounds, that this little treatise, although signed with the familiar letters T. L., is actually by our THOMAS LODGE. It is true that in two copies these initials have been reversed by the printer, but, in my opinion, the style of the text is sufficient to demonstrate that this is one of LODGE's genuine tracts, and the open profession of Catholic doctrine is no more than what we have been gradually prepared for by the whole tenor of the poet's career. If there is any cause for astonishment, it is that LODGE should have ventured to come forward under so thin a disguise, at a time when it was still dangerous to avow dissent from the Church of England.

In the midst of this busy year, 1596, and in spite

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of all his denunciation of his early amatory writings, LODGE bethought him of the romance which he had composed in the Straits of Magellan in the winter of 1592, and he published it on the 4th of May under the title of *A Margarite of America*. This is one of the prettiest of his stories. It has absolutely nothing to do with America, save the accident of its composition there; it is a tragical narrative of the loves of Arfadachas, son and heir to the Emperor of Cusco, and Margarita, whose father was King of Muscovy, and who dwelt in a fortress "situate by a gracious and silver-floating river, environed with curious planted trees to minister shade and sweet-smelling flowers." LODGE has expended his richest fancy on this work; the heroine's father cannot be murdered in his bed, but that this article of furniture is described as of black ebony, set about with rubies and carbuncles; the lady herself, summoned to her fate, pauses that she may decently array herself in a grass-green robe, embroidered with daisies; and if a political meeting is to be held by the nobles of Cusco, it has to be arranged in "a fair arbour, covered with roses and honeysuckles, paved with camomile, pinks, and violets, and guarded with two pretty crystal fountains on every side." The passages of verse, sonnets, and canzonets, are of the same sweet and mellifluous order, and recall the interludes of the *Rosalynde*. It does not seem to have been observed that the elaborate piece beginning—

"With Ganymede now joins the shining fun,"
is an example, the earliest in English literature, of a

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festina formed on the exact plan of that form of verse, as invented by Arnaut Daniel and employed by Dante. An examination of the length of the lines and of the arrangement of the tornada, shows that LODGE was following an Italian, and not a Provençal model. The latter, indeed, he could scarcely be expected to meet with. When we except the *Rosalynde* and the *Phyllis*, *A Margarite of America* is perhaps the work of LODGE's which will best reward the ordinary reader.

LODGE now retired from the profession of poetry, and adopted that of medicine. According to Anthony à Wood, he took his degree of Doctor of Physic at Avignon. This must have been at least as early as 1600, for in that year certain passages from his known poems, were quoted in *England's Parnassus* with the attribution "Doctor LODGE." He also contributed original poems to *England's Helicon*, a miscellany of the same year. As a physician, he rapidly attained a great reputation, and was ranked among the leading Englishmen in the profession. On the 25th of October 1602, "THOMAS LODGE, Doctor of Physic, of the University of Avenion," was incorporated in the University of Oxford. In the same year he produced a version of the works of Josephus, which was so popular, that between 1602 and 1670 it passed through no fewer than seven editions. In 1603, LODGE appeared for the last time before the public as an original author, with a *Treatise of the Plague*, dedicated to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, and applicable to the epidemic at that moment raging

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in the City. Contemporary allusions to him are not rare in the occasional literature of the early part of the seventeenth century. In the first act of that curious play *The Return from Parnassus*, which, though not printed until 1606, was acted in 1602, LODGE is thus referred to as a physician and as a Euphuist:—

“For Lodge and Watfon, men of some desert,
Yet subject to a critic's marginal;
Lodge for his oar in ev'ry paper boat,
He that turns over Galen ev'ry day,
To sit and simper 'Euphues Legacy.'”

In a MS. “Poetical Common Place Book of a Cambridge Student,” which was perhaps begun in 1611, there is a coarse satirical piece against “London Physicians,” in which LODGE is thus mentioned:—

“And old Doctor LODGE,
That leaues of to doge,
Will you neuer leaue?”

This not very intelligible apostrophe possibly points to the fact that in spite of his reputation—and in his *Troia Britanica*, in 1609, Heywood had given him a place among the six most famous English doctors—LODGE was occasionally put to great straits for a livelihood. In the meantime we may be allowed to print for the first time a letter which exists among the Domestic State Papers, and which reveals something of the intrigues in which LODGE and his Catholic wife were unquestionably engaged:—

“Sr, havinge mett wth so convenient a messenger I cannot but congratulate yo^r departure hence to liue in such con-

F

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tentment as their I heare you doe. w^{ch} as I wish more and more to increase so doubt I not but that you will alwayes be mindefull of y^e well wishinge frendes you have left behinde yo^r. In my last lett^re to you, I requested that M^rs Lodge might haue continued heare at leaste for some six or seaven monethes but sithence that tyme havinge bin at the Moscovia house and not findinge that her stay heare might doe me the good I expected and that I should it no reasonable request so longe to disjoyne man and wief I leave the orderinge of y^r busines to yo^r owne further consideracōn. Wishinge that M^r Griffin for that my selfe shall be often absent from hence wer fully authorized by a lett^re of Attorney from you, to haue the managinge of that busines from tyme to tyme. And that further you will write yo^r lett^res as occacōn shall be offered to the M^r of the company and yo^r lett^res of particular directiō to M^r Griffin or others to such effect as I shall from tyme to tyme require it. The shippinge w^{ch} went forth two yeare sithence is not yet all returned & theirfore no accoumpt past as yet of that viage, yet it is proffered that the fiftye pounde may goe in adventure this yeare againe w^{ch} argueth that the principall remayneth whole, but yet cannot be gotten out and theirfore I should it best againe to adventure it, and so M^rs Lodge in yo^r absence hath undertaken to doe. And some bodye must from tyme to tyme be heare to let the company what they will adventure or els the stocke for y^r yeare lieth deade. Notwithstandinge all the difficultyes this age seemeth for this p^resent to environ us wth all, y^t we shall still be hable to drawe breath in England, and I hope ere it be longe to see you willinge and desirous to looke homewarde, for though much hath bin attempted against us in parliament yet, hitherto nothinge is done harder then of oulde, nor as I hope will be. I pray you S^r advertize me howe I might place Holden there, and what the charge would be to kepe him at his booke or what you thinke of it, if I could gett him placed

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wth Sr Willm Standley, and lett me heare sometymes from you I pray yo^w we lye still at o^r oulde lodginge. And thus wth my hartye commendacōns & my wiues to you wth yo^r fervants dutye I ende London this ixth of March 1605.

“Yor lovinge frende

“W. JENISON.”

“To the worshipfull his louinge frende

“Mr Thomas Lodge, Doctor in Phisicke.”

Our next glimpse of the poet-physician shows him to us once more setting out upon his travels. A memorandum in the Privy Council Registers, dated January 10, 1616, mentions “A passe for THO. LODGE, Doctor of Physic, and Henry Sewell, gent., to travel into the Arch-Duke’s Country, to recover such debts as are due unto them there, taking with them two servants, and to return agayne in five moneths.” It has been suggested that the real object of his journey was to avoid process on the part of Alleyn, who arrested LODGE immediately upon his return. LODGE seems to have left England again as soon as this trouble was over, and to have remained abroad, probably practising in the Low Countries until 1619. In his treatise called *The Poor Man’s Talent*, first printed in 1881, he describes a remedy “which,” he says, “I have often tried in the Royal Hospital at Mecklin upon foldiers that grew lame by cold.”

Of LODGE’s remaining years few memorials are in existence. That he was in easy circumstances may be gathered from the fact that in 1612 he raised a monument in the Church of Rolleston, Notts, to the

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memory of his younger brother, Nicholas Lodge, lord of that manor, in whose will a legacy of two gold bracelets is made to the wife of the poet. In 1614 LODGE published a translation of the works of Seneca, and a copy of this book is in existence, given by LODGE to Thomas Dekker in the year of publication. About 1623 he compiled *The Poor Man's Talent*, a medical text-book for the use of his wife's old patroness, Anne, Countess of Arundel. In this work LODGE uses expressions which could only proceed from the mouth of a Catholic, and such a phrase as "I will set down a remedy which St. Dominic revealed to a poor devout woman," leave us no room to doubt that by this time, at all events, he had definitely joined that communion to which he had all his life been leaning.

LODGE became a very prominent practitioner during the last years of his life. His private house was still at Low Leyton, but he saw his London patients originally in Warwick Lane, afterwards in Lambert Hill, and finally, shortly before his death, in Old Fish Street. He died, it is said, of the plague, in 1625, being then in his sixty-seventh or sixty-eighth year, and on the 12th of October of that year administration of his effects was granted to his widow, Jane Lodge, who must herself have been an elderly woman at the time, her name having come forward in connection with the Arundel family just forty years before.

THOMAS LODGE was a strange compound of strength and weakness, of imitation and originality. His intelligence and activity gave him a prominence in

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the literature of the time which his mind was hardly vigorous enough to sustain. He would have, as his satirist says, "his oar in every paper boat," and could not conceive the possibility of failing in any department of literature. As a fact, however, he is a signal failure in drama, in satire, and in philosophy, and his unsuccessful efforts in these directions occupy a large section of his entire works. His almost servile attitude towards the bold affectations of Lyly would make us at one moment deny LODGE all true originality, if we were not immediately confronted by the fact that he was himself a pioneer in half a dozen fields of poetical invention. The introducer into English of the romantic epic, of the heroic satire, and of the heroic epistle, cannot be overlooked in any historical summary of our literature. But LODGE's real excellence is as a lyrical poet, and in the richness of his fancy as a prose romancer. His prose style, judged by severe modern canons, or even compared with the poetical style of his own age, is not less intolerable than that of most of his contemporaries. English prose, as an instrument for the clear expression of unaffected thought, had hardly begun to exist. LODGE's best romances are as lucidly and gracefully written as was at that time possible. They never can, however, take again a living place in literature; but this honour must not be denied to the best of their author's songs and sonnets. In that glowing age no one could express the jubilant extravagance of love with a fuller note, with a more luxurious music, with more affluent and redundant

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imagery. His intellectual languor prevents the complete, or rather the continuous expression of this golden ecstasy, and we are often left to wonder that a lyricist who was so thrilling a moment ago can now be so insipid. But in a few of his best songs he sustains his flight till the music is perfect, and in these he reaches the topmost level of success. The author of "Like to the clear in highest sphere," was as genuine a poet as ever breathed, and whether in these moments of great inspiration, or in his hours of languor and extravagance, LODGE is always the very type and exemplar of a man of letters in the irregular and romantic age of Elizabeth.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

N O T E.

To the courtesy of the Rev. Charles J. Robinson we owe the communication of this entry, from the Minutes of the Court of the Merchant Taylors' Company, held 23rd March, 1574:—

“Item the foresaide M^r. and Wardens have admitted THOMAS LODGE, fil', Thome L. militis, Edmond Greenock, fil..... G....., Thomas Morgan, fil..... M....., William Widnell, fil, William W., mercator sciffor, Robert Smythe, fil, Robert S. Jarrett Keyne, fil, John K., fishmonger, Samuel Lane, fil, John L., vintner, are admitted of the number of those l. schollars that are limited to be taughte within o' schole.”

[The reference is to fifty scholars who were to pay 2s. 6d. a quarter.]

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I. An Epitaph of the Lady Anne Lodge.

Nothing is known of this Epitaph except what is to be found in the following entry from the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. ii., p. 363):—

"23. December [1579]

"Edward white.—Lycenced vnto him vnder the handes of the wardens *An epitaphe of the lady ANNE LODGE* by T LODGE
iiij^d"

II. [A Reply to Stephen Gosson's Schoole of Abuse in Defence of Poetry Mufick and Stage Plays by Thomas Lodge. 1580?] fm. 8vo, 24 leaves.

Black letter. Has neither title nor imprint. Two perfect copies known: one in the library of Mr. S. Christie-Miller at Britwell, and the other in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It was reprinted by the *Shakespeare Society* in 1853.

III. AN Alarum against Vfurers. *Containing tryed experiences* against worldly abuses. WHEREIN GENTLEMEN may finde good counfells to confirme them, and pleasant Histories to delight them: and euery thing so interlaced with varietie: as the curious may be *fatisfied*

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with rarenesse, and the curteous with pleasure. Heereunto are annexed the delectable historie of *Forbonius* and *Prisceria*: with the lamentable Complaint of Truth ouer *England*. Written by *Thomas Lodge*, of *Lincolnes Inne*, Gentleman. *O Vita! misero longa, felici brevis.* ¶ Imprinted at London by T. Este, for Sampson Clarke, and are to be sold at his shop by Guyld Hall. 1584, 4to, 46 leaves.

Black letter. Two perfect copies known: one in Mr. S. Christie-Miller's Library, and the other in the Bodleian Library. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. ii., p. 428):—

"4^{to} novembris [1583]

"Sampson Clarke.—Licenced vnto him vnder th[e h]andes of the Bisshop of LONDON and master Newbery, *Tried experiences of worldelie abuses* by THOMAS LODGE . . vj^d/"

This tract was reprinted by the *Shakespeare Society* in 1853.

- IV. SCILLAES Metamorphosis: *Enterlaced* with the vnfortunate loue of *Glaucus*. *VVhereunto is annexed the delectable discourse* of the discontented *Satyre*: with fundrie other most absolute Poems and Sonnets. *Contayning the detestable tyrannie of Disdaine*, and Comickall triumph of *Constancie*: Verie fit for young Courtiers to perufe, and coy Dames to remember. By *Thomas Lodge* of *Lincolnes Inne*, Gentleman. *O vita! misero longa, felici brevis.* Imprinted at London by *Richard Thones*, and are to be sold at his shop neere Holburne bridge, at the signe of the Rose and Crowne.

1589, 4to, 24 leaves.

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Black letter. Only one perfect copy known, that in the Dyce Collection, South Kensington Museum, London. The Bodleian copy is imperfect. This tract was re-issued in 1610, a copy of which edition was in the library of the late Mr. Frederic Ouvry, V.P.S.A., London. It was originally entered in the "Stationers' Registers" as follows (Mr. ARBER's *Transcript*, vol. ii, p. 530):—

" 22 Septembris [1589]

" Ric. Jones.—Entred for his copie *The history of GLAUCUS, and*
T. LODGE *SYLLA*: vnder the hand of master HARTWELL
and master Cawood vj^d"

Mr. Collier, describing the re-issue of 1610, says:—

"This edition, with the title-page of 1610, is even more rare than the original impression; but the fact is that in 1610 all that was done was to give the work a new fore-front, leaving the text exactly as it stood in 1589, when it first came out. It was not reprinted, for in all other respects the impressions are identical—the same errors, the same faulty letters, and the same peculiarities of type. It is pretty clear that the copies dated 1589 did not sell, and that they subsequently came into the hands of a bookseller, who merely had a new title-page thrown off, and did not choose even to put his own name at the bottom of it. Considering the variety and excellence of the contents, and recollecting that 'By Thomas Lodge of Lincolnes Inne, Gentleman,' was placed upon the original title-page, as well as subscribed to the dedication, we cannot but wonder that it did not meet with a sale sufficient to exhaust the impression of 1589. Lodge never mentioned it in any of his many subsequent and popular works, nor was it ever noticed by his contemporaries; and we feel convinced that some peculiarity attended its publication in the first instance, and its re-appearance in 1610, which we are unable to explain."

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After quoting the title-page of the edition of 1589, Mr. Collier continues:—

“ Richard Jones, the Stationer, seems to have been a rare hand at an attractive descriptive title-page, and we are persuaded that Lodge had nothing to do with the insertion of such words as ‘delectable discourse’ and ‘most absolute poems and sonnets.’ One point, however, seems probable—that the ‘puff’ did not answer its purpose, and that, at the end of more than twenty years, so many copies remained on hand as to make a re-issue of them advisable. We look in vain through the eight and forty pages for some explanation of this circumstance, unless it be to be found in the dedication to ‘Master Rafe Crane, and the rest of his most entire well willers, the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court and Chauncerie,’ where Lodge speaks ambiguously of the mode in which his manuscript had escaped from his hands to the press: there he calls what the title-page announces as ‘*absolute Poems*,’ ‘imperfect poems,’ and refers to ‘the base necessity of an extravagant mate,’ as having caused them to be made public by ‘a needie pirate.’ This is not saying much for Jones, the publisher, and we know from Nicholas Breton that he was not a very fair-dealing tradesman.”—(*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i., pp. 464-5.)

- V. Rosalynde. Euphues golden legacie: found after his death *in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus sonnes* nourfed vp with their *father in* England. Fetched from the Canaries. *By T. L. Gent.* LONDON, Imprinted by *Thomas Orwin* for *T. G. and John Busbie.* 1590, 4to, 70 leaves.

Black letter. Only one copy of the edition of 1590 is known to exist, and is in the library of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, Britwell. It is, however, defective of Sheet R: this last has been supplied in the reprint from the second edition

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of 1592, and is distinguished by being enclosed within square brackets. Probably on account of the use made of it by Shakespeare, it went through at least ten editions between 1590 and 1642. It was originally entered in the "Stationers' Registers" as follows (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. ii., p. 564):—

"6 Octobris [1590]

"Nicholas Lynge.—Entred for their copie vnder th[e h]andes
John Busbye./ of Doctor STALLARD and the wardens
EUPHUES golden legacye found after his
Deathe at his Cell at Selexidra . . . vj^d/"

VI. THE Famous, true and historicall life of *Robert* second Duke of Normandy, *surnamed for* his monstrous birth and behauour, *Robin* the Diuell. *VVherein is contained his dissolute life in his youth*, his deuout reconciliation and vertues in his age: Interlaced with many straunge and miraculous aduentures. Wherein are both causes of profite, and manie conceits of pleasure. By *T. L. G.* Imprinted at London for *N. L.* and *John Busbie*, and are to be sold at the West dore of Paules.

1591, 4to, 45 leaves.

Black letter. The only perfect copy known is in the library of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, Britwell. Mr. Collier thus describes it:—

"The dedication is to the 'true Mœcenas of learning M. Thomas Smith,' and it is dated 'from my chamber, 2 Maij, 1591:' in it Lodge apologises for his 'rude and homely written history,' and promises to inscribe to Smith hereafter something which shall better merit his patronage. His address, 'to the courteous Reader,' contains a specimen of his 'homely' writing, when Lodge tells

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him that he has derived his materials from 'the old and ancient antiquaries,' and that he has published 'as much as he had read, and not so much as they had written.' Therefore, he did not profess to be fully and completely informed upon the subject, and his narrative, which is in prose, contains proofs of various deficiencies, besides interest. It is the dullest and driest of Lodge's productions, and we might almost fancy that it was from an inferior pen. . . . The work is divided into separate chapters, and the effort of the author to extend his matter to a saleable-sized volume is obvious. A MS. note in Heber's copy stated that in Rawlinson's Catalogue an edition of 1599 is mentioned: if so, we apprehend that it was merely a misprint, and that 'Robin the Devil' was printed only once, and that in 1591. It bears strong evidence of poverty of pocket, which occasioned poverty of invention. Lodge's 'Rosalynd' of 1590 had procured him a certain degree of popularity, and in 1591 he might be anxious to avail himself of it, and therefore brought out two new works, both of inferior merit, 'Catharos' and 'Robin the Devil.'"—(*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i., p. 471.)

VII. CATHAROS. Diogenes in his *Singularitie*. Wherein is comprehended his merrie *baighting fit for all mens benefits: Christened by him*, A Nettle for Nice Noses. By T. L. of Lincolns Inne, Gent: 1591. AT LONDON, Printed by VVilliam Hoskins & Iohn Danter, for Iohn Busbie. 4to, 33 leaves.

Black letter. Four copies known: one in the British Museum; another in the Bodleian; a third in Bridgewater-house; and the fourth in the library of the late Mr. Frederic Ouvry, V.P.S.A., London. This work is thus described by Mr. Collier:—

"This work is a prose satire upon the vices of persons of all ranks, and it is delivered by Diogenes from his tub in the presence

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of two persons, called Philoplutos and Cosmofophos, who visit him principally to observe him 'in his singularity.' All that he says of Athens is applicable to London; and the thought was not a happy one, since it makes Diogenes guilty of very absurd anachronisms: besides citing Cicero and Virgil, he quotes freely from the New Testament, refers to the proceedings of the Council of Nice, and even introduces three stanzas from Ariosto, which Diogenes thus excuses himself from rendering:—'I had rather some other should take the paynes to translate these verses into our mother tongue, than my selfe; for now a dayes the world swarmeth with such a number of privie Aristarchi, that thinke no meate can be good that is not sod in their owne broath, nor proverbe well applyed that hath not past their pen.' This of course refers to the critical spirit that prevailed in England at the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth: Sir John Harington published his version of the 'Orlando Furioso' in 1591. Lodge's 'Catharos' reminds us, in some important respects, of Sir T. Elyot's 'Pasquil the Plain.'" —(*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i., p. 470.)

VIII. *EVPHVES SHADOW*, THE Battaile of the Sences.

Wherein youthfull folly is set downe in his right figure, and vaine fancies are prooued *to produce many offences*. Hereunto is annexed the Deafe mans Dialogue, containing Philamis Athanatos: *fit for all sortes to peruse, and the better sorte to practise*. By T. L. Gent. LONDON Printed by Abell Ieffes, for Iohn Busbie, and are to be sould at his shop in Paules Churchyard, neere to the West doore of Paules. 1592, 4to, 52 leaves.

Black letter. Three copies known: one in the Peterborough Cathedral Library; another in the British Museum; and the third in the Capell Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. ii., p. 604):—

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"xvij^o february [1592]

"Nicholas Lyngge.—Entred for their copie vnder th[e h]andes
John Busbye./ of master HARTWELL and master Watkins/
EUPHUES Shadowe./ with the Deathe mans
Dialogue annexed vj^a"

The work is thus described by Mr. Collier:—

"In his dedication to Viscount Fitzwaters, Greene tells his patron that Lodge had left this tract behind him for publication; and such may have been the fact; but he at the same time informs the 'Gentlemen Readers' that he had already 'put forth so many of his own labours' that they might be weary of his name: this statement tends to confirm the notion that he resorted to the expedient of palming 'Euphues Shadow' upon Lodge, who was absent, and could not contradict him; and who, if he had been then actually resident in England, would not have had much reason to complain that so popular an author as Robert Greene had paid him the compliment. Until some further evidence is produced. . . . it must remain undecided whether the tract be by one or by the other. Greene was determined that his instrumentality in the matter, whatever his share may have been, should not be imputed to any other person, and therefore subscribed the dedication with the addition of the county from which he was known to have come—'Rob. Greene *Norfolciensis*.' In the year of the appearance of the tract under consideration, Greene said of himself, 'I neede not make long discourse of my parentes, who for their gravitie and honest life is well knowne and esteemed amongst their neighbors, namely in the Cittie of Norwich, where I was bred and borne.' He professed to Lord Fitzwaters that Lodge, 'in his last letters,' had enjoined him to print 'Euphues Shadow;' but it is more than doubtful whether Lodge did write, or could have written, to Greene in the interval since his falling with Cavendish, and the whole affair reads more like a pretext than a reality. However, in our day it is a matter of little consequence, and

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certain it is that there is nothing in the production itself that should have made Lodge very anxious to own it. On the other hand, if the publication were a failure, Greene by this expedient had avoided all responsibility; and the more positive he represented Lodge in his directions to have 'Euphues Shadow' printed, the more Greene shifted any weight from his own shoulders.

"After the address 'To the Gentlemen Readers,' the story, such as it is, commences, but the few and common-place incidents are not worth detailing; and the language, we feel assured, was the language of Greene, with precisely his thoughts, his images, and his modes of expression. The sort of epistle from 'Philautus to his sonnes living at the Court,' with which the piece commences, is exactly like Greene's composition, and it serves to introduce certainly one of the dullest performances of the period: as if Greene, having written it, was unwilling to avow it, while his necessities drove him to the sale of it, not under his own name, but under that of a poet with whom he was known to have been acquainted."—(*Biblio. Account*, vol. i., p. 264.)

IX. THE Life and Death of william Long beard, the most famous and witty English Traitor, borne in the City of London. Accompanied with manye other *most pleasant and prettie histories*, By T. L. of Lincolns Inne, Gent. *Et nugæ seria ducunt*. Printed at London by Rychard Yardley and Peter Short, dwelling on Breadstreet hill, at the Signe of the Starre.

1593, 4to, 36 leaves.

Black letter. Two copies only are known to exist: one in the Bodleian Library, and the other was in the possession of the late Mr. Frederic Ouvry, V.P.S.A., London. These two copies differ from each other very materially. The one in the Bodleian wants the Latin legend in the title-page, as well as the leaf containing the dedication to Sir William Web,

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and the address "To the Gentlemen Readers:" Mr. Ouvry's copy has all that is wanting in the former, and is consequently *unique*. On comparing the title-pages it was found that they were almost but not quite identical in type and spacing; and Mr. Collier suggests that Mr. Ouvry's copy was the later of the two, and that Lodge added the Latin motto as a kind of apology for the lightness of the work. "The want of the second leaf in the Bodleian copy is a capital defect: the address 'To the Gentlemen Readers' is the most characteristic feature of the book, as protesting against the Euphuistic jargon which was then in fashion." Mr. Collier thus describes the work:—

"Here again we apprehend that Lodge was inspired more by poverty than by poetry: still, it is a considerable improvement upon the work last reviewed ["The famous true and historical life of Robert second Duke of Normandy."] . . . There was an interval of two years between it and 'Robin the Devil,' and Lodge does not appear to have been then pressed quite so severely by his necessities: nevertheless, there are in it many marks of haste, want of materials, and a determination to make the most of such as he could obtain. The account of 'William Longbeard' was mainly derived from the Chroniclers, and in Stow's *Annales* they are found under the date of A.D. 1196. . . . Lodge did not scruple to mix fiction with facts, in order to render his work acceptable, and various poems are interspersed, most of which are supposed to be addressed by Longbeard to 'his faire lemman Maudeline.' Some of these appear to be original, some are avowedly imitated from the French, and others are acknowledged translations from the Italian, but without the names of the authors. The original poems are not very original, and the imitations are sometimes far from happy. . . . 'The Life and Death of William Longbeard' fills nearly thirty-six pages; and then follow the 'manye other most pleasant and prettie

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histories' announced on the title-page, beginning with an account of 'famous pirats who in times past were Lordes of the sea:' these are Dionides, Stilcon, Cleonides, Chipanda, Millia, and Alcomonius among the ancients, and Francis Enterolles and Monaldo Guecca among the moderns; but Bargulus, 'the strong Illyrian pirate' of Shakespeare (2 Henry VI., ac. iv., sc. 1) is not mentioned, either by that name, or *Abradas*, or *Apradas*, as it is given in the old play of 'the Contention,' 1594, in R. Greene's 'Menaphon,' 1587, and his 'Penelope's Web,' printed about 1588.

"Lodge's wish here was to increase the bulk of his tract, and as the materials already employed were scanty, he added other matters, such as 'the historie of Partaritus, King of Lombardie'—'the wonderfull dreame of Aspatia'—'a wonderfull revenge of Megollo'—'the memorable deeds of Valasca'—'an excellent example of continence in Frauncis Sforza'—'of many learned men, ancient and moderne, who violently and infortunatelie ended their daies'—'how King Roderigo lost his kingdome'—'of manie famous men, whoe, leaving the government of the Commonweale, gave themselves over to private life'—'a most subtile dispute amongst Ambassadors'—and finally, 'the strange Lawes of Tyrfus the Tyrant,' which rather baldly ends the publication."—(*Biblio. Account*, vol. i., p. 472.)

"The Life and Death of William Longbeard" was included by Mr. Collier as one of his *Green Series* of Reprints (1864-66).

X. *PHILLIS*: Honoured with Pastorall Sonnets, Elegies, and amorous delights. VWhere-vnto is annexed, the tragicall complaynt of *Elstred*. *Iam Phæbus difiungit equos, iam Cinthia iungit*. At London, Printed for Iohn Busbie, and are to be sold at his shoppe, at the West-doore of *Paules*. 1593, 4to, 42 leaves.

Roman letter. Three perfect copies known: one in the possession of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, Britwell; another in the

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Drummond Collection, Edinburgh University Library; while a third was in the possession of the late Rev. Thomas Corser, Stand Rectory, Manchester. An imperfect copy is in the Capell Collection, Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the Britwell copy, Mr. David Laing thus writes (Introduction to Lodge's "Defence of Poetry," &c., *Shakespeare Society*, 1853, p. lxx):—

"The Britwell copy, formerly Mr. Heber's, has a curious variation in a duplicate leaf, B 1, or 'The Induction.' In the third verse, the lines, as first printed—

'And thou, the Acrean Poet of our time,
Vnder whose stile conceit was neuer matched,
The Genius of my muse,' &c.—

were changed as follows:—

'And thou, the true Octauia of our time,
Vnder whose worth, beauty was neuer matched;
The Genius of my Muse,' &c.

In like manner, the last lines of the fourth verse—

'Yet these, I hope, vnder your kinde aspect,
(Thow flower of knight-hood) shall escape neglect'—

were thus altered—

'Yet these, (I hope) vnder your kind aspect,
(Most worthy Lady) shall escape neglect.'

This evidently suggests that the poems, before publication, were intended to have been dedicated to some person of distinction, referred to in the seventh verse—

'Under a great Meeenas I have past you;'

and that a prose dedication, as well as this leaf of induction, may have been cancelled, and replaced with that to Lady Shrewsbury."

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Mr. Collier thus describes the book:—

“Although this work has been mentioned by nearly all bibliographers and biographers, not one of them has produced a specimen from it, nor offered any such criticism as would enable readers to form a judgment of its merits. It is by Thomas Lodge, and is in some respects an imitation of Daniel’s ‘*Delia*,’ which had come out in the year before, and was twice printed in 1592. Lodge’s work had not the same degree of popularity, for it was never reprinted, although, in consequence of its excellence, quotations were made from it in poetical miscellanies of the time. . . . Lodge’s chief merit is as a lyric poet: his heroics are generally heavy and dull, but many of his sonnets, eclogues and elegies are written with playfulness, grace, and vigour. . . . ‘The Complaint of Elftred’ was evidently introduced by Lodge at the end of his ‘*Phyllis*,’ 1593, because Daniel had introduced ‘The Complaint of Rosamond’ at the end of his ‘*Delia*,’ 1592. Elftred narrates the story of Locrine, which came out in a dramatic form in 1594, was printed in 1595, and has been falsely imputed to Shakespeare, when, in fact, it belongs to Charles Tylney, the brother of the Master of the Revels. The catastrophe of Lodge’s poem is the drowning of Elftred and her daughter Sabrina by the jealous Guendolin, but it is in every respect inferior to Daniel’s ‘*Rosamond*,’ and in a different form of stanza—six lines instead of seven. . . . His [Lodge’s] ‘*Elftred*’ we consider an undoubted failure.”—(*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i., p. 467.)

XI. A Spiders Webbe. 1594.

This piece is not now known to be in existence. It is thus entered in the “Stationers’ Registers” (Mr. ARBER’s *Transcript*, vol. ii., p. 652):—

“7^o die Iunij./ [1594]

“Nicholas Linge/.—Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]ande of
Maister Cawood a booke entituled *a spiders webbe* . vj^d”

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In the sale of the library of "Mr. John Hutton, late of St. Paul's Church-yard, London," in 1764, a copy of this work, bound up in one volume with several others by Lodge, was sold for the sum of six shillings (see Mr. David Laing's Introduction *ut supra*, p. lxxvi.).

XII. THE VVOVNDS of Ciuill VVar. Liuely fet forth in the true Tragedies of *Marius and Scilla*. As it hath beene publicly plaide in London, by the Right Honourable the Lord high Admirall his Seruants. VVritten by *Thomas Lodge* Gent. *O Vita! misere longa, felici breuis*. LONDON, Printed by Iohn Danter, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Paules Church-yard. 1594, 4to, 39 leaves.

Roman letter. Several copies of this play are in existence, viz., in the Bodleian Library; British Museum (2 copies); Mr. S. Christie-Miller, Britwell; Mr. Frederic Ouvry, V.P.S.A., London; and in the Dyce Collection, South Kensington Museum. It is thus entered in the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. ii., p. 650):—

"xxiiij^{to} Die maij [1594]

John Danter./—Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]and of
Maister Cawood a booke intituled *the woundes of Ciuill
warre liuely sett forthe in the true Tragedies of MARIUS and
SCILLA* vj^d C."

It was reprinted in Doddsley's Collection of *Old Plays*, 1825, vol. viii.; and again in the fourth edition of the same collection in 1876, vol. vii.

Mr. Collier remarks in his Notes to the reprint of the Play in 1825:—

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"In course of the incidents of this historical Tragedy, Lodge has very much followed the lives of Marius and Sylla, as given by Plutarch: he was a scholar, and it was not necessary therefore for him to resort to Sir Thomas North's translation from the French, of which Shakespeare availed himself, and of which there were many editions subsequent to its first appearance in 1579. It is pretty evident, however, from a comparison of a few passages quoted in the notes in the progress of the play, that Lodge did employ this popular work, although he has varied some of the events, and especially the death of Sylla. It is not, perhaps, possible now to settle the point when this Tragedy was first represented on the stage, but it was most likely some time before its publication in 1594. We know that Lodge had written in defence of the stage before 1582, and it is not unlikely that he did so because he had already written for it. . . . The versification of *The Wounds of Civill War*, certainly affords evidence that it was penned even before Marlowe had improved the measure of dramatic blank verse, which Shakespeare perfected: it is heavy, monotonous, and without the pauses subsequently introduced; if therefore Lodge produced it after Marlowe's *Edward II.* was brought out, he did not at least profit by the example. All the unities are set at defiance."

XIII. A fig for Momus: *Containing* Pleasant varietie, included in Satyres, *Eclogues*, and *Epistles*, by T. L. of *Lincolnes Inne Gent.* Che pecora si fa, il lupo selo mangia. AT LONDON Printed for Clement Knight, and are to bee folde at his shop at the little North-doore of Paules Church. 1595, 4to, 35 leaves.

Roman letter. Two copies are known to be in existence: one in the Bodleian Library, and the other in the possession of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, Britwell. It is thus entered in

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the "Stationers' Registers" (Mr. ARBER'S *Transcript*, vol. ii., p. 295):—

"Secundo die Aprilis [1595]

"CLEMENT Entred for his copie vnder the wardens handes a
KNIGHT booke intituled/ *A figge for MOMUS*/ . . vj^d"

After referring to the Auchinleck reprint, published in 1817, of this tract, Mr. Collier goes on to say:—

"The original is, perhaps, the most common of Lodge's many productions; but the Satires, Eclogues, and Epistles contain many interesting temporary allusions, and one piece is especially addressed to Spenser and another to Drayton, both by their poetical names of Colin and Rowland. This work, as we have elsewhere remarked [*Biblio. Account*, vol. i., p. 357], gives Lodge priority to Hall as an English satirist."—(*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i., p. 476.)

XIV. THE DIVELE coniuured. LONDON Printed by Adam Islip for William Mats, dwelling in Fleetstreet at the sign of the Hand and Plough. Anno 1596.
4to, 45 leaves.

Black letter. Four copies known to exist: one in the British Museum; another in the Bodleian; a third in the possession of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, Britwell; and the fourth in the possession of Mr. Alexander Young, Glasgow.

XV. *A Margarite of America*. By T. Lodge. Printed for John Busbie, and are to be sold in S. Dunstons church-yard in Fleet-street, at the little shop next Cliffords Inne.
1596, 4to, 47 leaves.

Black letter. Three copies known: two in the British Museum, and one in the Bodleian.

Prosopopeia
THE
T E A R E S
OF THE HOLY,
BLESSED, AND SANC-
tified *Marie*, the Mother
of GOD.

LVKE 2:

*And moreover, the sword shall pierce thy
soule, that the thoughts of many hearts
may be opened.*



LONDON,
Printed for Edward White, and
are to be sold at the little North
doore of Paules. 1596.

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XVI. *Prosopopeia* CONTAINING THE TEARES OF THE holy, blessed, and sanctified MARIE, the Mother of GOD. *Luke 2. And moreover, the swoord shall pearce thy soule, that the thoughts of many hearts may be opened.* LONDON. Printed for E. White. 1596, 8vo, 63 leaves.

Roman letter. Three copies known: one in the Archbishopal Library, Lambeth; another in the Drummond Collection, Edinburgh University; and a third in the Bodleian Library. The copy from which the present reprint has been made is the Lambeth one; and besides the remarkable difference in the initials attached to the dedication to the Countesses of Derby and Cumberland, the title-page differs from the other two copies. A typographical facsimile of the Drummond and Bodleian title-page is given on the preceding page for the sake of comparison.

This tract was first ascribed to Lodge by Mr. Collier in a communication to the "Shakespeare Society" (*Shakes. Soc. Papers*, vol. ii., p. 156); and, again, in his *Bibliographical Account*, 1865 (vol. i., p. 476). The following extract is taken from the latter work:—

"The initials of the author, T. L., are appended to the dedication, and we have little doubt that they belong to Thomas Lodge. It is stated that there exists one other exemplar of this production, and that the initials are there reversed: this may be so, though we apprehend it is a mistake; but authors who were frequently before the public did it sometimes, for the sake of variety, or concealment.

"The fact no doubt is, that Lodge from this date, 1596, completely altered the character of his productions: he wrote no more upon light, trivial or profane subjects, such as his satires, novels or plays, but devoted himself to science as a Physician, and he bade farewell to his looser compositions in the work before us. There-

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fore it is that he tells the Reader, in a prefixed Epistle, 'Some, I know, will condemn me, and that justly, for a Galba (who begat foul children by night, and made fayre pictures by daie); to whom I answere, that I paint fair things in the light of my meditation, who begot the foule forepassed progenie of my thoughts in the night of mine error.'

"Surely nothing can be plainer; and we are to recollect that Nash, the friend and companion of Lodge, had pursued the very same course, and in his 'Christ's Tears over Jerusalem,' published in 1593 and again in 1594, had taken leave of his earlier efforts, though he was afterwards compelled to return to them. We are therefore well satisfied, that T. L., subscribed to the dedication of 'Profopopeia' to the Countess of Derby, were intended for the initials of Thomas Lodge, and that to him, and to him only, the work belongs.

"Excepting that it is the production of a distinguished play-poet, there is little in it to attract attention: it is not written with much eloquence or freedom, and the best sentences have a constraint about them, without leaving the impression of sincere piety and remorse. . . .

"We cannot conclude without quoting the only allusion in the volume to his contemporaries—viz., to Robert Southwell and Nicholas Breton: he says, 'For other have wept (as Peter his apostasie, Marie her losse and misse of Christ) their teares wrought from them either for repent or love. But these teares of Marie the blessed are not onely ratified by a motherlie compassion, a working charitie, and unstayned love, but a manifest prophesie.'

"The only reasonable objection we feel to assigning 'Profopopeia' to Lodge is that it really is not good enough for him; but when Nash wrote his 'Christ's Teares,' he also fell below the level of his natural genius. He showed in his renewed attack upon Harvey in his 'Have with you,' &c., 1596, the true superiority of his powers; but Lodge, having in 1596 once relinquished his position as a poet, never seems to have wished to recover it. Nash was driven to it by Gabriel Harvey's refusal of the amends offered."

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On the foregoing conclusion of Mr. Collier's, Mr. David Laing makes the following observations (Introduction to "The Defence of Poetry, Music and Stage-Plays," &c., *Shakes. Soc.*, 1853, p. xlv.):—

"Besides these tracts of 1596, Mr. Collier has assigned to Lodge another printed in the same year, considering it to be a Palinode, or recantation by the author of his previous writings, as 'the foule forepasse progenie of my thoughts, in the night of mine error,' and to have been suggested by, and written in imitation of Nash's 'Christ's Teares over Jerusalem.' It bears this title: 'Prosopopeia, containing the Teares of the holy, blessed, and sanctified Marie, the Mother of God,' and is dedicated 'To the Right noble, the Mother Countesse, Countesse of Darby, and the vertuous and devout Countesse of Cumberland.' I have not included it in the list of Lodge's works, being persuaded that it ought to be ascribed to some other author. Except in the dedication, there is no resemblance to Lodge's style; and, if he could have written these words—'Now at last, after I have wounded the world with too much surfeit of vanitie, I maye bee by the true Helizeus, cleansed from the leprosie of my lewd lines, and beeing washed in the Jordan of grace, imploy my labour to the comfort of the faithfull'—it would at least have shown little of a repentant spirit, to have produced within a few months his 'Discovery of the Devils Incarnate of this Age.' But besides this, if the copy described by Mr. Collier has the initials T. L., others, both to the Dedication and the Address to the Reader, have (and possibly more correctly) L. T. If one conjecture, therefore, may be allowed to take the place of another, it may be suggested, that this tract should rather be attributed to Laurence Twyne, gentleman, one of a literary family, who, in 1576, 'gathered into English' 'The Patterne of painefull Adventures,' or the History of Apollonius, Prince of Tyre, from which Shakespeare derived many of the incidents in his 'Pericles.' Anthony Wood says, of John Twyne, who died in 1581, that his eldest son 'was Lawrence Twyne, who was fellow of All Souls

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College, and Bachelor of the Civil Law, an ingenious poet of his time, as several copies of verses set before books, written in commendation of their respective authors, do sufficiently attest. He was a married man, lived at Hardacre, in Kent, and left issue behind him, at his death, several children.'"

Mr. Collier again in "Additions, Notes, and Corrections" to his *Biblio. Account* (vol. i., p. xxiii.), makes the following remarks on Mr. Laing's statement:—

"Mr. D. Laing of Edinburgh, an excellent judge, and a very learned literary antiquary, has given it as his opinion that L. T. (as the letters seem placed in a copy he had seen, but which we have not) are the initials of Laurence Twyne, the translator of the novel of 'Apollonius of Tyre,' on which 'Pericles' is founded. Mr. Laing, however, fails to show in what way the repentant spirit displayed in 'Profopopeia' was called for in the case of Twyne, whereas, in the case of Lodge, it is obvious, after the life he had led up to 1596. When we say that L. T., instead of T. L., is a mistake, we mean, of course, that it was an error on the part of the old printer."

It might be suggested here, in support of Mr. Collier's very probable ascription, that "Profopopeia" is a work very likely to have come from the pen of a Roman Catholic, and there is now the best ground for holding that Lodge was of that communion.

XVII. *VVITS MISERIE, and the VVorlds Madnesse: Discovering the Devils Incarnat of this Age.* LONDON, Printed by *Adam Islip*, and are to be sold by *Cuthbert Burby*, at his shop by the Roiall-Exchange.

1596, 4to, 59 leaves.

Black letter. Three copies known: two in the Bodleian Library, and one in the possession of Mr. S. Christie-Miller,

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Britwell. "One of these copies," says Mr. Laing, "exhibits a curious typographical mistake in the first line of the title, having WILS MISERIE, in place of WITS MISERIE."

XVIII. A LOOKING Glasse, for London and Englande.
Made by Thomas Lodge Gentleman, and *Robert Greene*. In *Artibus Magister*. LONDON Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be solde by William Barley, at his shop in Gracious streete.

1598, 4to, 35 leaves.

Black letter. Only one copy of the first edition of 1594 is known to exist, and is in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. His Grace was kind enough to say that but for the accidental misplacement of the volume he would have been glad to lend it for reproduction. In these circumstances, the second edition of 1598 was resorted to. Several copies are known to exist, two of which are in the Bodleian Library. It was entered in the "Stationers' Registers" as follows (Mr. ARBER's *Transcript*, vol. ii., p. 645):—

"5 Marcij [1594]

"Thomas Creede.—Entred for his copie vnder the wardens, handes / a booke intituled *the lookinge glasse for London* / by THOMAS LODG[E] and ROBERT GREENE gent . . vj^d"

It has been reprinted by the Rev. Mr. Dyce in his various editions of the *Dramatic Works of Robert Greene*.

XIX. THE FAMOUS AND MEMORABLE WORKES OF IOSEPHVS, A MAN OF MVCH HONOVRE AND LEARNING AMONG THE IEWES. Faithfully translated out of the

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Latin, and French, by *Tho. Lodge* Doctor in Physicke.
Bernardus Epistola ad Sugerium. *Tunc retentia
incundius bona clarescunt, cum fuerint malis comparata
prioribus.* Printed at the charges of *G. Bishop, S.
Waterfon, P. Short, and Tho. Adams.* 1602, folio.

Roman letter. The Dedications, &c., by Lodge will be found printed in the Miscellaneous Pieces: the translation itself has not been reproduced. It was several times reprinted during the seventeenth century.

XX. A TREATISE of the Plague: Containing the nature, signes, and accidents of the same, with the certaine and absolute cure of the Feuers, Botches and Carbuncles that raigne in these times: And aboue all things most singular Experiments and preferuatiues in the same, gathered by the obseruation of diuers worthy Trauailers, and selected out of the writings of the best learned Phisicians in this age. *By Thomas Lodge, Doctor in Phisicke.* LONDON Printed for Edward White and N. L. 1603, 4to, 43 leaves.

Roman letter. Several copies known: one in the British Museum, &c.

XXI. THE WORKES *both Morrall and Natural* of LVCIVS ANNÆVS SENECA. *Translated by T. Lodge D: of Phis:* London Printed by William Stansby. Folio.

Such is the title on the centre of an emblematical page representing *Morientis Effigies*, *Ingr. by W. Hole*, followed

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by a printed title-page: "THE WORKES OF LVCIVS ANNÆVS SENECA, Both Morrall and Naturall. CONTAINING,

1. *His Bookes of Benefites.*
2. *His Epistles.*
3. *His Booke of Providence.*
4. *Three Bookes of Anger.*
5. *Two Bookes of Clemencie.*
6. *His Booke of a Blessed Life.*
7. *His Booke of the Tranquillitie of the minde.*
8. *His Booke of the Constancie of a Wiseman.*
9. *His Booke of the Shortnesse of Life.*
10. *Two Bookes of Consolation to MARTIA.*
11. *Three Bookes of Consolation to HELVIA.*
12. *His Booke of Consolation to POLIBIVS.*
13. *His fewen Bookes of Naturall Questions.*

Translated by THO. LODGE, *D. in Physicke.* LONDON Printed by William Stansby. 1614." The title-page to "The Epistles" on page 161 gives the date as 1613, thus: "LONDON Printed by William Stansby. 1613."

"At an interval of six years," says Mr. Laing, "this translation was republished, with an emblematical engraved title-page—'R. E., [Elstrack] sc.'—the design is quite distinct from the former, and in the centre, 'THE WORKES OF LVCIVS ANNÆVS SENECA Newly Inlarged and Corrected by Thomas Lodge D.M.P. LONDON Printed by Willi: Stansby. [Colophon.] LONDON, Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY, dwelling in Thames-streete, by Pauls-vvharfe next to St. Peters Church. 1620."

XXII. A LEARNED SUMMARY Upon the famous *POEME* of William of Saluste Lorde of Bartas. Wherin are discovered all the excellent secretts in Metaphysicall, Physicall, Morall, and Historicall knowledge. Fitt for

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the learned to refresh their memories, and for younger students to abbreviate and further their studies: Wherin nature is discovered, art disclosed, and history layd open. Translated out of French, by T.L.D.M.P. LONDON Printed for Iohn Grismand And are to be sould at his shoppe in Paules alley at the signe of the Gunne. Anno 1621.

Roman letter. The Dedication, &c., by Lodge will be found reprinted with the Miscellaneous Pieces.

The existence of this translation—unknown to the late Mr. David Laing—was discovered from the following entry in the “Stationers’ Registers” (Mr. ARBER’S *Transcript*, vol. iv., p. 42):—

“8°. Nouembris. 1620

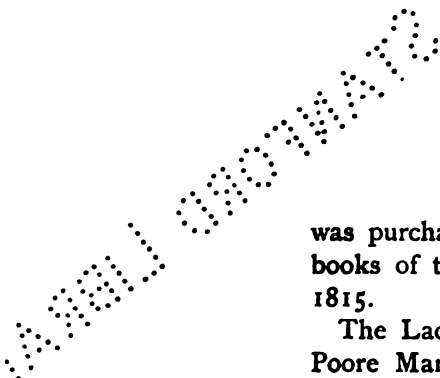
“John Grisman Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master TAVERNOR, and master Lownes warden, A booke called *A Comentary vpon DU BARTAS*, translated out of French by Doctor. LODGE vj^d”

Copies of this first edition are in the British Museum, Bodleian Library, &c. It was reprinted in 1637, by another publisher, viz., Andrew Crooke. A copy of this edition is in the London Library.

XXIII. THE POORE MANS TALENTT.

[1623?] 43 leaves.

Now printed from manuscript for the first time. It is principally in the handwriting of Lodge: seventeen leaves at the beginning appear to have been written in another hand, with corrections here and there by the author. It



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was purchased by Mr. J. Payne Collier at the sale of the books of the Duke of Norfolk, who died December 16th, 1815.

The Lady Anne Countess of Arundel, to whom "The Poore Mans Talentt" was dedicated—a facsimile of the dedicatory epistle in the author's autograph will be found inserted in the present publication—was sister and coheir of Thomas Lord Dacres, and was born on March 31st, 1557. She was married at an early age to Philip Earl of Arundel, who died in the Tower on October 19th, 1595. In 1857 the late Duke of Norfolk published from a manuscript in his possession a contemporary biography of herself and her husband, entitled "The Lives of Philip Howard Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Dacres his wife," written by one who lived with her close upon fourteen years. After the death of her husband, her time was divided between her devotions and acts of charity. From several passages in this biography she appears to have had considerable skill in the healing art. For example:—"Another kind of almes besides all these she practis'd very much, consisting in medicines, salves, plasters, and other remedies to all kind of people who either wanting will, or means to go to Doctors and Chirurgeons, came to her for the curing of their wounds and distempers. And her charity herein was so famous, that not only neighbors, but several out of other shires, twenty, forty, and more miles distant, did resort unto her to that end, and scarce a day passed in which many did not come, sometimes more than threescore have been counted in one day and to every one that came besides advice and medicines if the matter did require it, she usually gave some almes in money if they were poor, as many were." This trait in her character accounts, no doubt, for the appearance of the "Poore Mans Talentt." Indeed, Lodge in the twelfth

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chapter remarks—"And God he knowes I reveale them as my last Testamentt of Love towards yo^r Ho^r and the poores helth which you tender." The Countess of Arundel died on April 19th, 1630, having survived her husband nearly thirty-five years. Her son Thomas Earl of Arundel, "distinguished himself in the reign of Charles the First as a collector of antiquities and works of art."

XXIV. MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

24 leaves.

[A R E P L Y
 TO
 STEPHEN GOSSON'S
S C H O O L E O F A B U S E

 IN D E F E N C E O F

P O E T R Y M U S I C K A N D S T A G E P L A Y S

 BY
T H O M A S L O D G E

1580?

]



I

Rotogenes can know *Apelles* by his line though he se him not, and wife men can consider by the Penn the aucthoritie of the writer though they know him not. the Rubie is discerned by his pale rednes, and who hath not hard that the Lyon is knowne by hys clawes. though *Æsopes* craftie crowe be neuer so destlye decked, yet is his double dealing esely desiphered: & though men neuer so perfectly pollish there wrytings with others sentences, yet the simple truth wil discouer the shadow of ther follies: and bestowing euery fether in the bodye of the right M. tourne out the naked dissembler into his owen cote, as a spectacle of follye to all those which can rightlye Iudge what imperfections be. There came to my hands lately a litle (woulde God a wittye) pamphlet, baring a fayre face as though it were the scoole of a buse but being by me aduisedly wayed I fynd it the ostscome of imperfections, the writer fuller of wordes then iudgement, the matter certaiuely as ridiculus as serius. afuredly his mother witte wrought this wonder, the child to dispraysse his father the dogg to byte his mayster for
A. his

his dainty morcell. but I fe (with *Seneca*) y^t the wrong is to be suffered, since he disprayseth, who by costome. hath left to speake well. bot I meane to be short: and teach the Maister what he knoweth not, partly that he may se his owne follie, and partly that I may discharge my promise, both binde me. therefore I would wish the good scholmayster to ouer looke his abuses againe with me, so shall he see an ocean of inormities which begin in his first prinssiple in the disprayse of poetry. And first let me familiarly consider with this find faulte what the learned haue alwayes esteemed of poetrie. *Seneca* thoughte a stoike would haue a poeticall sonne, and amongst the auncientest *Homer* was no les accompted then *Humanus deus*. what made *Alexander* I pray you esteeme of him so much? why allotted he for his works so curious a cloffet? was ther no fitter vnder prop for his pillow thē a simple pamphlet? in all *Darius* cofers was there no Iewell so costly? forsoth my thinks these two (the one the father of Philosophers, the other the cheftaine of chiuallrie) were both deceiued if all were as a *Goffon* would wish them, yf poets paynt naughte but palterie toyes in vearse, their studies tended to folishnesse,
and

3

and in all their indeuors they did naught els
but *agendo nihil agere*. Lord howe *Virgils*
poore gnatt pricketh him, and how *Ouids*
fley byteth him, he can beare no bourde, he
hath rayfed vp a new sect of ferius stoikes,
that can abide naught but their owen sha-
dowe, and alow nothing worthye, but what
they conceaue. Did you neuer reade (my o-
uer wittie frend) that vnder the persons of
beastes many abuses were disfighered? haue
you not reason to waye? that whatsoeuer e-
ther *Virgil* did write of his gnatt, or *Ouid* of
his fley: was all couertly to declare abuse?
but you are (*homo literatus*) a man of the
letter little fauoring of learning, your giddy
brain made you leaue your thrift, and your
abuses in London some part of your hone-
stie. You say that Poets are subtil, if so, you
haue learned that poynt of them, you can
well glose on a trifeling text. but you haue
dronke perhaps of *Lethe*, your gramer lear-
ning is out of your head, you forget your
Accidence, you remēber not, that vnder the
person of *Aeneas* in *Virgil* the practice of a
dilligent captaine is discribed vnder y^e sha-
dow of byrds, beastes and trees, the follies
of the world were disfighered, you know not,
that the creation is signified in the Image

A. 2. of

of *Prometheus*, the fall of pryde in the perſon of *Narciſſus*, theſe are toyes becauſe they fauor of wiſedome which you want. Marke what *Campanus* ſayth, *Mira fabularum vanitas ſed quæ ſi introſpiciantur videri poſſunt non vanæ*. The vanitie of tales is wonderful, yet if we aduiſedly looke into them they wil ſeme & proue wiſe. how wonderful are the pithie poemes of *Cato*? the curious comedies of *Plautus*? how brauely diſcouereth *Terence* our imperfeciō in his *Eunuch*? how neatly diſſiphereth he *Danius*? how pleaſantly paynteth he out *Gnatho*? whom if we ſhould ſeeke in our dayes, I ſuppoſe he would not be farr from your parſon. But I ſee you woulde ſeeme to be that which you are not, and as the prouerb ſayth *Nodum in Cirpo quærere*: Poetes you ſay vſe coullors to couer their incouiences, and wittie ſentences to burniſh theyr bawdery, and you diuinite to couer your knauerye. But tell mee truth *Goffon* ſpeakeſt thou as thou thinkeſt? what coelers findeſt thou in a Poete not to be admitted? are his ſpeeches vnperfect? ſa- nor they of inſcience. I think if thou haſt any ſhame thou canſt not but like & approue theſe, are ther gods diſpleſant vnto thee? doth *Saturne* in his maieſty moue thee? doth *Iuno* with

5

with her riches displease thee? doth *Minerua* with her weapon discomfort thee? doth *Apollo* with his harping harme thee? thou mayst say nothing les then harme thee because they are not, and I thinke so to because thou knowest them not. For wot thou that in the person of *Saturne* our decaying yeares are signified, in the picture of angry *Iuno* our affections are dissiphered, in y^e person of *Minerua* is our vnderstāding signified, both in respect of warre, as policie. when they faine that *Pallas* was begotten of the braine of *Iupiter* their meaning is none other, but that al wisedome (as the learned say) is from aboue, and commeth from the father of Lights: in the portrature of *Apollo* all knowledge is denocated. so that, what so they wrot, it was to this purpose, in the way of pleasure to draw men to wisedome: for seeing the world in those daies was vnperfect, yt was necessary that they like good Phisitions: should so frame their potions, that they might be appliable to the queisie stomaks of their werish patients. but our studientes by your meanes haue made shipwrack of theyr labors, our schoolemaisters haue so offended that by your iudgement they shall *subire pœnam capitis* for teaching poetry, the vniuersitie is litle beholding to you, al their practi-

A. 3. ces

ces in teaching are friuolus. Witt hath wrought that in you, that yeares and studie neuer fetled in the heads of our sagest doctors. No meruel though you dispraise poetrye, when you know not what it meanes. *Erasmus* will make that the path waye to to knowledge which you dispraise, and no meane fathers vouchsafe in their seriouse questions of deuinitie, to inferte poetically censures. I think if we shal wel ouerlooke y^e Philosophers, we shal find their iudgements not halfe perfect, Poetes you saye fayle in their fables, Philosophers in the verye secrets of Nature. Though *Plato* could with the expulsion of Poetes from his well publiques, which he might doe with reason, yet the wisest had not all that same opinion, it had bene better for him to haue sercht more narrowly what the soule was, for his definition was verye friuolus, when he would make it naught els but *Substantiam intellectu predictam*. if you say that Poetes did labour about nothing, tell me (I beseech you) what wonders wroughte those your dunce Doctors in ther reasons *de ente et non ente*? in theyr definition of no force, and les witt? how sweate they power soules in makinge more things then cold be? that I may vse
your

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your owne phrafe, did not they spende one
 candle by seeking another. *Democritus E-*
picurus with ther scholler *Metrodorus* how
 labored they in finding out more worlds the
 one? your *Plato* in midst of his presumes
 wrought that absurdite that neuer may be
 redd in Poets, to make a yearthly creature
 to beare the perfon of the creator, and a cor-
 ruptible substaunce, an incomprehenfible
 God: for determining of the principall cau-
 fes of all thinges, a made them naughte els
 but an *Idea* which if it be conferred wyth
 the truth, his sentence. will fauour of Insci-
 ence. but I speake for Poetes, I anfwere
 your abuse, therefore I will disproue, or dis-
 prayse naught, but wifh you with the wife
Plato, to disprayse that thing you offend not
 in. *Seneca* sayth that the studdie of Poets, is
 to make childrē ready to the vnderstanding
 of wifedom, and y^t our auncients did teache
artes Eleutherias. i. liberales, because the inst-
 ructed childrē by the instrumēt of knowledg
 in time became *homines liberi. i. Philosophye*.
 it may be that in reding of poetry, it happe-
 ned to you as it is with the Oyfter for she
 in her swimming receiueth no ayre, and you
 in your reeding lesse instruction. it is repor-
 ted that the shepe of *Enboia* want ther gale,
 and

and one the contrarye side that the beastes
of *Naxus* haue *distentum* fel. Men hope that
scollers should haue witt brought vpp in the
Vniuersite, but your sweet selfe with the
cattell of *Enboia*, since you left your College
haue lost your learning. you disprayse *Max
iminus Tirius* pollicey, and that thinge that
that he wrott to manifest learned Poets me
ning, you attribute to follye. O holy hedded
man, why may not *Iuno* resemble the ayre?
why not *Alexander* valour? why not
Vlisses pollice? will you haue all for yon
owne tothe? must men write that you maye
know theyr meaning? as though your wytt
were to wrest all things? Alas simple *Irus*,
begg at knowledge gate awhile, thou haste
not wonne the mastery of learning. weane
thy selfe to wisedome, and vse thy tallant in
zeale not for enuie, abuse not thy knowledge
in dispraying that which is pereles: I shold
blush from a player, to become an enuiouse
preacher, if thou hadst zeale to preach, if for
Sions sake thou coldst not holde thy tougue,
thy true dealing were prayse worthy, thy re-
uolting woulde counsell me to reuerence
thee. pittie weare it, that poetrye should be
displaced, full little could we want *Buchan-
nans* workes, and *Bertius* comfortes may
not

not be banished. what made *Erasmus* labor in *Euripides* tragedies? did he indeuour by painting them out of Greeke iuto Latine to manifest sinne vnto vs? or to confirme vs in goodnes? Labor (I pray thee) in Pamphilets more prayse worthy, thou haste not saued a Senator, therefore not worthye a Lawrell wreth, thou hast not (in disprouing poetry) reproued an abuse, and therefore not worthy commendation. *Seneca* sayth that *Magna vitæ pars elabatur male agentibus, maxima nihill agentibus, tota alind agentibus*, the most of our life (sayd he) is spent either in doing euill, or nothing, or that wee should not, and I would wish you weare exempted from this sensure, geue eare but a little more what may be said for poetrie, for I must be briefe, you haue made so greate matter that I may not stay on one thing to long, lest I leaue an other vntouched. And first whereas you say, y^t *Tullie* in his yeres of more iudgement despised Poetes, harke (I pray you) what he worketh for them in his oratiō *pro Archia poeta* (but before you heare him least you fayle in the incounter, I would wish you to to followe the aduise of the dasterdlye *Ichneumon* of *Ægypt*, who when shee beholdeth the *Aspis* her enemye
to

to drawe nighe, calleth her fellowes together, bismering her selfe with claye, against the byting and stroke of the serpent, arme your selfe, cal your witts together: want not your wepons, lest your imperfect iudgement be rewardede with Midas eares. you had neede play the night burd now, for you day Owl hath misconned his parte, and for to who now a dayes he cryes foole you: which hath brought such a sort of wondering birds about your eares, as I feare me will chatter you out of your Iuey bush. the worlde shames to see you, or els you are afrayde to shew your selfe. you thought poetrye should want a patron (I think) when you fyrste published this inuectiue, but yet you fynd al to many euē *preter expectationē*, yea though it can speake for it self, yet her patron *Tullie* now shall tell her tale, *Hæc studia* (sayth he) *adoleſcentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, ſecundas, res ornant, aduerſis perſugium ac Solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur rudiſcantur.* then will you diſprayſe y^e which all men commend? you looke only vp on y^e reſuſe of y^e abuſe, nether reſpecting the importance of y^e matter nor the weighe of y^e wryter. *Solon* can fayne himſelfe madde, to
further

further the *Athenians*. *Chaucer* in pleasant vain can rebuke sin vncontrold, & though he be lauish in the letter, his sence is serious. who in Rome lamēted not *Roscius* death? & cāst thou suck no plesure out of thy *M. Claudians* writings? hark, what *Cellarius* a learned father attributeth to it. *acuit memoriam* (saith he) it profiteth y^e memory. yea & *Tully* attributeth it for prais to *Archias* y^t vpon any theame he cold versify extēpory. who liketh not of the promptnes of *Ouid*? who not vnworthely cold boist of himself thus *Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat*. who then doothe not wonder at poetry? who thinketh not y^t it procedeth frō aboue? what made y^e *Chians* & *Colophonians* fal to such controuerfy? Why seke y^e *Smirnians*, to recouer frō y^e *Salaminians* the prais of *Homer*? al wold hane him to be of ther city, I hope not for harme, but because of his knoledge. *Themistocles* desireth to be acquainted w^t those w^c could best decipher his praifes. euen *Marius* himselfe, tho neuer so cruel, accōpted of *Plotinus* poems. what made *Aphricanus* esteeme *Ennius*? why did *Alexander* giue prais to *Achilles* but for y^e prayses which he found writtē of hym by *Homer*? Why esteemed *Pompie* so muche of *Theophanes Mitiletus* or *Brutus* so greatlye the wrytinges of *Accius*? *Fuluius* was

was so great a fauorer of poetry, that after the Aetolian warres, he attributed to the Muses those spoiles that belonged to *Mars*. in all the Romaine conquest, hardest thou euer of a slayne Poete? nay rather the Emperours honored them, beautified them with benefites, & decked their sanctuaries which sacrifice. *Pindarus* colledg is not fit for spoil of *Alexander* ouercome, nether feareth poetry y^e persecutors sword. what made Austin so much affectate y^e heauenly fury? not folly, for if I must needs speake, *ilnd non ausim affirmare*, his zeale was, in setting vp of the house of God, not in affectate eloquence, he wrot not, he accompted not. he honnored not, so much that (famous poetry) whyche we prayse, without cause, for if it be true that *Horace* reporteth in his booke *de arte poetica*, all the answaeres of the Oracles weare in verse. among the precise Iewes, you shall find Poetes, and for more maiestie *Sibilla* will prophesie in verse. *Hiroaldus* can witnes with me, that *David* was a poet, and that his wayne was in imitating (as S. Ierom witnesseth) *Horace*, *Flaccus*, & *Pindarus*, somtimes his verse runneth in an *Iambus* foote, anone he hath recourse to a *Saphier* vaine, and *aliquando, semipede ingreditur*.
ask

ask *Iosephus*, and he wil tel you that Esay, Iob and Salomon, voutfased poetical practises, for (if *Origen* and he fault) not theyre verse was *Hexameter*, and *pentameter*. Enquire of *Cassiodorus*, he will say that all the beginning of Poetrye proceeded from the Scripture. *Panlinus* tho the byshop of *Nolanum* yet voutfase the name of a Poet, and *Ambrose* tho he be a patriarke in *mediolanū* loueth versifying *Beda* shameth not y^e science that shamelesse *Goffon* misliketh. reade ouer *Lactantius*, his prooffe is by poetry. & Paul voutfaseth to ouerlooke *Epimenides* let the Apostle preach at Athens he disdaineth not of Aratus authorite. it is a pretye sentence yet not so prety as pithy. *Poeta na scitur orator fit* as who should say, Poetrye commeth from aboue from a heauenly seate of a glorious God vnto an excellent creature man, an orator is but made by exercise. for if wee examine well what befell *Ennius* amonge the Romans, and *Hesiodus* among his contrimen the Gretians, howe they came by theyr knowledge whence they receued their heauenly furye, the first will tell vs that sleeping vpon the Mount of *Parnassus* he dreamed that he receined the soule of *Homer* into him, after the which he became a Poete,
the

10

the next will assure you that it commeth not by labor, nether that night watchings bringeth it, but y^t we must haue it thence whence he fetched it w^c was (he faith) frō a wel of y^e Muses w^c *Cabelimus* calleth *Porū*, a draught whereof drewe him to his perfection, so of a shephard he becam an eloquēt poet. wel thē you see y^t it commeth not bp exercise of play making, nether infertiō of gawds, but from nature, and from aboue: and I hope y^t *Aristotle* hath sufficiently taught you: that *Natura nihil fecit frustra*. *Perseus* was made a poete *diuino furore percitus*. and whereas the poets were sayde to call for the Muses helpe ther mening was no other as *Iodocus Badius* reporteth, but to call for heauenly inspiration from aboue to direct theyr ende-deuors. nether were it good for you to sette light by the name of a poet since y^e oftspring from whence he cōmeth is so heauenly. *Sibilla* in hir answers to *Aeneas* against hir will as the poet telleth vs was possessed w^t thys fury, ye wey consideratly but of the writing of poets, & you shal se that whē ther matter is most heauenly, their stile is most loftye. a strange token of the wonderfull efficacy of the fame. I would make a long discourse vn to you of *Platoes* 4. furies but I leue them
it

it pitieth me to bring a rodd of your owne making to beate you wythal. But mithinks while you heare thys I fee you swallowe down your owne spittle for reuenge, where (God wot) my wryting fauoreth not of enuye. in this cafe I coulde wyfhe you fare farre otherwyfe from your foe yf you please I wyll become your frende and fee what a potion or receypt I can frame fytt for your diet. and herein I will proue my felfe a practifer, before I purdge you, you fhall take a preparatiue to dif burden your heauy hedde of thofe grofe follis you haue conceued: but the receipt is bitter, therefore I would wyfh you firft to cafteu your mouth with the Sugar of perfeuerāce: for ther is a cold collop y^t muft downe your throate yet fuche a one as fhall chaūge your complection quit. I wyll haue you therfore to taft firft of y^t cold riuer *Phricus*, in *Thratia* which as *Aristotle* reporteth changeth blacke into white, or of Scamandar, which maketh gray yalow y^t is of an enuious mā a wel minded perfon, reprehending of zeale y^t wherin he hath finned by folly, & fo being preparad, thy purgation wyll worke more eafy, thy vnderftandinge wyll be more perfitt, thou fhalt blufh at thy abuse, and reclaime thy felfe by force of
argument

argument so will thou proue of clene recovered patient, and I a perfecte practiser in framing so good a potion. this broughte to passe I with the wil seeke out some abuse in poetry, which I wil seeke for to disprove by reason first pronounced by no smal birde euen *Aristotle* himself *Poeta* (sayth he) *multa mentiuntur* and to further his opinion seuer *Cato* putteth in his censure.

Admiranda canunt sed non credenda poetae. these were fore blemishes if objected rightly and heare you may say the streame runnes a wronge, but if it be so by you leue I wyll bring him shortly in his right chanel. My answere shall not be my owne, but a learned father shall tell my tale, if you wil know his name men call him *Lactantius*: who in hys booke *de diuinis institutionibus* reesoneth thus. I suppose (sayth he) Poets are full of credit, and yet it is requesite for those that wil vnderstand them to be admonished, that among them, not onely the name but the matter beareth a show of that it is not: for if sayth he we examine the Scriptures litter allye nothing will seeme more false, and if we way Poetes wordes and not ther meaning, our learning in them wilbe very mene you see now that your *Catoes* iudgement
as

I

of no force and that all your obiections you make agaynst poetrye be of no valor yet left you should be altogether discouraged I wyll helpe pou forward a little more, it pities me to consider the weaknes of your cause I wyll therfore make your strongest reason, more stroug and after I haue builded it vp destroy it agayn. Poets you confesse are eloquent but you reprove them in their wantonneffe, they write of no wisedom, you may say their tales are friuolus, they prophane holy thinges, they seeke nothing to the perfection of our soules. theyr practise is in other things, of lesse force: to this obiection I answer no otherwise then Horace doeth in his booke *de arte poetica* where he wryteth thus.

*Siluestres homines facer interpretsque deorum
Sedibus, et victu sædo deterruit orpheus.
Dictus ob hoc lenire Tigres rabidosque leones.
Dictus et Amphion Thebanæ condit urbis
Saxa mouere sono, testudius et prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet fuit hoc sapientia quondam.
Publica priuatis secernere sacra prophanis.
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare Iura maritis,
Opida moliri leges, nescidere ligno.*

The holy spokesman of the Gods
With heauely Orpheus hight:
Did driue the sauage men from wods.

B

And

And made them liue aright.
 And therefore is sayd the Tygers fierce,
 And Lyons full of myght
 To ouercome: *Amphion*, he
 Was sayd of Theabs the founder,
 Who by his force of Lute dyd cause,
 The stones to part a sonder.
 And by his speach them did direct.
 Where he would haue them staye:
 This wisedome this was it of olde
 All strife for to allay.

To giue to euery man his owne,
 To make the Gods be knowne
 To driue each lecher from the bed,
 That neuer was his owne.
 To teach the law of mariage,
 The way to build a towne,
 For to engraue these lawes in woods
 This was these mens renowne.

I cannot leaue *Tirtheus* pollicy vntouched,
 who by force of his pen could incite men to
 the defence of theyr countrye. if you require
 of y^e Oracle of *Apollo* what successe you shal
 haue: *respondet bellicoso numine* lo now you
 see your obiections my answers, you behold
 or may perceiue manifestlye, that Poetes
 were the first rayfors of cities, prescribers of
 good lawes, mayntayners of religion, distur
 bors

bors of the wicked, aduancers of the wel disposed, inuētors of laws, & lastly the very sot paths to knowledg. & vnderstāding ye if we shold beleue Herome he wil make *Platos* exiles honest mē, & his pestiferous poets good preachers: for he accounteth *Orpheus Muscus*, & *Linus*, *Christians*, therefore *Virgil* (in his 6. boke of *Aeneidos* wher he lernedly describeth y^e iourney of *Aeneas* to *Elisum*) asser-teneth vs, y^t among them y^t were ther for the zeale they beare toward there country, ther wer found *Quinque pij vates et Phæbo digna loquti* but I must answer al obiectiōs, I must fil euery nooke. I must arme my self now, for here is the greatestt bob I can gather out of your booke forsoth *Ouids* abuses, in descrybing whereof you labour very vehementlye termīg him letcher, & in his person dispraise all poems, but shall on mans follye destroye a vniuersal cōmodity? what gift what perfit knowledg hath ther bin, emong y^e professors of w^c ther hath not bin a bad, on the Angels haue sinned in heauē, *Adā* & *Eue* in earthly paradise, emōg y^e holy apostles vngratious Iudas. I refon not y^t al poets are holy but I afirme y^t poetry is a heauēly gift, a perfit gift then w^c I know not greater plesure. & surely if I may speak my mind I thīk we shal find

B. 2.

but

but few poets if it were exactly wayd what they oughte to be your *Muscouian* straungers, your *Scithian* monfters wonderful by one *Eurus* brought vpon one ftage in fhips made of Sheepefkings, wyll not proue you a poet nether your life alow you to bee of that learning if you had wifely wayed y^e abufe of poetry if you had reprehended y^e foolifh fantasies of our poets *nomine non re* which they bring forth on ftage, my felf would haue liked of you & allowed your labor. but I perceiue nowe y^t all red colloured ftones are not Rubies, nether is euery one *Alexandar* y^t hath a ftare in his cheke, al lame men are not *Vulcans*, nor hooke nofed men. *Ciceroes* nether each profefler a poet, I abhore thofe poets that fauor of ribaldry, I will with the zealous admit the expullcion of fnche enormities poetry is difpraifed not for the folly that is in it, bnt for the abufe whiche manye ill Wryters couller by it. Beleeue mee the mageftrats may take aduife, (as I knowe wifely can) to roote out thofe odde rymes which runnes in euery rafcales mouth. Sauioring of rybaldry, thofe foolifhe ballets, that are admitted, Make poets good and godly practifes to be refused. I like not of a wicked *Nero* that wyll expell *Lucan*, yet admit

mit I of a zealous gouernour that wil feke to take away the abuse of poetry. I like not of an angrye *Augustus* which wyll banishe *Ouid* for enuy, I loue a wise Senator, which in wisdome wyll correct him and with aduise burne his follyes: vnhappy were we yf like poore *Scaurus* we shoulde find *Tiberius* that wyll put vs to death for a tragedy making but most blessed were we, if we might find a iudge that feuerely would amende the abuses of Tragedies, but I leaue the reformation thereof to more wyse than my selfe, And retourne to Goffon whom I wyshe to be fully perswaded in this cause, and therefore I will tell hym a pretty story, which *Iustin* wryteth in the prayse of poetrye. The *Lacedemonians* when they had losse many men in diuers incountrys with theyr enemyes foughte to the Oracles of Apollo requiring how they myght recouer theyr losses, it was answered that they mighte overcome if so be that they could get an *Athenian* gouernor, whereupon they sent Orators vnto the *Athenians* humbly requesting them that they woulde appoynt them out one of theyr best captaynes: the *Athenians* owinge them old malice, sent them in steede of a *soldado vechio* a scholar of the Muses. in steede
of

of a worthy warrior a poore poet, for a courageous *Themistocles* a filly *Tirihetus*, a man of great eloquence and singuler wytte, yet was he but a lame lymde captaine more fit for the coche then the field, the *Lacedemonians* trusting the Oracle, receued the champion, and fearing the gouernment of a stranger, made him ther Citizen. which once don and he obtaining the Dukdome, he assended the theater, and ther very learnedly, wyth-
 ing them to forget theyr folly, and to thinke on victory they being acuate by his eloquēce waging battail won the field. Lo now you see that the framing of common welthes, & defence therof, proceedeth from poets, how dare you therefore open your mouth against them? how can you dispraye the preferuer of a countrie? you compare *Homer* to *Me-
 lias*, cookes to Poetes, you shame your selfe in your vnreuerent similituds, you may see your follyes *verbum sapienti sat* where as *Homer* was an ancient poet, yow disalow him, and accompte of those of lesser iudgement. *Strabo* calleth poetry, *primam sapi-
 entiam*. *Cicero* in his firste of hys *Tuscu-
 lans* attributeth y^e inuencion of philosophy, to poets. God keepe vs from a Plato that should expel such men. pittie were it that the
 memo-

memory of these valiant victours should be hidden, which haue dyed in the behalfe of ther countryes: miserable were our state yf we wanted those worthy volumes of poetry could the learned beare the losse of *Homer*? or our younglings the wrytings of the *Mantuan*? or you your volumes of historyes? beleue me yf you had wanted your Mysteries of nature, & your stately storyes, your booke would haue scarce bene ledde wyth matter. if therefore you will deale in things of wisdom, correct the abuse, honor the science, renewe your schoole, crye out ouer Hierusalem wyth the prophet, the woe that he pronounced, wifh the teacher to reforme hys lyfe, that his weake scholler may proue the wyfer, cry out against vnfaciabie desyre in rich men, tel the house of Iacob theyr iniquities, lament with the Apostle the want of laborers in the Lords vineyards, cry out on those dume doggs that will not barke, wyll the mightye that they ouermayster not the poore, and put downe the beggers prowde heart by thy perswasions. Thunder oute wyth the Prophete *Micha* the mesage of the LORD, and wyth hym desyre the Iudges to heare thee, the Prynces of Iacob to hearken to thee, and those of

B. 4.

the

the house of Israell to vnderstande then tell them that they abhorre iudgement, and prenent equitie, that they iudge for rewardes, and that theyr priests teach for hyre, and the prophets thereof prophesie for money, and yet that they saye the Lorde is wyth them, and that no euil can befall them, breath out the sweete promises to the good, the curses to the badde, tell them that a peece muste needes haue a warre, and that God can raise vp another Zenacharib, shew thē that Salomons kingdome was but for a season and that aduersitie cometh ere we espye it. these be the songes of Sion, these be those rebukes which you oughte to add to abuses recover the body, for it is fore, the appedices thereof will easely be reformed, if that wear at a staye, but other matter call me and I must not staye vpon this onely, there is an easier task in hand for me, and that which if I may speak my conscience, fitteth my vain bell, your second abuse Goffon, your second abuse your disprayses of Musik, which you vnadulcedly terme pyping: that is it wyll most byte you, what so is a ouerstay of life, is displeant to your person, musik may not stand in your presence, whereas all the learned Philosphers haue alwayes had it in reuerence.

reuerence. *Homar* commendeth it highly, referring to the prayfes of the Gods whiche *Goffon* accompteth folifhneffe, looke vppon the harmonie of the Heauens? hange they not by Mufike? doe not the *Spheares* moue? the *primus* motor gouerne. be not they *inferiora corpora* affected *quadam fumpathia* and agreement? howe can we meafure the debilitie of the patient but by the difordered motion of the pulfe? is not man worfe accounted of when he is moft out of tune? is there any thinge that more affecteth the fence? doth there any pleafure more acuat our vnderftanding. can the wonders y^t hath wroughte and which you your felfe confesse no more moue you? it fitteth well nowe that the learned haue fayd, *mufica requirit generofum animū* which fince it is far from you, no maruel though you fauor not that profefion. it is reported of the *Camelion* that fhee can chaunge her felfe vnto all coollors faue whyte, and you can accompte of all thinges faue fuch as haue honefty. *Plutarch* your good Mayfter may bare me witnes, that the ende whereto Mufick was, will prooue it prayes worthy, O Lorde howe maketh it a man to remember heauenly things. to wōder at the works of the creator, *Eloquence*
can

can stay the souldiars fworde from flayinge an Orator, and shall not musike be magnified which not onely saue the bodye but is a comfort to the soule? Dauid reioyseth singeth and prayseth the Lorde by the Harpe, the Simbale is not remoued from his sanctuary, the Aungels syng *gloria in excelsis*.

Surely the imagination in this present instant, calleth me to a deepe consideration of my God. looke for wonders where musike worketh, and wher harmonie is ther foloweth incredible delectation. the bowels of the earth yeld. where the instrument soundeth and *Pluto* cannot keepe *Proserpina* if *Orpheus* recorde. The Seas shall not swallowe *Arion* whilst he singeth, nether shall hee perishe while he harpeth, a doleful tuner yf a diuine musition can moue a Monster of y^e sea. to mourne. a Dolphin respectet a heauenlye recorde. call your selfe home therefore and reclayme thys follye, it is to foule to bee admitted, you may not mayntaue it. I hadd well hoped you woulde in all these thynges haue wiselye admytted the thyng, and disallowe naughte but the abuse, but I see your mynde in your wrytinge was to penn somewat you knowe not what,
and

and to confyrme it I wot not howe, so that
 your felfe hath hatched vs an Egge yet so
 that it hath blest vs wyth a monfterus chic-
 kin, both wythoute hedde, and alfo tayle,
 lyke the Father, full of imperfection and
 leffe zeale. well marke yet a lyttle more,
 beare with me though I be bytter, my loue
 is neuer the leffe for that I haue learned of
Tullye, that *Nulla remedia tam faciunt*
dolorem quam quae sunt salutaria, the shar-
 per medycine the better it cures, the more
 you fee your follye, the fooner may you a-
 mende it. Are not the straines in Mufike
 to tickle and delyght the eare? are not our
 warlike instruments to moue men to valor?
 You confesse they mooue vs, but yet they
 delight not our eares, I pray you whence
 grew that poynt of Phylofophy? it is more
 then euer my Mayfter taught mee, that a
 thyng of founde shoulde not delyghte the
 eare. belyke yee fuppofe that men are mon-
 fters, withoute eares, or elfe I thynke you
 wyll faye they heare with their heeles,
 it may bee fo, for indeede when wee are
 are delighted with Mufike, it maketh our
 heart to fcypp for ioye, and it maye bee
 perhaps by affending from the heele to the
 hygher partes, it may moue vs, good
 policie

policy in footh, this was of your owne coyning your mother neuer taught it you, but I wyll not deale by reason of philosophie wyth you for that confound your fences, but I can asure you this one thinge, that this principle will make the wiser to mislike your inuention, it had bene a fitter iest for your howlet in your playe, then an ornamēt in your booke. but since you wrote of abuses we may licence you to lye a little, so y^e abuse will be more manifest. lord with how goodly a cote haue you clothed your conceptes, you abound in storyes but impertinent, they bewray your reeding but not your wisdom would God they had bin well aplied. But now I must play the musitian right nolesse buggs now come in place but pauions and mesures, dumps & fancies & here growes a great question, what musick *Homer* vsed in curing y^e diseased gretians, it was no dump you say, & so think I, for y^t is not apliable to sick men, for it fauoreth Malancholie. I am sure, it was no mesure, for in those days they were not such good dāfers for soth thē what was it? if you require me. if you name me the instrumēt, I wyl tel you what was y^e musik. mean while a gods name let vs both dout, y^t it is no part of our saluation to know what it was

was nor how it went? when I speak wyth
Homer next you shall knowe his answere.

But you can not be content to erre but you
 must maintain it to. *Pithagoras* you say a-
 lowes not that musik is decerned by eares,
 but hee wisheth vs to assend vnto the sky &
 marke that harmony. surely thys is but one
 doctors opinion (yet I dislike not of it) bnt
 to speake my conscience my thinkes musike
 best pleafeth me when I heare it, for other-
 wise the catter walling of Cats, were it not
 for harmonie: should more delight mine eies
 then the tunable voyces of men. but these
 things are not the chieft poynts you shote
 at, thers somewhat els sticketh in your sto-
 mak God graunt it hurt you not, from the
 daunce you runn to the pype, from 7. to 3.
 which if I shoulde add I beleue I coulde
 wrest out halfe a score incōueniences more
 out of your booke. our pleasant confortes do
 discomfort you much, and becaufe you ly ke
 not thereof, they arr discomendable, I haue
 heard it is good to take sure fotinge when
 we trauel vnknownen countryes, for when
 we wade aboue our shoe latchet *Appelles*
 wyll reprehende vs for coblers, if you had
 bene a father in musick and coulde haue de-
 cerned of tunes I would perhaps haue likt
 your

your opinion sumwhat where now I abhor it, if you wear a professor of that practise I would quickly perswade you, that the adding of strings to our instrument make the sound more hermonious, and that the mixture of Musike maketh a better concent. but to preach to vnskillfull is to perswad y^e brut beastes, I wyl not stand long in thys point although the dignitie thereof require a volume, but howe learned men haue esteemed this heauenly gift, if you please to read you shall see. *Socrates* in hys old age will not disdain to learn y^e science of Musik amōg children, he can abide their correctiōs to, so much accōuted he that, w^t you contemn, so profitable thought he y^t, w^t you mislik. *Solon* wil esteeme so much of y^e knowledg of singing, y^t he wil soner forget to dye thē to sing. *Pithagoras* likes it so wel y^t he wil place it in *Greece*. and *Aristoxenus* will saye y^t the soule is musik. *Plato* (in his booke *de legibus*) will affirme that it can not be handled without all sciences, the *Lacedemonians* & *Cretensis* wer sturred to warre by *Anapestus* foote, and *Timotheus* with the same incensed kinge *Alexander* to batel, ye yf *Boetyus* fitten not, on *Tauromitanus* (by this *Phrigian* sound) hastened to burn a house wher a strūpet was hidden. so litle abideth this heauēly harmony
our

our humane filthines, y^t it worketh wonders as you may perceue most manifestly by the history of *Agamemnon* who going to y^e Troian war, left at home a musitian y^t playde the *Dorian* tune, who w^t the foote *Spondeus* preserued his wife *Clitemnestra* in chastity & honesty, wherefore she cold not bee deflowred by *Egistus*, before he had wickedly slain the musitian. so y^t as the magnetes draweth Iorne, & the Theamides (w^c groweth in *Egipt*) driueth it away: so musik calleth to it selfe al honest plesures, & dispelleth frō it all vaine misdemanors. y^t matter is so plētiful that I cannot find wher to end, as for beginnings they be infuite, but these shall suffice. I like not to long circūstances wher les doe serue. only I wish you to accoupt wel of this heauēly concent, w^c is ful of perfettiō, proceding frō aboue, drawing his original frō the motion of y^e stars, frō the agrement of the planets, frō the whisteling winds & frō al those celestial circles, where is ether perfit agreemēt or any *Sumphonia*. but as I like musik so admit I not of thos that deprauē the same your pipers are as odious to mee as your selfe, nether alowe I your harpinge merie beggers: although I knewe you my selfe a professed play maker, & a paltry actor. since which y^e windmil of your wit hath bin tornd
so

32
 to, say wyth the wyse of folly, that I fear
 me we shall see the dogge returne to his vo-
 me and the ciuelles to her myre, and the
 reformes to their first to his old teaching
 of follye. Beware it be not so. let not your
 Curres be a witness to your own profession.
 wyth your machines. let your worthelesse milking be-
 come sufficient to serue a magistrates
 will, and if you haue any stale rethorik flo-
 ra upon this text, the abuse is, when that
 is a ppyed to wantonneffe, which was
 created to shewe Gods worthinesse. When
 y^e shamefull resorts of shameles curtezanes
 in sinful sonnets, shall prophane vertue
 these are no light sinnes, these make many
 goodmen lament, this causeth parents hate
 there right borne children, if this were refor-
 med by your policie I should esteeme of you
 as you wysh. I feare me it fareth far other
 wyse, *latet anguis in herba*, vnder your fare
 show of conscience take heede you cloake
 not your abuse, it were pittie the learned
 should be ouerseene in your simplenesse, I
 feare me you will be politick wyth Macha-
 nel not zealous as a prophet, Well I will
 not

not stay long vpon the abuse, for that I see it is to manifest, the remembraunce thereof is discommendable among the godly, and I my self am very loth to bring it in memory. to the wise aduised reader these mai suffice, to flee the *Crocodel* before hee commeth, lest we be bitten, and to auoyde the abuse of musik, since we se it, lest our misery be more. When we fall into folly. *Ictus piscator sapit*, you heare open confession, these abuses are disclaimed by our Goffon, he is sory that hee hath so leudlye liued, & spent the oyle of his perfection in vnfaury Lampes. he hath *Argus* eyes to watch him now, I wold wish him beware of his Islington, and such lyke resorts, if now he retourne from his repented lyfe to his old folly, Lord how foule wil be his fall. men know more then they speak if they be wise, I feare me some will blushe that readeth this, if he be bitten, wold God Goffon at that instant might haue a watchman. but I see it were needeleffe, perhaps he hath *Os durum*, and then what auayleth their presence. Well, I leaue this poynt til I know further of your mynde, mean while I must talke a little wyth you about y^e thyrd abuse, for the cater cosens of pypers, theyr names (as you terme them) be players, & I

C.

think

thinke as you doe, for your experience is sufficient to enforme me. but here I must loke about me, *quacunq̃ue te tigeris vlcus est*, here is a task that requireth a long treatis, and what my opinion is of players ye now shall plainly perceue. I must now serch my wits, I see this shall passe throughe many seuerer sensers handling, I must aduise me what I write, and write that I would wysh. I way wel the serioufnes of the cause, and regarde verymuch the Iudges of my endeuer, whom if I could I would perfwade, that I woulde not nourish abuse, nether mayntaine that which should be an vniuerfall discomoditye. I hope they wil not iudge before they read, nether condemne without occasion. The wisest wil alwais carry to eares, in y^t they are to diferne two indifferent causes. I meane not to hold you in suspēc, (seuerer Iudges) if you gredely expect my verdit brefely this it is.

Demostines thoughte not that *Phillip* shoulde ouercome when he reproued hym, nether feared *Cicero* *Anthones* force, when in the Senate hee rebuked hym. To the ignorant ech thinge that is vnknowne semes vnprofitable, but a wise man can foresee and prayse by prooffe. *Pythagoras* could spy oute
in

in womens eyes two kind of teares, the one of grefe the other of difceit: & thofe of iudge ment can from the fame flower fuck honey with the bee, from whence the Spyder (I mean the ignorant) take their poifon. men y^t haue knowledge what comedies & tragedis be, wil comend thē, but it is fufferable in the folifh to reprove that they know not, becauf ther mouthes wil hardly be stopped. Firfte therfore if it be not tedious to Goffon to har ken to the lerned, the reder fhall perceiue the antiq uity of playmaking, the inuentors of comedies, and therewithall the vfe & comoditye of thē. So that in y^e end I hope my labor fhall be liked, and the learned wil foner conceue his folly. For tragedies & comedies *Donate* the gramarian fayth, they wer inuen ted by lerned fathers of the old time to no o ther purpofe, but to yeelde prayfe vnto God for a happy harueft, or plentifull yeere. and that thys is trewe the name of Tragedye doeth importe, for if you confider whence it came, you fhall perceiue (as *Iodocus Badius* reporteth) that it drewe his original of *Tragos*, *Hircus*, & *Ode*, *Cantus*, (fo called) for that the aētors thereof had in rewarde for theyr labour, a Gotes fkyne fylled wyth wyne. You fee then that the fyrfte

C. 2. matter

matter of Tragedies was to giue thanks and prayfes to GOD, and a gratefull prayer of the countrymen for a happye harueft. and this I hope was not difcomendable. I knowe you will iudge is farthest from abuse. but to wade farther, thys fourme of inuention being found out, as the dayes wherein it was vsed did decay, and the world grew to more perfection, so y^t witt of the younger sorte became more riper, for they leauing this fourme, inuented an other, in the which they altered the nature but not y^e name: for for sonnets in prayse of y^e gods, they did set forth the sower fortune of many exiles, the miserable fal of haples princes, The reuinous decay of many coutryes, yet not content with this, they presented the liues of *Satyers*, So that they might wiselye vnder the abuse of that name, discouer the fol lies of many theyr folish fellow citizens. and those monstres were then, as our parasites are now adayes: fuche, as with pleasure reprehended abuse. as for commedies because they bear a more plesanter vain, I wil leaue the other to speake of them. *Tully* defines them thus. *Comedia* (saith he) is *Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, & imago veritatis*, and it is sayde to be termed of *Comai*, (amongst

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(amongſte the Greekes) whiche ſignifieth *Pagos*, & *Ode*, *Cantus*: for that they were exerciſed in the field. they had they beginning wyth tragedies, but their matter was more pleaſaunt, for they were ſuche as did reprehend, yet *quodam lepore*. Theſe firſt very rudly were inuented by *Suſarion Bullus*, & *Magnus*, to auncient poets, yet ſo, that they were meruelous profitable to the reclaimynge of abuſe: whereupon *Eupolis* with *Cartinus*, & *Ariſtophanes*, began to write, and with ther eloquenter vaine and perfection of ſtil, dyd more feuerely ſpeak agaynſt the abuſes thē they: which *Horace* himſelfe witneſſeth. For ſayth he ther was no abuſe but theſe men reprehended it. a theſe was loth to be ſeene one there ſpectacle. a coward was neuer preſent at theyr aſſemblies. a backbiter abhord that company. and I my ſelfe could not hane blamed your (Goſſon) for exempting your ſelfe from this theater, of troth I ſhoulde haue lykt your pollicy. Theſe therefore, theſe wer they that kept men in awe, theſe reſtrayned the vnbridled cominaltie, whervpon *Horace* wiſely ſayeth.

Oderunt peccare boni, virtutis amore.

Oderunt peccare mali, formidine penæ.

The

The good did hate al sinne for vertues loue
 The bad for feare of shame did sin remoue.

Yea would God our realme could light vpon a *Lucilius*, then should the wicked bee poynted out from the good, a harlot woulde seeke no harbor at stage plais, lest she shold here her owne name growe in question: and the discourse of her honesty cause her to bee hated of the godly. as for you I am sure of this one thing, he would paint you in your players ornamēts, for they best becam you. But as these sharpe corrections were disanulde in Rome when they grewe to more licenciousnes: So I fear me if we shold practice it in our dayes, the same intertainmente would followe. But in ill reformed Rome what comedies now? a poets wit can correct, yet not offend. *Philemon* will mitigate the corrections of sinne, by reproving them couertly in shadowes. *Menandar* dare not offend y^e Senate openly, yet wants he not a parasite to touch them priuely. *Terence* wyl not report the abuse of harlots vnder there proper stile, but he can finely girde thē vnder the person of *Thais*. hee dare not openly tell the Rich of theyr couetousnesse and seuerity towards their children, but he can controule them

them vnder the perfon of *Durus Demeas*. he must not shew the abuse of noble yong gentlemen vnder theyr owne title, but he wyll warne them in the perfon of *Pamphilus*. wil you learne to know a parasite? Looke vpon his *Danus*. wyl you seke the abuse of courtly flatterers? behold *Gnato*. and if we had some Satericall Poetes now a dayes to penn our commedies, that might be admitted of zeale, to discypher the abuses of the worlde in the perfon of notorious offenders. I know we should wisely ryd our assemblyes of many of your brotherhod. but because you may haue a full scope to reprehende, I will ryp vp a rablemēt of playmakers, whose wrigh-tinges I would wishe you ouerlooke, and seeke out theyr abuses. can you mislike of *Cecilius*? or dispise *Plinius*? or amend *Nenius*? or find fault with *Licinius*? where in offended *Actilius*? I am sure you can not but wonder at *Terrence*? wil it please you to like of *Turpelius*? or alow of *Trabea*? you muste needs make much of *Ennius* for ouerloke al thes, & you shal find ther volums ful of wit if you examin thē: so y^t if you had no other masters, you might deserue to be a doctōr, wher now you are but a folishe scholemaister. but I wyll deale wyth you verye freendlye,

C. 4.

I

I wil resolute eueri doubt that you find, those instrumentes which you mislike in playes grow of auncient custome, for when *Roffius* was an Actor, be sure that as with his tears he moued affections, so the Musitian in the Theater before the entrance, did mornefully record it in melody (as *Seruius* reporteth.) Theactors in Rome had also gay clothing & euery mā's apparel was apliable to his part & person. The old men in white, y^e rich men in purple, the parasite disguisedly, the yong men in gorgeous coulours, ther wanted no deuise nor good iudgemēt of y^e comedy, whēc I suppose our players, both drew ther plaies & fourme of garments. as for the appointed dayes wherin comedies wer shoven, I reede that the Romaines appoynted them on the festiual dayes, in such reputation were they had at that time. Also *Iodocus Badius* will asertain you that the actors for shewing pleasure receued some profite. but let me apply those dayes to ours, their actors to our players, their autors to ours. surely we want not a *Roffius*, nether ar ther great scarfity of *Terrences* professiō, but yet our men dare not nowe a dayes presume so much, as the old Poets might. and therefore they apply ther writing to the peoples vain
where

wheras, if in the beginning they had ruled,
 we should now adaies haue found smal spec-
 tacles of folly. but (of truth) I must confes
 with *Aristotle*, that men are greatly deligh-
 ted with imitation, and that ic were good to
 bring those things on stage, that were alto-
 gether tending to vertue: all this I admit, &
 hartely wysh, but you say vnlesse the thinge
 be taken away the vice wili contiue, nay I
 say if the style were changed the practise
 would profit. and sure I thinke our theaters
 fit, that *Ennius* seeing our wāton *Glicerium*
 may rebuke her, if our poetes will nowe be-
 come seuerer, and for prophane things write
 of vertue: you I hope shoulde see a reformed
 state in those thinges, which I feare me yf
 they were not, the idle hedded commones
 would worke more mischiese. I wish as zea-
 lously as the best that all abuse of playenge
 weare abolished, but for the thing, the anti-
 quitie causeth me to allow it, so it be vsed as
 it should be. I cannot allow the prophaning
 of the Sabaoth, I praise your reprehens
 in that, you did well in discommending
 abuse, and surely I wysh that that fo
 disclaymed, it is not to be admitted
 those sinne, whiche p if it
 would haue binne p a go

it is in the Magistrate to take away that order, and appoynt it otherwyse. but sure it were pittie to abolish y^t which hath so great vertue in it. because it is abused. The Germanes when the vse of preaching was forbidden them, what helpe had they I pray you? forsooth the learned were sayne couertly in comodies to declare abuses, and by playing to incite the people to vertues, whē they might heare no preaching. Those were lamentable dayes you will say, and so thinke I, but was not this I pray you a good help in reforming the decaying Gospel? you see then how comedies (my seuerer iudges) are requestit both for ther antiquity, and for ther commoditye. for the dignity of the wrigh-
ters, and the pleasure of the hearers. But after your discrediting of playmaking, you salue vppon the fore somewhat, and among many wise workes there be some that fitte your vaine: the practise of parasites is one, which I meruel it likes you so well since it bites you so sore. but sure in that I like your iudgement, and for the rest to, I approue your wit, but for the pigg of your own sow, (as you terme it) assuredly I must discommend your verdit, tell me Gosson was all your owne you wrote there: did you borow
nothing

nothing of your neyghbours? out of what booke patched you out *Ciceros* oration? whence fet you *Catulins* inuectiue. Thys is one thing, *alienam olet lucernā non tuam*. so that your helper may wisely reply vpon you with *Virgil*.

Hos ego versiculos feci tulit alter honores.

I made these verses other bear the name. beleue me I should preferr Wilsons. shorte and sweete if I were iudge, a peece surely worthy prayse, the practise of a good scholler, would the wiser would ouerlooke that, they may perhaps cull some wisedome, out of a players toye. Well, as it is wisedome to commend where the cause requireth, so it is a poynt of folly to praise without deserte. you dislike players very much, theyr dealings be not for your commodity, whom if I myghte aduise they should learne thys of *Iuuenal*.

*Viuentum est recte,
cum propter plurima, tum his
Præcipue causis: ut linguas manci piorum
Contēnas. Nā lingua mali pars pessima serui.*

We ought to leade our lines aright,

For

44

For many causes moue.
Especially for this same cause,
Wifedome doth vs behone.
That we may set at nough those blames,
which seruants to vs lay,
For why the tongue of euel slaue,
Is worst as wifemen euer fay.

Methinks I heare some of them verifing
these verses vpon you, if it be so that I hear
them, I wil concele it, as for the statute of
apparrell and the abuses therof, I see it ma-
nifestly broken. and if I should seeke for ex-
ample, you cannot but offend my eyes. For
if you examine the statuts exactly, a simple
cote should be fitted to your backe. we shold
bereue you of your brauerye, and examine
your aūcestry, & by profession in respect of y^e
statute, we should find you catercosens with
a, (but hush) you know my meaning, I must
for pitie fauor your credit in that you weare
once a scholler. you runne farther to Car-
ders, dicers, fencers, bowlers, daunfers, &
tomblers. whose abuses I wold rebuke with
you, had not your self moued other matters.
but to eche I say thus, for dicing I wythe
those that know it not to leaue to learn it, &
let the fall of others make them wiser. Yf
they

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they had an *Alexander* to gouern they shold be punished, and I could wish them not to abuse the lenitie of their prince. *Cicero* for a great blemish reputeth that which our gentlemen vse for brauery, but *sufficit ista leuiter attigisse*, a word against fencers, & so anend. whom I wish to beware with *Demonax* lest admitting theyr fencing delightes, they destroy (with the *Athenians*) the alters of peace, by rayfing quarrellous causes, they worke vprores: but you and I reprove the in abvse, yet I (for my part) cannot but allow the practise so it be well vsed. as for the filling of our gracious princes cofers with peace, as it pertaineth not to me, because I am none of her receiuors, so men think vnlesse it hath bine lately you haue not bene of her maiesties counsel. But now here as you begin foolishly, so surely you end vnlearnedly. prefer you warre before peace? the sword before the Goune? the rule of a Tyrant, before y^e happy days of our gracious Queen? you know the philosophers are against you, yet dare you stand in handy grips wyth *Cicero*: you know that force is but an instrument when counsell fayleth, and if wisedome win not, farwel warre. Aske *Alphonsus* what counsellors he lyketh of? hee will say his bookes?

bookes. and hath not I pray you pollicy al-
 wais ouermastered force? who subdued *Han-
 nibal* in his great royalty? he y^t durst knock
 at Rome gates to haue thē opened is nowe
 become a pray to a fylly senator. *Appius
 Claudius et senex et cæcus* a father full of
 wisedome can releue the state of decaying
 Rome. and was it force that subdued *Mari-
 us*? or armes that discouered *Catulins* con-
 spiracies? was it rash reuendg in punishing
Cethegus? or want of witt in the discouerye
 of treason? *Cato* can correct himselfe for tra-
 ueling by Sea, when the land profereth pas-
 sage, or to be sole hardy in ouer much ha-
 zard. *Aristotle* accompteth counsell holye, &
Socrates can terme it the key of certentye.
 what shal we count of war but wrath, of bat-
 tel but hastines, and if I did rule (with *Au-
 gustus Cæsar*) I woulde refuse these coun-
 selers. what made y^e oracle I praye you ac-
 compt of *Calchas* so much? was it not for
 his wisedome? who doth not like of the go-
 uerner that had rather meete with *Vnum
 Nestorem* then *decem Aiaces*? you cannot
 tame a Lyon but in tyme, neither a Tigres
 in few dayes. Counsell in *Regulus* will pre-
 ferring the liberty of his country before his
 lyfe, not remit the deliury of *Carthaginian*
 captiues

captiues, *Hanibal* shall flesh himselfe on an
 olde mans carcas, whose wisedome prefer-
 ued his citye. *Adrian* with letters can go-
 uerne hys legions, and rule peasablye his
 prouinces by policye. aske *Siluius Italicus*
 what peace is and he will say?

*Pax optima rerum quas homini nouisse.
 datum est, pax una triumphis
 Innumeris potior, pax custodire salutem.
 Et ciues æquare potens.*

No better thing to man did nature
 Euer giue then peace,
 Then which to know no greater ioy,
 Can come to our encrease.
 To foster peace is stay of health,
 And keepes the land in ease.

Take counsell of *Ouid* what sayth he?
Candida pax homines, trux decet atra feras.
 To men doth heauenly peace pertaine,
 And currish anger fitteth brutish vaine?

Well as I wish it to haue continuance, so
 I praye God wyth the Prophet it be not a
 bufed. and because I think my felse to haue
 sufficiently answered that I supposed, I
 conclude

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conclude wyth this. God preferue our peace-
able princes, & confound her enemies. God
enlarge her wisdom, that like *Saba* she may
seeke after a *Salomon*: God confounde the i-
maginations of her enemies, and perfit his
graces in her, that the daies of her rule may
be continued in the bonds of peace, that the
house of the chosen Ifralites may be mayn-
teyned in happinesse: lastly I frendly
bid Goffon farwell, wyfhinge
him to temper his penn
with more discre-
tion.

FINIS.



A N
Alarum against Vfurers.
Containing tryed experien-
ces against worldy
abufes.

WHEREIN GENTLEMEN
may finde good counsellstoconfirme them,
and pleasant Histories to delight them:
and euery thing fo interlaced with
varietie: as the curious may be fa-
tisfied with rareneffe, and the
curteous with plea-
sure.

P E R C E P T O A N E A P
nered the delectable hiftorie of Forbo-
niusand Prifceria: **with the lamen-**
table Complaint of Truth o-
uer *England*. Written by *Tho-*
mas Lodge, of Lincolnes
Inne, Gentleman.

O Vita! misero longa, felici breuis.

Imprinted at London by
T. Este, for Sampson Clarke, and are
to be fold at his shop by Guyld Hall.
1584.



¶ *To The Right worshipfull, Sir Philip Sidne Knight, indued with all*

perfections of learning, and titles of Nobilitie:
 Thomas Lodge Gen. wisheth continuance of
honour, and the benefits of happie
 Studie.



IT is not (noble Gentleman) the titles of Honour that allureth me, nor the nobilitie of your Parents that induceth me, but the admiration of your vertues that perswadeth me, to publish my pore trauailes vnder your vndoubted protection. Whom I most humbly intreate, not onely in so iust a cause to protect me, but also in these Primordia of my studies, after the accustomed prudence of the Philosophers, to confirme with fauourable acceptaunce, and continuaunce as the equitie of the cause requireth. I haue set downe in these fewe lines in my opinion (Right Worshipfull) the image of a licentious Vsurer, and the collusions of diuelish incrochers, and heerevnto was I led by two reasons: First, that the offender seeing his owne counterfaite in this Mirrour, might amend it, and those who are like by ouerlauish profusenesse, to become meate for their mouths, might be warned by this caueat to shunne the Scorpion ere she deuoureth.

A. ij.

May

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

May it please your Worshippe, to fauour my
trauailes, and to accept my good will: who incouraged
by the successe of this my firflings will heereafter in
most humble signe of humanitie continue the pur-
pose I haue begunne, commending the cause
and my seruice to your good liking: who
no doubt compassed with incompe-
rable vertues, will commend
when you see occasion, &
not condemne with-
out a cause.

Your VVorships in all
dutie to commaund,
Thomas Lodge.





¶ *To The Right worshipfull, my cur-*
teous friends, the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court,
Thomas Lodge of Lincolnes Inne Gentle-
man, wisheth prosperous successe in
their studies, and happie euent in
their trauailes.



Vrteous Gentlemen, let it not séeme
straunge vnto you, that hee which hath
long time slept in silence, now begin-
neth publikely to salute you, since no
doubt, my reasons that induce me here-
vnto be such, as both you may allowe
of them, since they be well meant, and account of them
since they tend to your profit. I haue published héere of
set purpose a tried experience of worldly abuses, descri-
bing héerein not onely those monsters which were ba-
nished *Athens*, I meane Vfurers, but also such deuou-
ring caterpillers, who not onely haue fattened their fin-
gers with many rich forfeitures, but also spread their
venim among some priuate Gentlemen of your profes-
sion, which considered, I thought good in opening the
wound: to preuent an vlcér, and by counselling before
escape, forewarn before the mischief. Led then by these
perswasions, I doubt not, but as I haue alwayes found
you fauourable, so now you will not cease to be friend-
ly, both in protecting of this iust cause, from vniust slan-
der, and my person from that reproch, which, about two
yeares since, an iniurious cauiller objected against me:
You that knowe me Gentlemen, can testifie that ney-
ther my life hath bene so lewd, as y^t my companie was
odious, nor my behauiour so light, as that it shuld passe
the limits of modestie: this notwithstanding a licenti-

A. ii. ous

The Epistle.

ous *Hippanax*, neither regarding the asperitie of the lawes touching slaunderous Libellers, nor the offspring from whence I came, which is not contemptible, attempted, not only in publike & reprochfull terms to condemn me in his writings, but also so to slander me, as neither iustice shuld wink at so hainous an offence, nor I pretermitt a commodious reply. About thrée yeres ago one *Stephen Gosson* published a booke, intituled, *The schoole of Abuse*, in which hauing escaped in many & fundry cōclusions, I as the occasion thē fitted me, shapt him such an answere as beféemed his discourse, which by reason of the slendernes of y^e subiect (because it was in defēce of plaies & play makers) y^e godly & reuerent y^t had to deale in the cause, misliking it, forbad y^e publishing, notwithstanding he comming by a priuate vnperfect-coppye, about two yeres since, made a reply, diuiding it into fīue sectiōs, & in his Epistle dedicatory, to y^e right honorable, sir *Frances Walsingham*, he impugneth me with these reproches, y^t I am become a vagarāt person, visited by y^e heuy hand of God, lighter then libertie, & looser thē vanitie. At such time as I first came to y^e sight héerof (iudge you gentlemen how hardly I could digest it) I bethought my selfe to frame an answere, but considering y^t the labour was but lost, I gaue way to my misfortune, contenting my selfe to wait y^t opportunitie wherein I might, not according to the impertinacie of the iniurye, but as equitye might countenance mée, cast a raine ouer the vntamed curtailes chaps, & wiping out the suspition of this slander from the remēbrance of those y^t knew me, not counsell this iniurious *Afinius* to become more conformable in his reportes: and now Gentlemen hauing occasion to passe my trauailes in publike, I thought it not amisse somewhat to touch the slaunder, & prouing it to be most wicked & discommendable, leaue the rest to the discretion of those in authoritie, who if the Gentleman had not plaid bo péep thus long, would haue taught him to haue counted his cards a little better: and now *Stephen Gosson*

The Epistle.

son let me but familiarly reason with thee thus. Think-
est thou y^t in handling a good cause it is requisite to in-
duce a fals propositiō, although thou wilt say it is a part
of Rethorike to argue *A Persona*, yet is it a practise of
small honestie to conclude without occasion: if thy cause
wer good, I doubt not but in so large & ample a discourse
as thou hadst to handle, thou mightest had left the honor
of a gentleman inuiolate. But thy base degré, subiect to
seruile attempts, measureth all things according to ca-
uelling capacitie, thinking because nature hath bestow-
ed vpō thee a plausible discourse, thou maist in thy swēet
termes present the sowrest & falsest reports y^u canst ima-
gine: but it may be, y^t as it fortunēd to y^e noble man of *I-
taly*, it now fareth w^t me, who as *Petarch* reported, giuē
greatly to y^e intertainmēt of strangers, & pleasure of the
chafe, respected not the braue & gorgious garments of a
courtier, but delighted in such clothing as séemed y^e place
where he sojourned, this noble gentleman returning on
a time frō his game, found all his house furnished with
strangers, on whō bestowing his accustomed welcome,
he bent himself to y^e ouerséeing of his domestical prepa-
ratiō, & cōming to y^e stable among the horf kéepers of his
new come guefts, & reprehending one of thē for faulting
in his office, y^e fellow impatient of reproofe, & measuring
y^e gentleman by his plaine coat, stroke him on the face, &
turned him out of y^e stable, but afterward attending on
his master, & perceiuing him whom he had stroken to be
y^e Lord of y^e house, he humbly craued pardō: y^e gentleman
as patient as plesant, not only forgaue him y^t escape, but
pretely answered thus, I blame not thee good fellow for
thy outrage, but this companion, pointing to his coate,
which hath made thee mistake my person. So at this in-
stant estéeme I M. *Goffon* hath dealt with me, who not
mesuring me by my birth, but by y^e subiect I hādled like
Will Summer striking him y^t stood next him, hath vp-
braided me in person, whē he had no quarrell, but to my
cause, & therein pleaded his owne indiscretiō, & loded me
with

The Epistle.

with intollerable iniurie. But if with *Zoylus* hée might kisse the gibet, or with *Patacion* hop headlesse, the world shoulde bée ridde of an iniurious slaunderer, and that tongue laboured in suppositions, might be nailed vp as *Tullies* was for his *Philippicall* declamations. But good *Stephen*, in like forte will I deale with thée, as *Phillip* of *Macedon* with *Nicanor*, who not respecting the maiestie of the king, but giuing himselfe ouer to the petulancie of his tongue vainly inueighed against him, whom notwithstanding *Philip* so cunningly handeled, that not onely he ceased the rumor of his report, but also made him as lauish in commending, as once he was profuse in discommending: his attempt was thus performed, he séeing *Nicanor* sorely pressed with pouerty, reléeued him to his content. Wherevpon altering his coppie, and breaking out into singular commendation of *Philip*, the king concluded thus: Loe, curtesie can make of bad good, and of *Nicanor* an enimie, *Nicanor* a friend. Whose actions my reprouer, I will now fit to thée, who hauing slaundered me without cause, I will no otherwise reuenge it, but by this meanes, that now in publike I confesse thou hast a good pen, and if thou kéepe thy Methode in discourse, and leaue thy slandering without cause, there is no doubt but thou shalt bée commended for thy coppie, and praised for thy stile. And thus desiring thee to measure thy reportes with iustice, and you good Gentlemen to answere in my behalfe if you heare me reproched. I leaue you to your pleasures, and for my selfe I will studie your profit.

Your louing friend,
Thomas Lodge.



BARNABE RICH

Gentleman Souldier, in

praise of the Author.

IF that which warnes the young beware of vice,
And schooles the olde to shunne vnlawfull gaine,
If pleasant stile and method may suffice,
I thinke thy trauaile merits thanks for paine,
My simple doome is thus in tearmes as plaine:
That both the subiect and thy stile is good,
Thou needs not feare the scoffes of Momus brood.

If thus it be, good Lodge continue still,
Thou needst not feare Goose sonne or Ganders hisse,
Whose rude reportes past from a slaundrous quill,
Will be determind but in reading this,
Of whom the wiser fort will thinke amis,
To slaunder him whose birth and life is such,
As false report his fame can neuer tuch.

¶ IOHN IONES *GEN-*

tleman, in praise of the

A V T H O R.

THOUGH not my praise, yet let my wish preuaile,
Who so thou be that list to read this booke,
I neuer yet by flatterie did assaile,
To count that good that most did please my looke.
¶ But

But alwaies wisht my friends such stile to vse,
As wife might like, though foolish would refuse.

In opening vice my friend who spends his time,
May count by priuate good no profit lost,
What errors scape in young and lustie prime,
Experience (badge of truth) may quickly cost.
Who fets the marke, that makes men shunne the sand,
Deferues good words, his proofes for profit stand.

For common good to croffe a few mens vaines,
Who like to Midas would that all were golde,
I count not misse, since there vnlawfull gaines
Makes some men sink, whom birth might well vphold.
I know the fore, the scarre is seene to plaine,
A blessed state where no such wils doo raine.

In briebe, I praise this booke for pretie stile.
For pithie matter, Gentle be thou iudge,
O would my wish some fancies might beguile,
Then faire reuenewes should not fit a snudge.
A world to see how Affes daunce in golde, '
By wanton wils, when Gentles starue for colde.

Whose errors if it please succeeding age,
To see with sighs, and shun with sad aduice,
Let him beholde this booke, within whose page,
Experience leaues her chieftest proofes of price.
And thanke the youth that suffered all these toiles,
To warne thee shun that rocke which many spoiles.

FINIS.



Gentlemen, since the presse cannot passe without escape, and some things are so mistaken, as without correction they will be very grosse. May it please you when you read to correct, especially, such principall errors as these that followe.

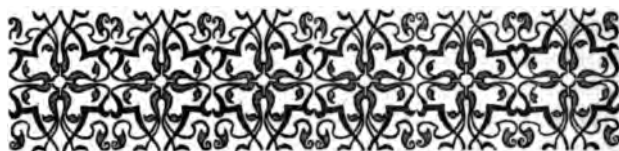
Folio. 30. b. Line. 4. For woed, Read wonne.
Folio. eod. Line. 8. For colde, Read cloudes.
Folio. eod. Line. 15. For showde, Read shoard.
Folio. eod. Line. 30. For concluding. Read concluded.
Foli. 31. a. Lin. 34. For presents a secrets méete, Read
wth féemly secret gréete.

For the rest I referre them to your discretion, who
can distnguish coulours, and either better, or
fit words to your fantasies.

x

Your friend:
Thomas Lodge.





AN ALARVM

against Vsurers.



O maruell though the wise man accounted all things vnder the sun vain, since the chéefest creatures be mortall: and no wonder though the world runne at randon, since iniquitie in these later dayes hath the vpper hand. The alteration of states if they be lookt into, and the ouerthrow of houses, if they be but easely laid in open viewe, what eye would not shed teares to see things so transitorie? and what wisdom would not indeauour to dissolue the inconuenience?

There is a state within this our Common wealth, which though it necessarily stand as a pillar of defence in this royall Realme, yet such are the abuses that are growen in it, that not onely the name is become odious by somes error, but also if the thing be not narrowly lookt into, the whole lande by that meanes will grow into great inconuenience: I meane the state of Merchants, who though to publyke commoditie they bring in store of wealth from forrein Nations, yet such are their domesticall practises, that not only they enrich themselues mightelye by others misfortunes, but also eate our English Gentry out of house and home. The generall facultie in it selfe, is both auncient and lawdable, the professors honest and vertuous, their actions full of daunger, and therefore worthy gaine, and so necessary,

B.

cessary,

An Alarum.

cessarye this sorte of men be, as no well gouerned state may be without them.

But as among a tree of fruite there bee some withered fallings, and as among wholesome hearbes there growes some bitter *Colloquintida*; so it cannot be, but among such a number of Marchaunts, there shoulde bee some, that degenerate from the true name and nature of Marchaunts. Of these men I write, and of none other, my inuectiue is priuate, I will not write generall: and were it not I respected the publyque commoditie more then my priuate prayse, this matter shoulde haue slepte in hugger mugger. Of these vngracious men I write, who hauing nothing of themselves, yet greedelye graspe all things into their owne handes.

These be they that finde out collusions for Statutes, and compasse lande with commoditie, these bee the boulsterers of vngracious pettie Brokers: and by these men (the more is the pittie) the prisons are replenished with young Gentlemen: These bee they, that make the Father carefull, the mother sorrowfull, the Sonne desperate: These bee they that make crooked straight, and straight crooked, that can close with a young youth, while they couzen him, and feede his humours, till they free him of his Farmes. In brieffe, such they bee, that gloue most fayre then, when they imagine the worst, and vnlesse they bee quicklye knowen, they easelye will make bare some of the best of our young Heires that are not yet stayed: whome zealouslye I beseech to ouer-looke this my writing: for what is sette downe heere, eyther as an eye witnesse I will auowe, or informed euen by those Gentlemen, who haue swallowed the Gudgeon, and haue bene intangeled in the hooke, I haue approouedlye sette downe.

Such

against Vsurers.

2

Such bée those forte of men, that their beginning is of naught, sette vp by the deuotion of some honest Marchauntes, of whome taking vp their refuse commoditie, they imploye it to this vngodly and vnhoneft purpose.

They finde out (according to theyr owne vayne) some olde foaking vnderminig Solicitour, whom they both furnifh with money and expence, to sette him forth, and gette him more creditte: This good fellowe must haunte Ordinaryes, canuaffe vp and downe Powles, and as the Catte watcheth the praye of the Moufe, so dilygentlye intendes hée to the compassing of some young Nouice, whome by Fortune eyther hée findeth in melancholyke passions at the Ordinarye, or at pennileffe deuotion in Powles, or perhappes is brought acquaynted with him by some of his owne brotherhoode. Him he handeleth in these or fuch lyke tearmes, both noting place and circumstance.

GEntleman, why bée you so melancholye? Howe falleth it out, that you are not more lyghtsome? Your young yeares mée thinkes shoulde loathe fuch follome aspectes, I maye not anye waye imagine a cause why you shoulde bee penfiue: you haue good Parentes, you want no friendes, and more, you haue lyuelyhoodes, which considered, trulye you committe méere follye to bée so meruaylouslye sadde and wonderfullye sorrowfull, where you haue no occasion.

If you want money, you haue creditte, (a gift which who so euer inioyeth nowe a dayes, hée is able to compasse anye thing: and for that I fee so good a nature in you, (if proferred seruice stinke not) I will verye willynglye (if so bée you will open

B. ij. your

An Alarum

your estate to me) further you in what I may, and perhaps you shall finde your selfe fortunate, in falling into my companie.

The young Gentleman, vnacquainted with such like discourses, counting all golde that glysters, and him a faithfull frend that hath a flattering tongue, opens all his minde to this subtile vnderminer, who so wringeth him at last, that there is no secrete corner in the poore Gentlemans heart, but he knoweth it: after that, framing his behauiour to the nature of the youth, if he be sad, sober: if youthly, riotous: if lasciuious, wanton: he laboureth so much, that at last the birde is caught in the pit-fall, and perceiuing the vaine of the youth, he promiseth him some reliefe by his meanes: the Gentleman thinking he hath God almightie by the héele, holdes the Diuell by the toe, and by this meanes, is brought to vtter wracke and ruine. The Broker furnished of his purpose, hauing learned the Gentlemans name, lodging, want, & welth: & finding all things correspondent to his purpose, hies him to his fetter vp, who reioyceth greatly at his good happe, and rewards this wicked seducer with a péece of gold. To be brieue, at first issue on the Gentlemans bonde, this broking knaue receiues fortie or fiftie poundes of course commoditie, making him beléeue, that by other meanes monie maye not be had, and swearing to him, that there will be great losse, and that he could wifh the Gentleman would rather refuse then take. But the youth not esteeming the losse, so hée supplie his lacke, sets him forward, and giues the willing Iade the spurre, who finding all things meate in the mouth, makes sale of this Marchaundize to some one of his greatest fraternitie, and if it be fortie, the youth hath a good peniworth if in ready money he receiue twentie pound, and yet the money repayable at thrée moneths ende. The Broker in this matter, getteth double fée of the Gentleman,
treble

treble gaine in the sale of the commoditie, and more, a thousand thanks of this diuellish Vsurer. Truly Gentlemen, it is wonderfull to conceiue, (yet are there some of you can tell if I lie) how this Sicophant that helpt our youth to get, now learneth him to spend: What saith he? my young master, what make you with this olde Satten doublet? it is foilde, it is vnfit for a Gentlemans wearing, apparell your selfe as you shoulde bee, and ere fewe dayes passe, I will acquaint you with as braue a dame a friend of mine, as euer you knew. Oh how swéete a face hath she, and thus dilating it with rethoricall praises, to make the Gentleman more passionate, it falleth out that the mand Fawlcen stoops to lure, and all things are fulfilled according to his Brokers direction. Promises are kept on both partes, and my youth is brought acquainted with Mistres Minxe: this harlot is an old beaten dogge, and a maintainer of the brothell house brotherhoode, a stale for young nouises, and a limme of Sathan himselfe, whose behauiours and lectures are such, as the world cannot imagine better, if the Gentleman weepe, she wil waile: if he sorrow, she will sigh: if he be merrie, she will not be modest. To conclude, her lesson is so taught her, as she can reckon without booke: Lorde what riotousnesse passeth in apparell, what lauishnesse in banketting, what loosenesse in liuing, and in verie short space, our youth which was fligge, is nowe at leake, his purse is emptie, and his mistres begins to lowre, which he perceiuing, & earnestly bent to continue his credit with his Curtisan, comes to his vngratious Broker, whom with faire tearmes he desireth, and with humble suites more earnestlye beseecheth to further his credite in what hee may. Who seeing which way the Hare windeth, begins to blame him of his liberalitie, and yet only is the cause of his spending, and after a few priuie nippes, bearing shew of good meaning, but yet indéed his way is to trie

B. iij. conclu-

An Alarm

conclusions, hée hasteth to the principall his good master Merchant, whom he findeth altogether prompt & redy at a becke, to send abroad his refuse commoditie for crackt angells: which conclusiō is betwéene thē both may easily be imagined, but y^e end is this, y^e Broker returns to my solitarie youth, & recountes vnto him, first to make him feareful, how many places he hath ben at, when he hath not visited one, how many he hath desired, yet how few are redie to plesure, at last he breketh out, & telleth him y^e whole, assuring him y^e he is to think wel of his master scrape-penie y^e vsurer, who is willing in hope of his wel dooing to let him haue once more of his incōmodious commodity, vpon resonable assurāce. To be brieft, y^e bargain is quickly beaten out, y^e broker laieth y^e losse, y^e gentlemā esteemeth not so his néed be serued, y^e Merchaunt laughs at his folly in his scéue, & to conclude, y^e bonds are deliuered, y^e cursed cōmoditie receiued, & at this second mart, how spéeds our yoncker think you? perhaps of 50. pounds in ware, he receiueth 30. pounds in ready money, & yet y^e money repayable at thrée months end. O incredible & iniurious dealings, O more then Iudaicall counsonage, truly Gntlemen this that I write is true, I my selfe knowe the paymaster, naie more, I my selfe know certainly, that by name I can reckon among you some, that haue ben bitten, who left good portiōs by their parents, & faire landes by their auncestors, are desolate now, not hauing friends to reléeue them, or money to affray their charges. A miserable and wretched state is this, full of inconuenience, when such eie fores are not séene in a cōmon weale, when such abuses are winked at, when such desolation is not perceiued, & wonderfull it is, y^e among so many godly lawes, made for y^e administratiō of iustice, ther be none found out: for these couetous malefactors, purchafed arms now, possesse y^e place of ancient progenitors, & men made rich by yoūg youths misspēdings, doe feast in y^e halls of our riotous young spend thrifts.

It

It will be answered, it is y^e gentlemens owne folly, & I graunt it, yet of their folly who should beare the blame? truely the bier, who hauing experience to cousin, might haue also conscience to forbear thē: nay among y^e rabble-mēt of such as we find to haue falne in their youth, how many experienced men find we at yeares of discretion? who hauing only y^e name of gentrie left thē to promote them to honor, & finding no relēefe any way, are inforced either in forren coutries to end their liues miserably or desperatly, some more vngratious, are a pray for y^e gallous, choosing rather to die with infamie, then to liue to beg in miserie. But to leaue this to his place, & to returne frō whence we haue digressed. Our gentlemā hauing got new supplie, is pricked on to new sinne, & the minister of y^e diuel seruing at his elbow, perswades him to new change, for varietie saith he, is meruelously to be admitted of, especially in such causes: & withall brings him to a new gamester, a wittie worldling, who more cunningly can handle him thē y^e first, & hath more shifts of descant for his plain song, (but this by y^e way is to be noted, y^t the broker hath his part of y^e gaines with y^e curtisan, & she cofins for them both,) this miniō so traineth our seduced youth in folly, as not only himselfe is at her cōmand, but also his substance remaineth to her vse, this high prised cōmoditie is imploied to y^e curtisans brauery, & she which makes him brutish in behauior, doth emty his replenished purse: thus y^e eie of reson is closed vp by sensualitie, & the gifts of nature are diminished, by y^e disordinate vsage of bestly venery. Supplies are sought for euery way, by his wicked broker, to bring him to ruine, & to work his vtter confusiō. Thus, thus, alas, y^e father before his eies, & in his elder yeres, beholdeth as in a mirror, y^e defolation of his owne house, and hearing of the profusenesse of his vngratious sonne, calleth him home, rebuketh him of his error, and requesteth account of his money misspended: Hēe (taught and instructed
suffici-

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sufficiently to colour his follie by his vngodly mistres, and curfed misleader) at his returne to his father, maketh shewe of all honestie, so that the olde man lead by naturall affection, is almost perswaded that y^e truth is vntruth: yet remembring the priue conueiaunce of his youthly yeares, & déeming thē incident to his young sonne, he discourfeth with him thus.

O my sonne, if thou knewest thy Fathers care, and wouldest aunfwere it with thy well dooing, I might haue hope of the continuaunce of my progeny, & thou be a ioy to my aged yeres. But I feare me the eyes of thy reason are blinded, so y^t neither thy fathers teares maye perswade thée, nor thine owne follies laide open before thine eyes, reduce thée, but that my name shall cease in thée, and other couetous vnderminers shall inioye the fruites of my long labours. How tenderly good boye in thy mothers lyfe wast thou cherished? How déerely beloued? How well instructed? Did I euer entice thée to vice? Nay rather enforced I thée not to loue vertue? And whence commeth it that all these good instructions are swallowed vp by one sea of thy follie? In the Vniuersities thy wit was praised, for that it was pregnant, thy preferment great, for that thou deseruedst it, so that before God I did imagine, that my honour shuld haue beginning in thée alone, and be continued by thy offspring, but béeing by mée brought to the Innes of Court, a place of abode for our English Gentry, and the onely nurserie of true lerning, I finde thy nature quite altered, and where thou first shuldest haue learnt law, thou art become lawlesse: Thy modest attire is become immodest brauerie, thy shamefast séemelynes, to shamelesse impudencie: thy desire of lerning, to loitering loue: and from a sworne fouldier of the Muses, thou art become a master in the vniuersitie of loue, & where thou knowest not anie waie to get, yet fearest thou not outrageously to spend. Report, nay true report, hath made
me

me priuie to many of thy escapes, which as a Father though I couer, yet as a good father, tenderly I will rebuke. Thy portion by yeare from me, is standing fortie pounds, which of it selfe is sufficient both to maintaine you honestly and cleanly: besides this, you are growne in Arrerages within this two yeares no lesse then 100. pound, which if thou wilt looke into, is sufficiēt for thrée whole yeres to maintaine an honest familie. Now how hast thou spent this, forsooth in apparell, and that is the aptest excuse: and lauishnesse in that, is as discommendable as in anie other, if in apparell thou passe thy boundes, what make men of thee? A prodigall proude foole, and as many fashions as they see in thee, so manie frumpes will they affoord thee, counting thee to carrye more bombast about thy belly, then wit in thy head. Naye my sonne, muse not vpon the worlde, for that will but flatter thee, but weigh the iudgement of God, and let that terrefie thee, and let not that which is the cause of pride, nuffell thee vp as an instrument of Gods wrathfull indignation. What account reapes a young man by braue attire? Of the wise he is counted riotous, of the flatterer, a man easily to be seduced, and where one will afford thee praise, a thousand will call thee proud, the gretest reward of thy brauerie is this, see yonder goes a gallant Gentleman: and count you this praise worth ten score pounds? Truely sonne, it is better to be accounted wittie, then wealthy, and righteous, then rich, praise lasteth for a moment that is grounded on shewes, and fame remaineth after death, that procedeth of good substaunce: choose whether thou wilt bee infamous with *Erostratus*, or renowned with *Aristides*, by one thou shalt beare the name of a Sacriledge, by the other, the title of Iust, the first maye flatter thee with similitude, the last will honour thee indéede, and more, when thou art dead. Sonne, sonne, giue eare to thy Fathers instructions, and grounde them in thy

C.

heart,

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heart, so shalt thou bée blessed among the elders, and be an eye fore vnto thy enimies. A second grieve, nay more, a corasue to my heart (young man) is this, you are both prodigall in apparell, and in life, and vngratious and vngodly curtifans, (as I vnderstand) are become the mistresses of your mastership: & thinkest thou this report could come to thy Fathers eare, and not grieve him? Sonne, I had rather thou shouldest bée accounted foolish then amorous, for the one may be borne withall, the other is most odious. Incontinencie (yoūg man) is y^e root of all inconuenience, it dulleth the memorie, decayeth the bodie, and periseth the bones, it makethstedfast fickle, beautifull deformed, and vertuous vicious: it impayreth mans credit, it detracteth from his honour, and shortneth his daies, a harlots house is the gate of hell, into the which whosoever entereth, his vertues doe become vices, his agilitie is growne to slouthfulnesse, and from the child of grace, he is made the bondslaue of perdition. The wisest by lewde loue are made foolish, the mightiest by lust are become effeminate, the stoutest Monarkes to miserable mecockes. I wot well (my child) that chaste loue is necessarie, but I know (my sonne) that lecherie is horrible. A harlots wanton eie is the lure of the diuell, her faire speeches, the snares of sin, & the more thou delightest in her companie, y^e more hepest thou the wrath of God against thy selfe: Let *Lais* looke neuer so demurely, yet *Lais* is *Lais*, measure not thy liking by lookes, for there be some holy diuells: to bée briebe, the end is this, he is best at ease that least meddeleth withanie of them. *Demosthenes* will not buie repentaunce so déere, as with high summes to purchase transitorie pleasures, and I had rather thou shouldest learne of a Philosopher, then bée instructed by thy owne fancie, marke this axiome, there is no vertue which is odious after it is attained to, but the pleasures of loue are then most loathsome, when they are determined: and therefore

fore no vertues: and to conclude, not to be fought after. It is idlenesse my sonne, that seduceth thee, for the minde that is well occupied, neuer finneth. When thou enterprisest anie thinges, measure thine owne fortune by other mens successe: as thou considerest of theyr ends, so imagine of thine owne. Thinke with thy selfe the wisest haue fallen by loue, as *Salomon*, the richest, as *Anthonie*, the proudest, as *Cleopatra*, the strongest, as *Sampson*, and by how many degrees they did excéede thee, by so many circumstaunces preuent thy ruine. It is inough for sillie Birdes to be lead by the call of the Fowler, and for men it is most conuenient to flye apparaunt goods, & sticke to that which is indéede. Though thine eie perswade thee the woman is beautifull, yet let thy experience teach thee, shee is a Curtisan, and wilt thou esteeme of painted Sepulchres, when thou knowest certaine and determined substaunces? Doe we buie ought for the fairenesse or goodnesse? Spangled Hobbie horses are for children, but men must respecte things which be of value indéede. I imploie my money vppon thee, not to the vse thou shouldest be lewde, but for that I woulde haue thee learned. It gréeueth mee to heare reportes of thy companie kéeping, for where thou offendest in the two formost, thou art altogether nussed in this, and truelye I can not but meruayle at thee, that béeing borne reasonable, to make election, thou art so vntoward in picking out thy choice: Agrée light and darkenesse? Or the *Icknewmon* with the *Aspis*? Doeth the Wéefell loue the Cockatrice? Or gentle borne, such as bee vngratious? No my Sonne, broking bugges are not companions for continent Courtyers: for who so eyther accompanyeth them, is eyther accounted a spende thrifte, or one that is Sir Iohn Lacke lande, eyther of their fraternitie, or else a verie foole.

C. ij.

Finde

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Finde me out anie one of them, that in thy aduersitie will helpe thee, or in thy misdemeanor aduise thee. Nay. such they are, as will rather binde thee prentice with Sathan, then exhort thee to eschew sinne. They bee the Caterpillers of a Common weale, the sting of the Adder, nay, the priuie foes of all Gentry, and such they be, that if they get, they care not how vngodly, and if they couen, they care not how commonly: So that three vices haue nowe taken hold of thee, first prodigalitie, the enimie to continencie, next lasciuiousnesse, the enimie of sobrietie, and thirdly ill company, the decayers of thy honestie. The meanes to auoyde these euills are manifest but they must be followed: it is not sufficient to knowe a fault, but it is wisedome to amend it: Humble thy heart (my sonne) to the highest, and the more thou confidest of him, the lesse wilt thou care for this flesh: For what is the body better by the gay rayment? truly no more then y^e soule is by superfluous zeale, for as the one is foolish, so is the other franticke. Leauelust, least it lose thee, vse chaste delights for they will comfort thee, it is better driuing a toy out of memorie by reading a good lesson, then by idlenesse to commit an error, which is sawced with repentaunce. Of needlesse euills make no accompt, y^e lesse you accompany y^e worst, the more wilt you be sought to by the best. Easie is it to say well, but the vertue is to doo well: O my deere childe, as thy friend I exhort thee, and as thy louing father I command thee, to consider of the tender care I haue of thee, and to imploy all thy induements now to my comfort: if thou hast runne away, call thy selfe home, and waye within thy heart the reward both of vertue, and the discredite by vice, so the honour of the one will incite thee, the infamy of the other will deterre thee. For those debts that haue ouerpast thee, in hope of amendement I will see them satisfied, and if hereafter thou fall into the lyke lurch, I promise thee this, that as now I deale with thee as a father



ther, so then will I accompt of thée as a reprobate. Thou séest fire and water before thée, chuse to thy liking: in dooing well, I will reioyce in thée, in dealing otherwise, I will nothing account of thée.

The father with teares hauing ended this his exhortarie, is aunswered in humble sort of his dissembling sonne, thus.

Whatsoever (good father) hath passed, is irreuocable, but what is to come may be considered of: it is naturall in me to fall, and vertuous to recouer my selfe. I confesse good sir, I am guiltie of errour, and haue faulted highlye, yet not so greatlye as you intimate: the world now a dayes is rather bent to aggrauate then to couer escapes. Wherefore, as the first step to amendment is repentance, so (deare father) I am forrie for that is past, and most earnestly request you to continue your fauour, and no doubt but your sonne shall behaue himselfe héerafter to your comfort.

The father delighted with his sonnes discréeete and humble aunswere, conceiueth hope of amendment, and returneth him to the Innes of the Court againe, and setting him on free foote, exhorteth him to follow vertue, and intentiuely to long after learning. But he, whose heart was pliable to receiue all impressions, no sooner is out of the view of his fathers house, but began to forget his olde promises, and renewes the remembrance of his mistresse, deuising by the way how to delight her, and what futes to prouide that may satisfie her. To bée briefe, being returned to *London*, and quit of his fathers seruants, (y^e newes of his arriual being blazed abroad) his Broker in post haft comes and salutes him, his mistresse by tokens and swéete letters gréetes him, hée maketh his marchant ioyfull in the receipt of the money, and mistresse Minxe merrie for the returne of her young copefmate.

To be briefe, in post haft he posteth to her chamber,
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where Lord what friendly gréetings passe, what amorous regards, how she blameth him of his delaye, and with fained teares watereth his youthly face, howe shee sweares that she is constant, and yet a curtisan: howe she vowes she is continent, and yet common: truly it were a matter to make a Comedie on, to see both their actions, and to note their discourfes: their needes not many or long sermons on this, master Brokers help in short space is fought for: for the money my youths father gaue him, hath bought his mistresse a sute of the new fashion. The Broker readie at a becke, without delay furnisheth him with money: it is lamentable to report euery losse, and sith in another place I meane to set them downe, I will not motion them héere. In short space, our Marchant beginneth to looke after more assurance, and where to fore he was content with obligation, he now hunteth after statutes. (This kind of bond Gentlemen is well knowen among you, the vsurers by this time haue built mannor houses vpon some of your lyuelihoods: and you haue lost that for little, which will not be recouered with much.) The force whereof our youth considering not, so he haue soyson of money: the world to be short, at the last falleth out thus, both land, mony, & all possibilities, either by father or friends, are incroched vpon, by this gentle master Scrape-peny, so that now our youth finding neither suretie nor similitude, by his flattering vsurer is laid vp close for escaping. Let him write to his hufwife Mistresse Minxe, she disdaineth him: let him intreate the Broker he refuseth him, let him make sute to the vsurer, he saith hee shall not coufen him: thus (this Gentleman that neyther by his fathers counsell woulde refuse, nor by his owne experience be perfwaded, to auoyde the eminent daunger that hanged ouer his head, is brought to confusion, and those friends that fawned on him before in prosperitie, now frowne at him in his aduersitie, those
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that depended with flattering words in time of wealth on his finding, now altogether disdaine him that cannot finde himselfe. Loe Gentlemen what it is to winke at good counsell, and to preferre young attempts before old experience: see heere the fruites of contempt, and lette these lessons serue you to looke into: had this Gentleman regarded aduice, had he considered of his estate, himselfe had bene at libertie, his friends in quiet. But (alas the while) our heires now a dayes haue running heads, which makes their parents abounde in teares: some are led with nouelties in forreine Nations, some with prodigalitie in their owne Countrey: some with pride, the first fruites of all impietie: some by loue, the ladie of loosenesse. If one hunteth after vertue, how many hundreds doo dayly practise vice? Let the experience of this young Nouice (my youthly countrey men) make you warie, and see but into this one parcell of his lyfe, and giue your iudgement of his misfortune: his wit was sufficient to conceiue vertue, yet knowing (with *Medea*) the best, he headlong runne to the worst. Natures giftes are to be vsed by direction: he had learning, but hee applied it ill: he hadde knowledge, but hee blinded it with selfe opinion. All graces whatsoeuer, all ornaments what so they be, either giuen vs by our fore-parent, or grafted in vs by experience, are in themselves as nothing: vnlesse they be ordered by the power of the most highest. What care conceiue you, may be comperable to this young Gentlemans fathers sorrow? who seeth his house pluckte ouer his head: his sonne imprisoned to his greate discredite, and the vsurer the onely gainer, and yet the most vilest person.

Nowe, what becommeth of our youth thinke you? his Father refuseth him, dispossessing the ryghte heyre of what hee maye, and poore hee is lefte desolate and afflicted in prison. And in these dayes how many are infected with this desperate disease, Gentlemen
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iudge you, I my selfe with teares haue heard some priuie complaints, and lamented my friends misfortunes, false so sodainly. My good friends y^t are héerafter to enter into this world, looke on this glasse: it wil shew you no counterfait, but the true image of a rebellious sonne, and the rewarde of contempt of parents, account your selues happie to learne by others experience, and not to be pertakers of the actuall sorrowe: Obey your parents, for they loue you, trust not to straungers, for they will vpbraide you of their benefite, it is better to haue the stripes of a friend, then the kisses of a flatterer. *Plato* would haue young men to looke in the glasse, for two causes, the one, that if they founde themselues beautifull in visage, and of exquisite stature, they might indeuor to make the vertues of their minde, answerable to the liniaments of the bodie: the other, that if they found themselues of deformed shape, they should seeke to beautifie the same by the inward perfections of the minde, & for two causes my good friends, woulde I wish you to confider of this mans fall, and read his misfortune: the one, that not being yet nipped, you may preuent: the other, that being but yet a little galled, you would holde backe.

Est virtus placidis abstinuisse bonis.

As the Loadstone draweth yron, so let good counsaile conquere your affections, as the *Theamides* of *Aegypt* driueth awaie yron, so let the feare of God dispell all worldly plesures: If a simple man fall to decay, it may be borne withall, if a man of wisdom grow in arrages, may we not blame his follie? It is better to bee enuied then pittied, for thou art pittied alwaies in misfortune, but enuied at time of thy prosperitie. To bee briefe (Gentlemen) ouerlooke this aduisedly, & you shall finde many things worthy the noting, and no few matters written for your comoditie. This miserable young man, ouerwhelmed thus on euerie side with manifoldde
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and sundry cares, beholding his most vnfortunate state, in wofull termes in the prison house breketh into these complaints.

Alas vnhappy wretch that I am, that hauing a good father that did cherish me, a tried mother that tenderly nourished me, many friends to accompanie me, faire reuenues to enrich me: haue heaped sorrowe on my owne head by my Fathers displeasure, refused of my friends for my misdemeanour, & dispossessed of my land by my prodigalitie. O incestuous lust that entereft the hart, & consumeft the bones, why followed I thee? & O vngodly pleasure why didst thou flatter me? O wicked and vngracious man that hast vndone me, and woe be vnto thee (vile wretch) that in my miserie doest thus leaue me. What shall become of me poore wretch? faine now would I begge that bread, which vainlye I haue spent: now too too late doo I see, that fainednesse is no faith, and he that trusts to this world, cleaues to a broken staffe. Alas, how should I attaine to libertie? or by what meanes may I escape my confusion? My Father hath accepted of another sonne, and all by reason of my lewdnesse: O that I had respected his vnfeined teares, O that I had accepted his good aduice, O that I had reiected my flattering friends. But I see no hope is lefte me, my creditour is too cruell, yet hath he cousoned me: and faine would I be his bond slaue, woulde he releafe me: but since no hope is lefte me of recouerie of my Estate, I referre my cause to God, who as he will remit my offence, so will he redresse my miserie and grieve.

Whilest in these or such like tearmes, the poore young man bewayles his heauie happe, sodainly enters his cousoning creditour, and in outward shew bewail-lyng his misfortune, yet in very truth the onely originall cause of his destruction, comforteth him in these or such like termes.

Gentleman, the exigent and extremitie that you are
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now at, though it be most tedious vnto you, it is most lamentable in my opinion. These young yeeres to taste of sorrowe so soone, is straunge, considering all circumstances: but since the cause procéedes of your owne lewd misspending, mine be the losse in part, but the greater must your affliction be. I hoping of your well dooing, neither denied your pleasure nor profite, yet in lieu and recompence of all, I finde iust nothing: a few subscribed papers I haue, and some money I haue receyued, but nothing to my principall, and yet notwithstanding so fauourable wil I be vnto you, as if you procure me any one suretie I will release you. To léese my money I were loath, and to kéepe you héere it were more loathsome. I wold doo all for the best, not hindering my selfe, so you would straine your selfe to satisfie me somewhat.

The Gentleman knowing in himselfe his vnability, beginneth in truth to open his state, protesting, that neither of himselfe, nor by any one at the present he is to doo any thing, no not so much as if he released him to pay his charges, such is his miserie, in that all his frends had giuen him ouer, wherevpon most humbly he beséecheth him, to way his cause, promising any seruice what so euer may be: if so be it wil please him to set him free. Mas vsurer smelling out the disposition of the youth, beginnes to bring him to his bowe after this fort.

The world at these dayes is such (my friende) as there is small respect had of those which haue nought, and great honour attributed vnto them, that will most néerly looke to themselues: which I perceiuing, haue giuen my selfe (as naturally men are inclined to seeke after glory) to the hoording vp of riches, to the end that my posteritie might be raised vp, and my fathers name (which as yet is of no accompt) might by my meanes become worshipfull. To perfourmaunce of this, trulye

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I haue neither ben idle nor euill occupied: my thoughts haue wholly bene set of gettings, and who so nowe a dayes hath not the like meaning, his purpose will grow to small effect. And though of my selfe, I doo what I may, yet (as it is necessary) I must haue ministers, wher by that which I looke for may be brought to my hands: otherwise, my stocke might lye without vsaunce to my vtter vndooing. Wherevpon, if thou wilt followe my direction and be ruled by my counsell, I will release thee of prison, and set thee at libertie: restore thee to thy wonted credite, and countenaunce thee with my coyne, so that in shorte space thou maist haue money in thy purse, and other necessities to set thee vp againe. Thou seest that now thou art miserable, but I will make thee fortunate: thou now art almost foodlesse, by me thou shalt be satisfied with the best: thy friends now disdain thee, the day shall come that they shall seeke to thee: now art thou without apparell, through me thou shalt be costlye attired: naye, what pleasure soeuer thou shalt either imagine for thy preferment, or wish for to doo thee good, thou shalt both finde me ready to performe it, and friendly to continue it.

The Gentleman surprised with this sodaine ioye, and vnaquainted good speeches (not dreading that the Serpent laye hidden in the grasse) most willingly assented, promising to the aduventure of his lyfe, (so his creditour woulde be his wordes master,) to doo his indeauour to perfourme his will, as hee ought to doo. The Vsurer seeing the minde of his prisoner, precisely bent to doo his commaunde, openeth his heart vnto him thus.

Gentleman, for that I haue an opinion of your honestye, and truste in your secrecy: I will open vnto you my minde, and according as I finde your aunswere, I will shape your deliuerance. Such time

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as you were at libertie, you know you had acquaintance with manye Gentlemen, and they not of the meanest: who at sometimes as well as your selfe were destitute of siluer: such as those be you must finde out for me, I will delyuer you presentlye: apparayle you in print, giue you money in your pursse, and at suche an Ordinarye shall you lye, where the greatest resort is: your behauiour and vsage towardes all men must be verye honest, especialllye in all causes looke into the natures of men. If you spie out any one Gentleman pensiue, enter into discourse with him, if you maye perceiue, that either by parentage or possession, hee is worthie credite, laye holde on him, feede him with money if he want, and (as though it proceeded of your own good nature) profer him to be bound for him: if he accept your offer, come to me, I will furnish him: nowe you may deuide the commoditie or the money betwéen you, and out of your part (considering me after the bignesse of the summe) take the rest for your owne fee: which if you looke into, in a yeare will growe vnto no small summe. This is the Load-stone must lead you: and by all meanes you must fashion your selfe to feede humours: this is an honest meanes to lyue by, this is a way to libertie, by this you may pleasure your selfe: and to conclude in dooing this, you maye mightelye in short space enrich me. When you haue found out one fit to your vaine, remember this lesson, that what so euer vantage you get of him, either for me, or for your self, care not how little paper and inke he can shewe of yours, keepe still your owne stake cleere. In these matters you must be verie circumspect, for there be now a daies such vnderminers start vp, that scarce a man can imagine his owne profit but they preach it a broad, and laye it open. Thus doo you see whereto you must trust: howe saye you nowe, will you be content to doo this

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The young man aunfwereth, Good fir, there is nothing that you haue fayde that by mee shall anie wayes be forgotten, I am readie and willing to put in practife what you haue taught, and no doubt you shall finde me fo diligent, y^t your felfe fhall fay, you were happie in putting me in trust. In brieft the conclufion is this, the v-furer glad of this new Gentleman broker, difchargeth him, fets him a floate: now who fo braue as our late prifoner, or who fo frolicke? The olde sorrowes are forgotten, and new inuentions to coufin, poffeffe the receptacle of his reafon. His olde acquaintaunce flocke about him, fome reioycing at his recouered libertie, fome wōdering at his fodaine brauerie, yet fewe fufpecting his pretended and hidden knauerie. Of them fome he faluteth humblye, fome ordinarilye, he was not fo well inſtructed, but it is as well performed. Now who but our Gentleman is a companion for the beſt, and a couſiner of the moſt, he ſtaies not long before he be prouided of a praie, whom he fo ordereth, as himſelfe is pertaker of y^e halfe, though the other be paymaſter of the whole, and as thoſe that are in the heate and extremitie of an ague, deſire drink to ſatiſſie their drought: ſo this young gentleman that is brought into bondes by one couſining ſpend thrift, hauing once entered foote in the high waie of prodigalitie, continueth headlong his courſe to his owne confuſion. But by the way it is to be noted, that this Gentleman which is brought into the laps by our late prifoner, hath his poſſeſſion & portion allotted him, ſo that our vſurer & his mate worke vpon ſure groundes. Two or thrée Obligations and commodities receiued, our vſurer grows to new deuifes, and ſets his ſchollers to practiſe them, ſaith he, I muſt now haue you learne, to bring in this your friend to paie your debtes, and by this meanes you ſhall bring it about, you ſhall when next time he ſhall demaund your helpe, tell him that of me there will be had no money before your olde bondes

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be canceled, so that vnlesse he deale with me, by some meanes to acquit that, it is vnpossible to attaine vnto anie farther supplie. You may alleadge vnto him howe in such like extremities you haue stucke, and will sticke vnto him, and desire him in so easie a request he wil not leaue you destitute, by this meanes shall you be rid of your olde debts, and be as frée from inconuenience as euer you wer. No sooner hath our seducer learnt this les-son, but forth he trudgeth to find out this young master, if possible may be, if so be he as yet be stored, he doth either make him spend it or lend it, & vpō his new request of supply, openeth vnto him all the circumstance which before he had learned, & so cunningly handleth him, that the Gentleman desirous of money is easilye content. Wherevpon the matter is handeled thus betwixt the Merchaunt and this Gentleman broker to preuent inconuenience, if the brokers bond be an hundreth pounds, the Merchant will lend fiftie more, and maketh y^e young man to seale an absolute bond as his owne debt, so that the desperate debte of the decayer coufoned, by his meanes is brought to be the true debt of this silly Gentleman. Naie when they haue fatted both their fingers, they leaue not thus, but from money shoote at land, for if the Gentleman haue 500. pound in stocke payable at 24. or 25. yeares, they will so worke as all that shall be their proper goods, which they will recouer out of the executors hands, either by attachment or otherwise, and besides that, so cunningly will they deale, that although they haue sufficient assuraunce in hand alreadie, yet wil they not leaue till they get an other more sure string to their bowe, therby to compasse the poore Gentlemans lands. At his want they will deale thus. This Gentleman and the broker must bée inuited by the Merchant, when amongst other table talke, M. Scrape-penie féeles my youth if his monie be gone, & offring spéeches of willingnes to prouide him alwaies at his néed, sets on by a
becke

beck his coufoning mate, to procure y^e gentlemā to craue more mony, which he doth, y^e merchant cunningly coulering his craft, anfwereth him thus. Gentlemā you ſée I am far out already, & vpon your ſingle bond I haue difburſt a round ſum of money, no leſſe then 500. poundes, which in a poore mans purſe as I am, is no ſmall quantitie, neuertheles if you wil affoord me farther affurāce, I wil not ſtick in redie mony once more to lend you 30. pounds. The gentleman neuer tofore vſed to receiue redy mony at y^e firſt hāds, begins to yéeld him harty thāks & humbly to pray him to demand & he will performe, for ſaith he, conſidering your honeſt dealing, I cannot think you may imagine any reſonable affurance which I wil not ſeale to. Why thē quoth y^e merchant, y^e matter ſtandeth thus, if ſo be you will ſeale me an eſtatute for my mony, no ſooner ſhal you haue done it, but you ſhal haue y^e mony, all your bonds in, & a defeſance to, this y^t I offer is reaſonable, & to morrow if you will I will doe it. Agreed quoth y^e Gentleman, & ſo takes his leaue, the next morrowe according to promiſe, the Gentleman ſealeth the affurance, acknowledging an eſtatute, before ſome one Juſtice of the bench, and comming to his Merchants houſe for his money, is delaied for that daie of, & in fine, his abſolute anſwere is this, that without a ſuretie he promiſed him none: he takes witneſſe of his friend (as he tearmeth him) a prety péece of witneſſe, when he ſéeth no remedie, he demaundeth his bondes, & he withholdeth thē, he craues his deceaſance, & cannot haue it. Thus is y^e poore Gentlemā brought into a notable miſchiefe, firſt in being coufoned of his mony, next deluded by his eſtatute w^{out} defeaſance (for if y^e defeaſāce be not deliuered y^e ſame time or daie, y^e ſtatute is, it is nothing available) thirdly by his bonds detaining, which may be recouered againſt him, & continue in full force, and the vſurer that playes all this rie, will yet be counted an honeſt and well dealing man. But flatter them who ſo liſt for me,

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I rather wish their soules health, then their good countenances, though I knowe they will storme at me for opening their secrets, yet truth shall countenance mee since I seeke my countries comoditie. Héere you see two houses destroyed manifestly, y^e one of them, from a Gentleman made a craftie coufener, the other of them from a landed man, a filly poore wretch. And wonderfull it is to see, considering the asperitie of the Penall statutes set downe by her Maiestie, and her honourables Péeres in the Parliament. How pretie collusions these cunning merchants can find to infringe them. One priuate practise they haue in deliuerie of y^e comoditie, to make the condition of the Obligation thus. The condition, &c. is this, that if the within bound, *T. C.* his heires, executors or assignes, doe well and truely pay or cause to be paid to y^e aboue named *M. S.* the sum of 40. pounds of lawful mony of *England*, at his own dwelling house, scituated & being in Colman stréet, which he y^e sayd *T. C.* standeth indebted vnto him for, if so be that he the sayd *M. S.* or *S.* his wife be in life, y^t then. Otherwise, &c. Now in this condition, y^e casual mart bringeth it out of cōpasse of statute, thus by collusions *M.* Scrape-penie gathers vp his money. Others worke by statute and recognifaunce, making their debter to discharge in their bookes of account the receipt of so much money, where indéede they had nothing but dead comoditie. Other worke by liues, as if such a one liue thus long, you shall giue mee during his or her life 10. pounds a yeare, for 30. pounds, and be bound to the performaunce of that by statute. Other some deale in this sorte, they will picke out among the refuse comoditie some pretie quantitie of ware, which they will deliuer out with some money, this sum may be 40. pound, of which he will haue you receiue 10. pound readie money, and 30. pounds in comoditie, and all this for a yeare: your bonde must be recognifaunce, now what thinke you by all computation your
commo-

commoditie will arise vnto, truely I my selfe knew him that receiued the like, and may boldly auouch this, that of that thirtie pounds commoditie, there coulde by no broker be more made then foure nobles: the commoditie was Lute stringes, and was not this thinke you more then abhominable vsurie? Naie common losses, & y^e reasonablest is, for 36. pound for thrée months, accounted a good penie worth, if there be made in redie mony, 20. pounds, naye passing good if they make 25. poundes, I haue knowen of fortie, but sixtéene pound, and tenne shillings. These be general payments, and receipts, incident to the most part of the young Gentlemen that I knewe deale that wayes: and truely I my selfe knowe within my time, no few number of Gentlemen, which are vtterly vndone by this meanes, and vnlesse this euill be preuented, and Gentlemen take not more héede, more will followe after. But if the punishment of these men were *In discretione Iudicis*, notwithstanding the lawe were couloured with all by them, yet the conscience of the iudge woulde cut such ill members off. In former ages these things being knowen, were lookt vnto, and now when most punishment is menaced, vsurie is most practised. Well may we now see that the craftie haue as many cautiles, as the discret cautions. If we had as feure lawes in *England*, as once in *Athens* *Solon* set downe, wee shoulde then cast a rayne ouer the head strong vnruynesse of these Caterpillers: there it was not lawfull, the Father beeing liuing, that anye money shoulde bee lent vnto the sonne: who beeing vnder his Fathers gouernement, was not to bee ordered according to his owne lyking: and there whoeuer did transgresse this lawe, it was ordayned that hee might haue no recouerye, nor bee reléeued anye waye by iustice, for that it was doubted, that the sonne hauing no wayes to aunswere that hee did owe, should eyther be inforced by practising coniurations in the Ci-

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tie, or exercising priuie theste in his Fathers house, to ridde and discharge himselfe of the burthen of his debte.

The *Aegyptians* and *Athenians* seeing the error of couetous vsurie to take footing in their prouinces, by approued iudgement concluded, that by no instrument, plea, execution, or other meanes in lawe, a bodie might bee detained: the originall being for corrupt gaines.

The *Romanes*, who not onelye inuented, but imitated those Lawes which confounded error, by decree of Senate, (with the *Athenians*,) in the very same tearmes as they, didde sette downe, that no money should bee lent to young heyres vppon interest, neyther allowing the detinue pleadable, nor the vsurie aunswerable, hauing a priuate eye into the vnmeasurable and greedy intents of those couetous carles, who compasse the Fathers landes before the Sonne come to it.

In the Lawe of the twelue Tables, orders in this cause were prescribed, and directions set downe by the Tribunes: among whome, a man of rare vertue, *Lucius Genutius* instituted and made a law, where in he enacted, that no vsurie, nor vsurers shoulde bee allowed.

Lucius Lucullus seeing this error alreadye creapt thorough all *Asia*, and (lyke a wise gouernour) wyl-ling to preuent, not onelye made a Law to auoyde all occasion of vnlawfull gaines, but also appoynted punishmentes to those that were subiect to the error.

Tiberius Caesar as curious as the rest for common good, didde with as greate circumspection as might bee, take awaye the cause, and displace the effecte of this mischiefe; not suffering that to take
heade



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heade in his gouernement, that was the capytall enemie of a well ordered State: *Claudius Cæsar* not yéelding to his Aunceftours in honourable acti-
ons, renewed thefe Lawes: *Vespasian* continued them: and *Marcus Antonius Pius*, with *Alexander Seuerus* established them with publike instru-
mentes: who to the fore-passed erroures by farther insight ioyned this, That by this vnlawfull get-
ting, manye of the best and most auncient houses in all *Italy*, were brought to vtter ruyne, and con-
fusion.

The *Indians* disdayning such seruile attemptes, not onely mislikte of lending, but also forbad borrowing, neither is it lawfull for an *Indian* to proffer, nor agré-
able for one of the Nation to snffer iniuries: disday-
ning among them both the vse of oblygations, and the abuse of pawning.

Hatefull was this error in *Licurgus* Common weale of *Sparta*, whereas not onely the name was o-
dious, but also the thing it selfe was asperlye puni-
shed.

Agis King of the same Citie, séeing the practises of the couetous to work so wöderfully as they seemed, not onely punished the attempters of vnlawfull profite, but also in the open market place, hée burnt all the bondes and Oblygations of the rich Bankers in the Citie.

In *Thebes* it was by statute forbidden, that anye man should be put in office, that within tenne yeares before the election had practised any vnlawfull chaffe-
ring.

The *Germanes* in theyr taxations of antiquitie: whereas they bounde the Théepe to restore double the thing he stole, they ordeyned that the vsurer shuld make recompence foure folde for his iniurie. And in

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borrowing the felicitie of all these Countries, wee are not so happie, as to abridge those errors that they most mislykt off: But heere perhappes some curyous maintainer of vnnecessarie members will conclude, that the state cannot anie wayes bee hindered by anie these actions, inferring that the dissolution of one familie, is the setting vp of another: which in as many vertues maye match, and with as greate value imploie it selfe in the state, as the other that is decayed.

Héerevnto I shape this aunswere, that if it bee true, that the nobilitie of the Father worketh in the childe, I cannot see howe these vpstartes maye anie waies employe themselues in honourable Actions, when as neither their auncestours euer knewe more then their Beads, or their Fathers other then vnlawfull gaines: and howe canne it bee that where the minde onely worketh in seruile subiects, it should anie waies be eleuated to attempt honourable exploits? But be it these sorte of men are necessarie both in theselues, & for their Countrie, which cannot be concluded, in that they be broken members: yet must they conclude by the (touchstone of truth) the Scriptures, that their necessarinesse in this world, makes them vnnecessary for God: by whose presidents if they should leuell their lawes, I am afraid the graft wold be so stiffe in the bending, that it would be rather thought more necessarie for the fewell, then worthy the correction. In the most happiest man y^t euer was, whether philosopher or otherwise, I find this, y^t one onely blemish in his actions hath made them benoted for an error: now if these men shuld in their enterprises be gazde into, I feare me y^t as in the black Iet is seene no white: in the deadlye poison is founde no preferuatue: in the sprouting iuie, no fruite: on the vnnecessarie thistle no grapes: so in these men the mischief

chiefe woulde be so manifest, that the shew of vertue would be extinguished. So that I can necessarily conclude this, that both these sorte of men are vnnessarye for themselues, vnméete for their countrey, vnfit for a family, yea conuenient for nothing, but to present the painter with the true image of couetousnes. For themselves how can they be profitable, in destroying theyr soules, and martering their bodies? in consuming themselves with thought, in deuising of newe attemptes to delude. If they compare but their hearts forrow, with their excesse gain, they shall finde this most certain, that the encombrances of the minde are so peysant, that they doo by oddes weigh downe their commoditie in the ballaunce. What is it to get good, and to loofe happinesse? to enioye much riches, and little rest? to haue manye Lordships, and much hart-breake? Alas, what are the goods of fortune, that they should entice? or the plesures of the flesh, that they should allure? If our stately palaces were to continue permanent, if our worldly riches were to make our after yeares renowmed, if eue-ry thousand of our ducates, were to benefit vs but with a hundred good precepts: I wold beare with couetousnes with the best, & practise it with the most: but since we see that much hording cannot be without sinne, much getting without griepe, much profite without paine, much increase of goods, without decrease of vertues, I cannot but conclude with the philosophers, that the hoording vp of riches maketh many impressions of vices. And that those that are no wayes profitable for themselves, are not worthy the names of citizens in a state: whereas, when all things should be limited by vertue, how can vsury be winkt at, when it is no way legitimate. Our lawes in this state, although they suffer a commoditie, yet confirme not they taking: concluding héerein, a meruaylous pollicye: to those haue in sight, which is,

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that leauing it euident, that where neither Lawe of God can limit them, nor disposing of right suffer them, nor preuention of errorrs withdrawe them from punishing this error, and not letting it slip they as willyng to pul away by péece-meals, not to confound altogether: like wife Surgions eate out the dead flesh, by fundrye plaisters, and no sodaine corosiuē, thereby wisely warning the wife to pull back by curtesie, and the indurate by beholding their forberance, to feare the scourge when it shal come.

Yet some will héere adde and inferre, (though vnnecessarily,) that those whom I héere so asperlye reprehend, are as religious as the best, haunt the Church with the most, at their buriall be as bountifull as the godlieft, and therefore it may not be thought, that séeing so many goods, they should follow the bad. To whom I aunswere, If they heare correction of sin by often haunting of sermons, yet continue their wickednesse, when they know what it worketh: their actions are wicked, their liues dissolute, their endes desperate. For theyr bountie at their burialls, that is but their last action, & their best attempt: but if we looke into the considerations of their beneficence, I doubt not but we shall finde whereas their shooe wringeth them. If they are liberall to leaue them a memorie when they are gone, alas they striue against the streame: for this it will fall out, perhaps they shal haue a few poore womēs praiers for their blacke gownes, but a thousande decayed Gentlemens curses for their high exactions. If they be bounteous in hope to recompence y^t which is past, alas it is as much, as to cast water to stop a gappe, or gather brambles to builde mannor houses. If wée but lookt into in this their penie doale, we shall finde a kinde of impulsio in all thinges: Truely, truely, I feare mée, if Mas vfurer
knewe

knewe he shoulde liue, hée had rather haue a fayre pawne for his foure nobles, then a thousand prayers of a poore woman: and the forfeiture of a Lease for his xx. poundes, then the funerall Epitaph of the vniuersities for his last willes liberalitie. Since therefore impulsion forceth them to be bounteous, not frée will liberrall, we must accompt of them thus that they are both vnworthie praise, being vnwilling to be bountifull, and little to bée esteémed of, though their pretence bée neuer so perfect. What praise deferueth he that will proffer medicines to a whole bodie? or the spur to a willing horse? or the raine to an vnwildie colt? or honor to a peruerse man: shall we conclude, because y^e vsurer is rich, he is righteous? Because wealthie? Wise: because full of golde, therefore godly? I feare me it wil fall out, that some of our scrape penies, are as worthie to be deliuered to perdition, as *Sauanacola* of *Rome*, of whom *Marulus* maketh mention) who not satisfied with excessiue gain in his life time, at his death became a praie to diuells: It gréeueth me to consider of y^e vnhappy state of some, who like fine cloth are deuoured with these moths, like white cambricke are stained with thisyron mould: like silly birds, are deceiued with the call of this Fowler. O vnhappy state, stained with so vnprofitable members, whose féeete tread the wayes of errors, mindes imagine mischiefes, heartes are indurate, confounding the fatherlesse, oppressing the widow, making all poore, and themselues onely rich.

A lamentable case it is, to see howe true simplicitie, the maintainer of peace, is almost altogether exiled out our common weale: and that worldlye wit doeth wade so farre, as heauenlye wife are brought into admiration of their mischiefes. In other notable Gouvernementes and common weales, this one vice hath hadde a fall, and hée where it should

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should be most detested, it is most vsed. Great hath bene our wifdomes in repressiō of cōspiracies, great our policies in maintaining of peace, circumspect our preuētiōns to eschew mutinies: and yet the long time we haue laboured in this, yet dayly more and more it groweth to head: and whereas the other vices haue bene exterminated by good looking to, this (though altogether loathed) is most lookt after. And in this case I must appeale to you (right Honorable) whose wisedome is continually employed, to the maintenaunce of our state: & craue you cast your eye aside, and but looke into the worlde a lyttle, lette your Herauldes Bookes be spied into, consider the state that hath bene, and now is: and I feare me there will some teares fall, and more care be conceiued. Alas I know it well, that many auncient coates will be found there vncountenaunced, and it is to bée found out, that some sléepe on their beddes of downe, in those mannor houses, which were builded for the staye of some of our best noble seigniors. Nay, is it not true, that more are eaten out with vsury, then anye other abuse whatsoeuer? And although Commissions are graciously graunted from her Maiestie, as a most mercifull Prince, and from your Honors, as most sage, fatherly, and prudent tenderers of gentry, grown into povertie: yet such is the contempt of some men, as they neither measure commaund, nor haue respect to conscience. The reuerend Fathers and eyes of Religion in this Common weale, how exclaime they on this vice, and pronounce the wrathfull threatens of the Almightye against these vngracious gatherers? yet how slenderly they regard them, their manifest & notorious mischiefes beare record. So that it is to be feared, that when neither honourable command may controll them, nor diuine admonition reclaime them, they are growen into a reprobate sence, and hane forsaken the Law of the Lord, and hunted after the whore, and are dronken with the ly-

cour

cour of her abominations.

Principijs obſta ſero medicina paratur,

Cum mala per longas inualuere moras.

Noble Lords, may it pleaſe you yet a little more to giue me leaue, that as I haue manifested the miſcheiſe, ſo (to my ſlender conceit) I may imagine a ſalue. The Nobilitie, Gentry, and other heires whatſoeuer, either by reaſon of their Fathers tenour are wardes vnto her Maieſtie, or elſe by the tender prouiſion of their Parents, they are leſte to the diſcretion of their kinſſolke. For thoſe that by her Maieſties prerogatiue, by y^e death of their Fathers, fall into her protection: the moſt part of them are begged by Gentlemen, and committed to their tuition: among whome, as there be ſome prouident and carefull to conſider of the childes commoditie, ſo (I feare me) other ſome are ſelſe minded, and gréedie of their owne gaine: which if ſo be it fall out, I feare me the childe that is vnder this gouernment will happily miſcarrie, for if maintenance come from the protector ſlenderly, the nature of the youth béeing noble, will couet after ſupplie, and ſo through the couetouſnes of the one, growes the confuſion of the other, and by this meanes growes y^e Gentleman into y^e Merchants booke in arrerages, when his warden furniſheth him not according his degré and calling: but it may be, that there bee purpoſes imagined by the gouernour, and practiſed by the Merchaunt, ſo that the one will not bee pertaker of the ſhame, yet will he not ſticke to beare part of the gaine. But to let further matters wittingly ouerſlip, for that I finde it good to winke at ſomewhat: returne we to the other ſortes of heires, leſte to the tuition of friends: among whome there growe lyke inconueniencies, as in the former: for nowe a dayes kinſfolkes are as couetous as others, and as craftye as the beſt, whoſe priuate conueyaunces the young heires knowe, and ſeuerallye when they be fought into, will

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open. But for the ordering of all these thinges, and the recouering of this state, it were conuenient that the Warden of the Wardes vnder her Maiesties protection, should at the receit of the Gentleman, be bound according to the value, to the honourable, that haue authoritie in that case, for the vsage of the Gentleman, and that certaine stipend might be set downe annuallye for his prouision, rather with the most then least, so that then it will fall out, that hauing sufficient of his owne, he will not depend on the supplie of an other. The like animaduersion if it bee had in respect of the other, and the care of taking the bonds, and prefixing the portion set downe by the direction of certaine Iustices of peace in euerie shéere, we shoulde haue lesse complaints to trouble your honours, and merchauntes should want young ministers to ridde them of their refuse cōmoditie. I haue glaunced into a matter (my good Lord) which if wisdome consideratly looke into, there will growe an exquisite platforme. These causes right honourable are necessarie, and needfull to be noted, and such they be, that no doubt they will be as beneficiall to the state, as anie other whatfoeuer: For by this meanes your honours shall be praised, the wardens wel thought of, the Gentlemen kept in good state, and the Merchant abridgde of his craftie dealings. I haue heard this cause lamented of among the most part of that profession, who loth their title should be attributed to so outrageous dealers. If they will desire the name, let them vse the nature, & let not all the whole order bee blemished, by a few disordered dealers blame: but to leaue this to your honourable and graue consideration, and to returne to your curteous Gentlemen, to whome this matter most pertaineth, & for whose onely cause this pain is taken: I most earnestly beséech you looke into your owne states, & consider with your selues, the misery & mischief that groweth by these follies: consider y^e end of all these practises,

tises which the vsurers doe put in vre, forsooth it is to make you beggers, where now your supplies be plentiful, & to emptie your purses, where now they are replenished: consider of their mercy, either it is imprisonment, or else libertie with more shame: weygh of their ends agréeing to theyr life: it was a pretie and wittie saying which was written,

Auaro quid mali optes ni ut uiuat diu.

With a couetous man no more mischief, then that he may liue long. For he dieth daily in care, and consumeth in thought: refraine prodigalitie, so shall you haue no need of thē: bée continent, so shall you be fought to of them: leaue them to their owne lusts, they are not of y^e Lord: let your garments be comely, & not costly: for a comly continent man is more estéemed of, then a costly spende thrifte accompted of. It is the vertues of your mindes, the perfections of your vnderstandinge, your intellectuall contemplacions, that makes you accounted of among the wise, and beloued among the learned: In your professions be studious, for y^t brings profit: an houre well spent, is better then a dayes pleasure: eschew those things that may decay your memory, & in euery good action cōtinue to the end: trust not to apparant goodes, beléeue not credulously y^e faire spoken, be as prouident to eschew trouble, as the enuious is prudent to procure your discomfort: looke on nothing that may altar you from a man, thinke on nothing that may mislead you, if you promise, performe it, but in promising vse discretion: these be the fruites of experyence, learnt by some in sorrowe, and lette them bee practised by you in securitie. Let not the garish shew of a present pleasure, the fillie shadowe of an earthlye delyght, a transitorie similitude of a momentanye glorie, make you followe that which wyll coste you manye sighes and fundrye sorrowes (when you looke into your state, and see howe you are

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compassed of friendes, smilde vpon by fortune, beautified by nature, pefected by art, when you perceiue care hath not yet forrowed your forehead: labour euen then to continue friendes, to make peace with fortune, to mainetaine nature, to studye arte, and béeing freed as yet from trouble, fence your actions so strong, as they may neuer become troublesome. *Aurelius* in his Court séeing certaine Philosophers vsing vnféemely iestures, wagging their heads, toying with theyr garments, and stamping with their féete, gathering by their exterior behaiour, how vnapt their actions were in respect of their precepts, expulged them the court, as vnméete to be preferred to honours. Although not *Marcus Aurelius*, but wife *Saba* now gouerning, think you that gracious *Elizabeth* cannot as well finde out a vain head vnder a wauiing feather, a dissolute minde vnder a codpéece dublet, a wanton thought vnder a straunge habite, as the Emperour vnder a lyght iesture? Yes truely (Gentlemen): no doubt but that eie y^t winketh at most things, séeth many, and that wonderfull capacitie that comprehendeth so much discipline, cannot ouerflip the mislyke of masking brauerie. If one error were as much banished *England*, as it was *Rome*, neither should idlenesse offer the couetous opportunitie, neither the idle be couened by the couetous. It is idlenesse that maketh amorous, it is idlenesse that maketh fascionatiue, it is idlenesse that bréedes excessse, it is idlenesse that destroyeth all humane happinesse, the eye fixed on heauenlye contemplations, gazeth not on earthlye beautie, the thought occupyed on remembrance of moral preceptes, neuer vouchsafe the misdéemings of the fantasie: y^e bodie subdued by assidious trauaile, is neuer altered by the motions of the flesh: the hope grounded on immortality, hath not reference to an houres pleasures. So that man is neuer altered in himself, enemie of himselfe, procurer of his parents troubles: but euen then
chief-

chiefly, whē idlenes is predominant, follypreferred, & fashions to féed, fantasies allowed of. The meanes then to auoyd the Vfurers booke, is to be continent: the way to be continent, is not to be idle: the reward of not béeing idle, is the daily increafe of more knowledge: and the increafe of more knowledge maketh a man happie. The sting of the Aspe confoundeth in slumbers, the venome of idlenesse, waiteth carelesse opportunities: truly gentlemen, the first step to auoyd expence, is to grow in contempt of brauerie, which if our noble younge youthes wold praëtife for a while, it wold so fall out, y^t not onely vaine fantasies should cease, fonde fashions finde no fauourers, and the vfurer hauing his odde refuse commodities dead id his hand, would either affoorde better peniworths, or féeke for forreine traffique. But to leaue you Gentlemen to your good counsailes, and returne to you good master vfurers, whose eares glowe at the rehearfall of these enormities, I must pray you giue mee leaue to make vp a conclusion, and to finish these fewe lines with an admonition for your cause, and though the corrections I vse be bitter, account of them the better, for why they be more cordiall. A gréedie desire of gayne, is the diseafe that infecteth you, some termes it thriftinesse, some néernessee, but in plaine tearmes, it is vfurie: and that is nought els but a gréedie desire of other mens goods, and this by the commandement is forbidden to be followed, and therefore irreligious are they that vse it. The man that coueteth gold, conceiueth not goodnesse, his appetite is of the earth, and those that are earthly minded, fauour not the things that are of God. What though you cloath your selues in simplicitie of Doues, and your inwarde habite be worse then the vocacite of Wolues, he that made you knoweth you, and he whom you offend can (and will) punish you: you wil say you were naturally borne, (as *Tully* witnesseth) to take care for your selues, and to prouide *Victum & ve-*

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fitum, meate and clothing: and I graunt it, but where find you, either Ethnike, prophane, or sacred sentence, to confirme your extreame hoording vp of golde, yea then most earnestly, when you are most rich? The labourfome Ant gathereth not in excesse, but sufficient prouision for the Winter, yet without reason: and you which are reasonably borne, hoorde vp more, then orderly (at first sight) you well knowe howe to imploy. You long after *Nabals* vineyard with *Iefabel*, but the dogs shall deuour you in the gate: you heape house vpon house, land vpon land, *Quasi numquam fit perituum sæculum*, as though this world would last euer, but sodainly shal the wrath and curse of the Lord fall vpon you, and (without speedie repentaunce) he will consume you in a moment. O turne speedely vnto the Lord, and put not off from daie to daie, least his wrath be hot against you, and he make you pertakers of the plagues of *Chore* and *Abiram*. Remember your olde escapes that haue past you, consider of their falls that are decayed by you, and your selues if you haue anie contrition, and compunction of heart, wil lament the generall misfortune with me. Did you arise of nothing? Were you calde from base degree to high estate? From poore seruants wer you made rich masters? Why, your goods make answere, saying, you haue more then you can well spend, and I déeme the greater your talent is, the more you haue to answere for: but weigh in your selues, howe this greate masse of money grew vnto you: you must count that this Farme came to your handes by the forfayture of such a Lease: this money became yours, by the vertue of such an Obligation: you haue scrapte vp this ready coyne, by making *Centum pro cento*: nay, you haue vndone these manye poore Gentlemen, onely by enriching your selfe. Too true it is, (alas) (and wisedome priuately bewaileth it, to looke into your crueltie, and Gentlemens folly) that
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many houses are decayed by your meanes, and that you are Lords of that, which should be the portion of more profitable subiects: whose miserie driueth them to trie conclusions in all places: and both to forsake their Countrey, I pray God not to alter their conscience. Nay in these extremities that they are driuen into, which of you either reléeueth them? or comforteth them in their sorrowes? so farre are you (you worldlings) from lessening their miseries, as that (*Perillus* like) you inuent new tortures, to driue them from your doores, calling them vacabonds, and bribe well birdes: who in very truth were your best Masters and setters vp, but your selues with *Perillus* shall tast of the engines you haue prouided for others, and the Lorde shall pittie the fatherlesse, and comfort the afflicted, when that dreadfull daye shall come, in which the heauens shall be opened, and the Sonne of man shall come to iudgement: how will the case then stand with you? shall your welth then acquite you? No, no, the Iudge is not partiall, he is iust in all his dooings, and true in all his sayings. In that day the horror of your conscience shall condemne you, Sathan whom you haue serued shall accuse you, the poore afflicted members of Christ shall beare witnesse agaynst you, so that in this horror and confusion, you shall desire the mountaines to fall vpon you, and the hils to couer you from the fearfull indignation of the Lord of hostes, and the dredfull condemnation of the Lambe Iesus. When it shalbe found out, that you wer rich, yet reléeued none: that you were of wealth, yet comforted none: that you rather replenished the prisons, then released the prisoner: that your life be found sawced with crueltie, and no one action sauoring of mercie: the Lord shal place you among the goates, & pronounce his *Ve* against you, he shall thunder out this sentence, Goe you cursed into euerlasting fire, prepared for the
diuell

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diuell and his angeles. This is the reward of wickednesse, this is the punishment of crueltie: looke vpon this therefore (you worldly minded men,) and consider of these sayings: harden not your hearts, but be you conuerted, reléeue the poore, be harbourfome, restore to the owner that you haue wrested from him, and turne, turne, turne vnto the Lord (I beséeche you) least you perish in your owne abominations: and to conclude, accompt of me as your wel wisher, who for publike commoditie haue opened your inconueniences, and for brotherly amitie, counfailed you to call your selues home: and I beséeche you as speedely reclaime you from your errors, as I doo brotherly admonish you of your escapes. How happie were I that hauing lesse cause, might haue lesse matter to write on? And haplesse are you, if not won with these warnings, you giue more occasion to be written on: now stay you where you are, & alter your natures, and where you were accustomed to doo ill, now acquaint your selues to follow goodnes, and then it will thus fal out, that I which exclaimed vpon you for your vices, will then honour you for your vertues: & where in common assemblies your name growes odious in publike audience, you maye be praised for your good life. The Lord send our Gentlemen more wit, our vsurers more conscience, and vngodlinessse a fall: so Nobilitie shall not decay, but the sinner shal be reclaimed, and wickednesse founded.

FINIS.

Truths



THE DELECTABLE

Historie of Forbonius and Prisceria.



IN *Memphis* (the chiefeſt citie of *Aegypt*) a place moſt renowned by reaſon of the opulencie of the princes that haue gouerned that Monarchie: at ſuch time as *Sifimithres* was head Prieſt of the ſame, & *Hidaſpes* gouernour of the Prouince, a noble Gentleman called *Forbonius* (highly accounted of for his vnreprouable prowefſe, and among the beſt ſort allowed of for his vnſpekable vertues) made his abode, whoſe tender yeares not yet ſubieſt. to the experience of more riper iudgement (as the winding Iuie about the ſtately Oke) entangled it ſelfe with many amorous objects, now allowing this choice, now approving y^t perſon, ſtraight admitting a third. But the fates hauing regiſtred his laſt opiniō in euerlaſting & permanent deſtinie, made his manifolde aſpectes (as yet not ſtayed) to light vpon one ſeemely impreſſion, and to allow of but one onely paragon: yet ſo ſealed they his opinion, as (if it be true that the gods euer were laſciuious) I thinke the chiefeſt commaunder of the Heauens might vouchſafe of ſuch dalliance, and be onely amorous in this, that knowing heauenly perfections to be reſident in earthly ſubſtance, he would either borrow fire of *Venus* to make the creature pliable, or carrie fire into the heauens from whence *Promotheus* firſt did ſteale lightning. Fauorable

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was the climate, that allowing vniuerfally to all the creatures it compassed onely, blacknesse, vouchsafed *Prisceria* (*Forbonius* mistres) such sweet fauor, who borne of noble parents within the citie, (as of *Soldanius*, vize-roe of that Prouince adioyning to the citie, and *Valduuia*, daughter and heire of *Theagines* of *Greece*, the cōpartener of sorrowe with *Caricleala*, the straunge borne childe of the *Aegyptian* king:) not onely match al titles of honour with exquisitenesse of proportion, but also so coupled the perfections of the minde, with the proportion of the bodie, as rather nature might disdaine her industrie, not art repent her of the dowrie she had granted her: this sweet fixed Comet coasted *Forbonius* affectiōs, who like the careful Marriner, hauing (amidst the frostie night) fought for his Loade starre, and at breake of morning (his eies almost dazled with looking) found it out: so our noble young Gentleman, hauing past ouer many personages wth a slight ouer looke, at last finding out his mistres allotted him by fate, yéelded willingly vnto importunitie of the Destinies, and wonne altogether to bée subiect, béeing captiued with fancie, hée applyed himselfe wholye to the accomplishment of his desires, and the attainment of his mistresse fauour: and for that the Goddesse of loue is plyable to all benignitie, as not suffering a true seruitour to bée long vnrewarded: it so fortunéd, that she prosperously furthered our noble *Aegyptian* in his purpose, preferring him by opportunitie to the sight of his desired pleasures: for the propinquitie of their abode was such, as that *Priscerias* chamber windowe, had a prospect into *Forbonius* garden, by which meanes, the Gentleman in his meditations might beholde his mistres, and *Prisceria* (béeing by the equitie of the destinies prefigured to straunge misfortune) might haue occasion to looke, and séeing, might loue: but as this conueniencie was fauourable one waie, so was the frowarde disposition of the

Forbonius and Prisceria. 22

the parents, vntoward on the other parte for *Soldanius*, whether lead thereto by appointment, or driuen to the exigent, by some former mallice borne by the progenitors of *Forbonius*: had neither a lyking to the youth, nor a longing to haue his daughter marryed: eyther lead by couetoufnesse, for that he woulde not stresse his coffers, or by enuie, for that he contemned *Forbonius*: yet what is concluded secretly amidst the heauens, cannot be circumvented with mans circumspection: for *Forbonius* as one which depended onely on the fauour of *Prisceria*, though fortune had bereft him of occasion to inioy, yet would not he be seuered from the benefite to beholde her whom he loued: who warmed with the same fire, in increasing his flame, kindled her owne fancie, & being as willing as the other to procure remedie to her passion, with manye chaunge of coulours, and fundrye swéete aspects, opened that to her seruant, which he wished for in his mistres: who (with like sorrowes requiting euerie circumstance) as one willing and borne to attempt: at such time as *Prisceria* solitarily solaced her selfe at her windowe: in mournfull melodye (making his Lute tunable to the straine of his voice) he recorded this Sonet.

THE Turtle pleased with his she compeare,
 With sweet aspects, and many a turning lure,
 Describes the zeale in tearmes should well appeare,
 If nature were so gracious to assure
 The silly bird with speech as well as I:
 Who stopt of speech by turnes my woes descrie.

And though perhaps my tearmes by distance be,
 Seaioynd from thee: I wis my mournfull mone,
 Doth pearce thine cares, and Eccho tells for me,
 In sowre reports: would she and I were one.

G. ii. For

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For whom I liue, and whom I onely loue,
Whose sweet aspects my dying fancies moue.

And if the aire by yeelding calme consent.

Make sweet *Prisceria* priuie to my suite,
Vouchsafe deere sweet, that beautie may relent,

And graunt him grace, whom distance maketh mute:
So either hope shall make me climbe the skie,
Or rude repulse enforce my fancies flie.

Prisceria not altogether priuie to the report, yet concluding all purposes to hir owne fantasie, conceyuing by his manifolde sighes, aspectes, and motions, wherevnto he applyed his actions, with a solempne sighe, as wishing him present, and a seemely bent, as requiting his curtesie, betooke hir selfe to hir pillowe, where comparing euerye accident together, both of the zeale shée bare to *Forbonius*, and of the profer he proffered to her, shé brake out into these speeches.

Alasse (vnhappy *Prisceria*) what vntoward destinie hath befallen thée? That in thy flowring yeares and prime of beautie, thou art become a thrall to vncertaine pleasure, neyther knowing from whence the error first sprong, nor by what Treacles it may at last bee expelled. If it bee that nature enuying my perfecti-
ons hath allotted mee this purgatorie, that hauing at free becke all the benefites of Fortune, yet I should with inwarde bondes bee inchained with the holdefast of fancie. Alasse that in prefixing the torment, shée hath not proffered a remedye, or in bestowing an vlcér, hath not vouchsafed a corrasieue. Howe straungely am I martyred, sillye maide that I am? That by one onelye looke haue conceyued such an impression, as neyther arte can alter with medicine, nor time eate out with continuance.

Woe is mee that I loue, yet fortunate am I
that

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that I hate not, for by the one, I am depriued of lybertie: by the other, I shall onerpasse the sorrow by surenesse. Yet are thy thoughts more fauorable to thee *Prisceria*, then the successe in thy loue will be fortunate. Thou louest *Forbonius*, and why? for his vertue: yet thy father hateth him vpon olde grudges, with whom when rancour preuayleth, what may be more lookt for, then contempt and denyall? But *Forbonius* seeketh *Prisceria*'s fauor, not *Solduuius* friendship: but *Prisceria* cannot enioy *Forbonius*, without *Solduuius* fauor. But *Forbonius* will by happie marriage conclude all mallice, but thy father hauing an enuious mind, will haue a fuspitious eare. Alas why imagine I wonders in my fancy, hoping that those destenies (which inthralld my affection) wil subiect my fathers resolutions: since neither reafon alloweth me any probabilitie to worke vpon, neither hath *Forbonius* any motion as I see to compasse ought: well, to the satisfaction of my friend, and to the contentment of my sorrowing hart: my freend shall know my zeale, and I will continue my affection, which being begun with so wonderfull causes, must needes finish with a miraculous effect.

With these conclusions she fell a sleepe, leauing me to returne to *Forbonius*, who being tormented with the same furie, and troubled with equall fancie, seeing his light to be eclipsed, I meane his Mistresse vanished, began heauely to complaine himselfe in these or such lyke termes.

Alas you destinies, whose courses are ineuitable: how fortuneth it, that in bestowing casualties in mā's life, you prescribe not meanes to preuent misfortunes? and onelye beginning to fester the heart, prefixe no presidents, whereby the humours may be expelled. If all things are to be referred vnto an ende, what may I wel imagine of my estate? who intercepted by all occasions, must either finish my misfortunes miserably, or despe-

G. iij. rate-

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rately. O loue, iustly maist thou be counted licentious, whereas thou neither prescribest limites to thy selfe, to inthrall: nor meanes to thy subiects to attain libertie. But why exclaime I on him, that hath blest me with a benefit? as though the fate that made *Forbonius* happie in louing, cannot establishe his succeffe, as that it shall not be meafured by misfortune. I glorie in the benefit of my martirdome, since a certain inward hope assureth me, that diuine beautie cannot be sequestered from iust pittie, nor a tried seruice in loue, requited with a disdainfull hate. But foolish man that I am, howe maye it be, that in seeking beautie, I labour not to attaine it? & desiring to enioy a benefit, I attempt not to make triall of my Mistresse bountie? Why, by last nights becke she vouchsafed some shew of acceptaunce: and that may as well be of reproofe as lyking. (O *Forbonius*,) it is a silly hope that is conceiued by signes, either attempt further, or perswade thy selfe of no fauour. Her father (silly wretch) enuieth thee, and thinkest thou to compasse his daughter? alas, faint hope is this when as those that should build vp, doo destroy: when such as shoulde perswade, doo disswade: when as he that dooth commaund most earnestly, dooth forbid. But loue hath no respect of consanguinitie, but hauing onely relation to him which he fauoureth, delighteth onely in the possession of his choyce, yet is not *Forbonius*, sure she loueth: well, I see he that will be fortunate, must hazard, and that man that will be gracious in his Mistresse eye, must by outward attempts and vnaccustomed purposes, seeke to confirme his happinesse.

Wherevpon (vpon fundry conclusions) he inferred thus, that the next day, by certaine rare attemptes, hee would either finish that he had so long sought for, or perish in the perfourmance of his enterprize: and the day seruing to attempt that which he imagined by night, he bethought himselfe of the *Gymnosophists* of y^e cuntry,

of Forbonius and Prisceria. 24

trey, among whom remembring one of singular experience, and notable learning, he resorted vnto him, opening first, how he was intralld by fancie, how precluded by all occasions, especially by the fathers disdaine, next, how some opportunitie serued him, lastly how the agony tormented him, desiring the Philosopher, whose wisedome coulde see into all causes, to search out the fatall Exigent of his loue. *Appollonius* (for so the *Gymnosophist* was called) hauing calculated the Gentlemans natiuitie, and seeing some planets retrogate: couering the asperitie of the destenies, with the hidden secrecie of an Artist, discoursed thus.

O *Forbonius*, if as *Socrates* did his golde, thou drown thy affections, it would follow that with him thou shuldest enioy free libertie of thy selfe, and not suffer thy affects to rule thy reason. Art thou bewitched by *Circes*? of a humane shape hast thou gotten a beafully forme? of a man borne to reasonable actions, wilt thou now swallow an vnreasonable misfortune? If many cares be the decayers of the minde, if many sorrowes the consumers of the body, better were it by day to studie the lyberall Sciences, then at such time as we shoulde imploye our selues to honourable attempts, to become vnhonourably licentious. Alas *Forbonius* considering what a loue is, what a loue suffereth, what a loue seeketh, I finde the person idle minded, I finde his patience an insupportable sorrow, I finde himselfe not himselfe, in y^t he is vnreasonable. The daily actions of a loue are discommendable, the night exclamations so odious, as that they in this couert nature, who shadowing y^e world with darknes, limittin each creature his rest, yet they euen in y^t time labor in out-cries, in which they shuld take conuenient rest. My good friend, y^e grettest wisedome is to measure euery attēpt w^t his casualties, & if ought happen y^t may seeme impossible, to cast off the rayne, and suffer it to passe in that forme it was concluded in.

Thou

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Thou louest (*Forbonius*,) better wer it thou didst loath: for by loathing thou canst but be compted vnnaturall, but by louing thou mayst fortune to be vnfortunate. If all thinges be ordered by the higher powers, it is wayne you must conclude to infringe what is concluded on, if the deffenies haue appoynted; that *Forbonius* shall not be happie in inioying *Priſceria*, *Forbonius* is not reasoning in ſuing for *Priſceria*. Vnhappie *Paris* in *Helen*, though fortunate in inioying her beautie: but when loue begins with a fading benefit, it endeth with an euerlaſting forrow. The concluſion of a wiſe man muſt be, to yeele to the neceſſitie of Fate, and to continue contented with that which cannot be altered by ſucceſſion. Tell me by the immortal Gods, my good friend I beſeech thee, what happines conceiueſt thou poſſible to follow, either in enioying thy Lady, or finiſhing thy loue? Alas, the greateſt ſwéete is a continuall fower, and after many vnfortunate repulſes, a ſodain miſfortune makes an ende of many a yeeres courting. I ſpeake all this to this ende (my *Forbonius*,) becauſe I would preuent that by counſell in thee, which otherwiſe (if thou follow thine owne lure) will be a confuſion to thy ſelfe. Thou comeſt to me for counſell to compaſſe loue, and I would confirme thee, that thou ſhouldeſt auoyd the occaſions of following loue. Thou wouldeſt by my meanes ſtrayne arte to ſubdue nature, yet I labour both to direct by arte, and to ſuppreſſe by nature. Truly (my good friend) looking but to the hidden ſecretes of nature, I finde thee ſubiect to manye miſfortunes, and no way to be remedied but by one only vertue. Thou ſhalt (after long toyles) compaſſe that thou hopeſt for, yet when thy greateſt pleaſures begin to take the originall: euen then ſhall they finde their exigent. Since therfore the reuolutions of the heuens conclude, that by onely continent forbearaunce, thou ſhalt be diſburdened of many miſfortunes, I beſeech thee lette this
transi-

25

Forbonius lead by the inconstant opinion of his young
yeares, not waying the graue and fatherly counsell of
Appollonius, aunswered him thus.

Appollonius willing to doo him good, yet forrie hée
could not preuaile with his counfaile, at length began
thus.

H.

shalt

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shalt at thy pleasure conceine thy Mistresse minde, but also open vnto her the secrettes of thy heart, by which meanes thou shalt heerein haue accomplishment of thy wish, though in so dooing thou shewe but lyttle wisdom. Wherevpon, resorting to his studdie, he brought forth a mirrour of notable operation, a practicke in prospectiue, which deliuering to *Forbonius*, he commended it thus.

O my friend, I deliuer thee that heere to feede thy humour, which was composed to comprehend Arte. In this myrroure thou maist after thou hast written thy minde: taking the Sunne beame, send the reflection to thy mistresse eye, wherby she may as legably read thy letters, as if they were in her handes, and by thy instructions made priuie to the secrets of thy glasse, retourne thine aunswere in that very forme in which thou sendest. For the rest, I leaue it to your discretions, and good fortune, wishing all things to fall out as prosperouslye in your loue, as you would, and as I wish.

Our noble youth (*In amours*) hauing furnished himselfe of that he sought for, repayred vnto his studie, where deuising in what tearmes he might sollicite his Mistres, at last he cyphered out his sorrowes in this sequell.

THat fancie that hath made me thrall to thy beautie (swéete *Prisceria*) commendeth my submission to thy good grace: beséeching thee to be as fauourable in ministring a remedie, as thy beautie was readie to procure my thraldome. I make no resist in this my louing torment, but onely yéeld my self subiect to y^e impression. Maye it therefore please thee (swéete *Prisceria*) to be as beneficial in this, as the Gods are in their bounty, who for euery faithfull interatie, returne a gratefull satisfaction. And heerein maist thou see my faith to be steadfast

Forbonius and Prisceria. 26

fast, since Arte it selfe serueth opportunities, and ministreth me both a meanes to open my hidden sorrowes, and thee a messenger to bewray thy silent secrets. I beseech thee (by the sweete statues that are builded for the Goddesse that is honoured in *Paphos*,) to be as iust in returning fauour, as I am forward in bewraying my fancie: so shalt thou haue the possession of him, that is by destinies appoynted thy assured beards-man, and I enjoy those pleasures, in which I may be only fortunate. Till then I must write my self as I am, The most vn-happiest louer that liueth.

Forbonius.

This cyphered out in faire charecters, and disposed in such termes as his fancie then prefixed him, he tooke his way into his garden, waiting some necessarye opportunitie, to put his purposed attempts in practise, and to bewray his woes to *Prisceria*: who wouled with the remembraunce of *Forbonius* perfections, and seeing no waye but his presence a meane to expell sorrowe, betooke her selfe to her accustomed prospecte, and with longing lookes she leuelled at his loue, which was alreadie stricken with her beautie.

The Gentleman fitted by these conuenient occasions beganne his Philosophicall demonstration, and taking his aspecte as necessarilye as hee might, hee presented *Prisceria* with his peniue submission: who confirmed by so conuenient opportunitie, betaking her selfe with all speede possible to her studie, and by a becke charging him with no lesse dispatch to giue attendaunce: she gaue answer to his amorous intreaties with this gracious affabilitie.

H. ij.

The

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THe Climate *Forbonius* where vnder I was borne, (beléeue me) either hath prefigured me the destenie to be inamoured by thée, or thée the subiect that shoulde beset me: and truly héerein the working of the Gods are secret, who imploy such thoughts in me, as now by thy letters I finde wrought in thée, making a vnitie in both those hearts, who by reason of parents enuies, are like to finde fatall conclusions. And whereas by necessitie of fate I finde my selfe wholly captiuated to thy pleasures, I doubt not but that God whome wée honour for his brightnesse, and who by his lightening ministreth to our misfortunes, will be fauourable in our proceedings. For me, if thy constancie be such as my true zeale is, I beseech thée by the same Godddesse to succour me, by whome I found my selfe first intralld and made subiect to thée: meane while I will write as thy selfe, and rest as I am. The most vnhappyest louer that lyueth.

Prisceria.

These conclusions being ministered with the same aspectes they were profered, the two poore couple had no other meanes to noate the effecte of their priuate ioyes, but onely by silent smiles, gracious regardes, and trickelyng teares, and such lyke amorous actions, each one wishing the other, either happie in possessing their delyght, or fortunate, if by death they were reléeued of their sorrowe: and being intercepted by the closure of the euening, they betooke themselues both of them to their restless pillows, concluding vpon many purposes, how to finish their languishing and tormenting martirdome.

Forbo-

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Forbonius as one born to attempt, concluded with himselfe, considering how fauourably all occasions fawned vpon him) to attempt y^e stealing awaie of *Prisceria*: who poore soule in carefull dreames imagining of her dayes fancies, was forestaled of all fauour by the vnhappy approach of her father, who furnished with all worldlye policies to preuent what he mislyked, and compasse that he suspected: perceiuing by his daughters solome aspects, some secret sorrow y^t troubled her, hauing remembered that axiome of the Philosophers, that dreames are the prefigurations of dayes forrowe, watched his time so néerely, that euen at that verie instant he entered the chamber of his daughter, when drowned in her swéet delightfull dreames, she begā at his entrie to cry out thus. O fortunate *Forbonius*! which her father marking verie precisely, and concluding wherevpon the sigh tooke his holde fast, awaking his daughter on a sodaine, verie cunningly compassed her thus.

O my *Prisceria*, let it not seeme straunge vnto thee, to beholde thine aged Fathers vnaccustomable accesse, since he is now perplexed with vnacquainted feares. Alasse my daughter, thy father séeing thee beautifull, is not carelesse of thy comfort, neither can he that laboured to bring thee to lyght, suffer thee to passe thy dayes in loathsome mislyke. At this instaunt when I entered thy chamber, in thy dreame (as me séemed) thy soule betokening (as it shuld séeme) some daies sorow or plesure, exclaimed thus: O fortunate *Forbonius*, thou knowest how hatefull the person thou diddest name is to thy father, who if he be fortunate in thy dowrie, I loue him: I shal estéeme him vnfortunate in the fauour thou wilt assure him: who béeing a collop of my flesh, wilt not allowe of that, which is loathsome to thy father: O *Prisceria Solduuius* séeth, and thy secrete dreames bewraie that the fortunacie of *Forbonius*, is eyther vnfortunate for thy selfe, or not allowable by thy Fathers opinion.

H. iij.

Thy

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Thy chaunge of constitution, thy hidden sorrowe, my swéet child made me suspitious, but now the verie true messenger of thy mindé confirming me, I must without circumstance conclude, that *Prisceria* loueth her fathers enimie, that *Prisceria* desireth *Forbonius* fauour, and detesteth her fathers choice, which if it be so, O my daughter, I feare me thy loue will not be so fauourable, as my disdaine bitter, wherefore if thou art intangled, since thou knowest my opinion, forbear, or if no wifedome will conclude thee within limites, my displeasure shall exclude thee from out all benefit of my fauour. Choofe now *Prisceria*, whether with calme perswasions thou wilt yéeld to my bent, or by vnaccustomed displeasure bee pertaker of thy Fathers wrath.

Vpon these conclusions, *Prisceria* all abashed, shaking of the drowfinesse of her dreaming, made aunswere to *Soldanius* in these tearmes.

These straunge suppositions, my good Father, argue the slender opinion of your self, who by the vncertainest signs y^t may be, confirme your opinion as you please. In my dreames you said I called *Forbonius* fortunate, and may it not bee, that as my tongue vttered y^t it thought not, your minde imagineth that which is not? counting euerye lyght shadowe a substaunce, and euery little similitude of truth, an vndoubted demonstration. Did I call thine enimie fortunate? Truely Father I feare me I might iustly conclude it, for he poore Gentleman little dreameth on displeasures, when at such time as rest should occupie your senses, you most trauaile in your rancour: by certaine tokens as you saie, you conclude, that I am affectionate, and by this silly conclusion of a dreame, you inferre an vndoubted trueth, that I am enamoured with *Forbonius*, and if perhaps the necessitie of the fates be such, *Prisceria* shall finde her selfe happie in louing *Forbonius*, by those meanes
her

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her Father may cease rancour, and take rest, and his daughter satisfied with that she seeketh for, be no farther troubled with dreaming fantasies.

Soldanius perceyuing by these speeches the certaintie of his daughters affection, as one altogether enraged, calling vp his wife, and raising his seruants, left the fillye maide all amazed at his sodaine departure, whereas the olde man exclaiming vpon the disobedience of his daughter, and thundering out many reuenges against poore *Prisceria*, caused his horses to be saddled, and perforce (contrarie to her expectation) made her bee conuayed to *Farnusium*, a mannor house of his owne, a place for the solytarinesse more fit for a *Tymon*, then conuenient for a beautifull Ladie, the onely companie there being shepheards, who vpon the *Vast* mountaines recorded the praise of the Countrie fauourer *Pan*, and the rurall amitie betwene them, and their Countrie lasses. Thus from stately Court, from the regards of her sweet friend, from the pleasures that follow the Citie, her companions were rurall maidens, her retinue frolicke shepheardes: whose slight capacitie not yeelding anie comfort to allay the Gentlewomans sorrowings, made her (to her more hart grieve) continue her pensiuenesse, and sup vp her conceiued sorrow in silence. But to repeat the moane on the other side that amorous *Forbonius* made, when by certain report he had notice of his mistres departure, were wonderfull, who being in himselfe altogether confounded, not knowing where to finde her out which was the onely mistres of his fantasie, Lord with how many sighes breathed he forth his sorrowe, and compassed on euerie side with dispairing ioyes, in the verie same garden where tofore hee repeated his pleasures, hee in these waylefull tearmes recounted his miseries.

Alas vnfortunate *Aegyptian*, whose faithful affectiōs are so immutable, as thy naturall colour is vnstainable.

How

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How iniurious are the destinies? that graunting thée life, they dayly hasten thy destruction, that vouchsafing thée plesure, they suffer it not to be permanent: that admitting thée the benefit of beauties good grace, they depriue thée of the possession and blessing of that thou desirest. Alasse what shall befall mee? when the glorie of my eyes are dimmed? when the pleasures of my heart are determined? whē she whom I loue néereſt, is farther off frō my preſeñce? whē y^e iniurious repulſes of y^e father, makes euery attempt of *Forbonius* vnfortunate. Wo is me, what way may I imagin to make an end of my miſerie? Should I with diſpairing raſhneſſe finiſh vp the *Cataſtrophe* of my troubles? Should I béeing bereſt of her by whom I liue, diſpoſſeſſe my ſelfe of that ſhe moſt doth like? Should I in making my ſelfe onelye fortunate by y^e alaie of my ſorrows, leaue *Prifceria* to her daiely mournings, both to lament my deceaſure, & her froward deſtinie? no *Forbonius*, it is but vaine quiet that is to her diſcontentment, who béeing equally inthralled wth thy ſelfe, will as willingly be pertaker of thy torment as thy ſelf. But why waile I thus in feminine forow, when my happineſſe is to be accompliſhed by manly attempt? *Solduuus* rigour hath cauſed *Prifcerias* abſence, yet cannot the fathers diſpleaſure determine the daughters loue, ſhe liueth to thy wiſh *Forbonius*, ſhe loueth to thy weale *Forbonius*, ſhe wilbe cōſtant til death *Forbonius*, why ſhouldeſt thou then leaue her vnſought for, *Forbonius*? Attempt vain man, to ſeke out thine aſſured, let not the diſtance of place diſanull thy good hap? *Solduuus* baniſhment is concluded within the limites of *Aegypt*, and ſince it is ſo, either *Forbonius* will attaine her he deſireth, or reuenge the vniuſt rigour of an iniurious Father.

Vpon this reſolution, as a man quite diſpoſſeſſed of himſelfe, he haſted to *Apollonius*, recounting vnto him how all things had fortunēd, beſéeching him (not without

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without foison of teares) to seeke out by art where *Prisceria* was conuerfant, and to direct him by counsell, who altogether was confounded with dispaire. *Apollonius* by exteriour signes conceiuing the interiour heartes-griefe, and seeing the poore young Gentleman martyred so miraculously, comparing times and reuolutions, attained to the knowledge of her abroad, and concluding in himselfe to comfort him, which almost dispaired, hee spake thus to *Forbonius*.

My good friend, whence groweth it, that neyther the nobilitie of thy auncestors? nor thy forepassed attempts? neither the benefit of thy mistres fauour can confirme thee, but that thou wilt be carefull for that which thou hast alreadie almost compassed. Pluck vp your heart my swéete *Forbonius*, for thy *Prisceria* is not farre from thee. *Farnusium* a mannor house of her Fathers, seated East out of this Citie, whereas she is so circumspectly lookt into, that by anie meanes, vnlesse by secret and conuenient pollicie, thou canst come to the accomplishment of thy desire. Thou must therefore attyred altogether like a shepheard, depart this citie, and by some conuenient meanes procure the kéeping of some one Farmers shéepe, which is resident among those mountaines, by whose meanes thou shalt fall in acquaintance with the garden of thy mistres, called *Sotto*, and hauing conuenient occasion to satisfie thy affection, possesse thy selfe of y^t thou hast long desired.

Forbonius concluding his replie with hartie thanks, sodainly departed, & remembring himselfe of one *Corbo*, a tenaunt of his, which had his mation house verie conueniently, seated hard by the mannor house of *Soldunius*, he hastely shapéd his iourney vnto him, & making him priue to y^t he desired, & swearing him to be constant & continue secret, he betooke himselfe to y^e kéeping of his tenants shéepe, & not forgetting to driue his flocke néere vnto the lawnd wheras *Soldunius* seruants grased their

I. shéepe,

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sheepe, he so demeaned himselfe, that not onely he attayned the fauor of *Sotto* which he sought for, but also for his curteous affabilitie was accouted of amōg y^e whole troupe of heards men for y^e best singer, & y^e tunablest Musition. His Aeglogs were so delectable, & the delinery of them so delicate. Whervpon by good fortune it so fel out, y^e *Forbonius* vnder the coulourable name of *Arnetio*, was desired by *Sotto*, to resort vnto y^e mānor house, who informed him of all y^e hapned, telling him of the careful demeanour of his sorowing young mistres, who pleased with nothing but with solitarie musicke, pined her selfe awaie wth melancholy, & not without cause, (said he,) for my old master hath forbiddē me y^e admitting of any one to her presence, not suffering her to passe the limits of my warie cie: nor allowing her to walke wthout y^e castel walles for her recreation. For my sake therefore chaunt her some melodie, & resort with me to a conuenieet arbour within our garden, whereas shee walking for her recreation, may perhaps take some delight in thy sorowfull mournings, in y^e they most fit her fantasie. *Forbonius* as willing to wend, as he desirous to perswade, accompanied *Sotto* to *Farnusium*, wher hauing a place appointed him to apply his Aeglogs, and the Goddesse before him whom he should deuine vpon, hēe vnder these secrets described his passions.

*A*Midst these Mountaines on a time did dwell,
A louely shepheard who did beare the bell.
For swéete reports and many louing layes:
Whom while he fed his flocke in desart wayes,
A netheards daughter deckt with louely white,
Behelde and loude the lasse *Corinna* hight.
Him sought she oft with many a swéete regard,
With sundrie tokens she her sutes preferd,
Her care to kéepe his féeding flocke from stray,
Whilst carelesse he amidst the lawnes did play.

Her

Forbonius and Prisceria.

30

Her swéete regards she spent vpon his face,
Her Countrie cates she sent to gaine his grace,
Her garlands gaie to decke his temples faire,
Her doubled sighs bestowd on gliding aire,
Her pleasant kisse where she might steale a touch,
Corinnas zeales to *Corulus* was such.
He wanton shepheard glorying in her fute,
These signes of zeale to folly did impute:
Not waying of her many louing sightes,
Her watrie eyes, her secret moane by nights:
Her carelesse comfort in her fruitfull ewes,
Her monefull Aeglogs full of carefull shewes,
But scorning that, (which might that Godhead moue,
Who in a shepheards forme, for *Ioues* behoue,
Did charme the watchman of the heifer faire,
For whose behoofe the thunder left the aire.)
He left the place where she did loue to bide,
And draue his flocke another way beside.
Whose dire disdaine (the God that kindles loue,
And makes impressions straungly from aboue
Misliking) strake with fancie at that flower,
The silly shepheard wounded by his power.
Now sought for that which he tofore did shun,
And now the heat of fancie first begun,
To straine a yéelding in his restlesse minde:
Such are the wounds that passe from fancie blinde,
That *Corulus* will now *Corinna* woe,
Though earst he loathd and scorned so to dooe.
Now she that sought with many a swéete aspect,
Is sude to now by him that did neglect.
Now bountifull is swéete *Corinnas* grace,
Now like the Sunne in welkin shines her face,
Her eyes like *Gemini* attend on *Ioue*,
Her stately front was figured from aboue,
Her daintie nose of Iuorie faire and shéene,
Bespurfurate with ruddie roses béene.

I. ij.

Her

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Her cheric lips doth daunt the morning hiew,
From whence a breath so pleasant did insfew,
As that which laide faire *Psiches* in the vayle,
Whome *Cupide* woode and woed to his auayle.
Within the compasse of which hollowe swéete,
Those orient ranks of siluer pearles doe méete,
Prefixing lyke perfection to the eie,
As siluer colde amidst the summers skie:
For whence such wordes in wisdome couched be,
As Gods from thence fetch their Philosophie:
Her dimpled chin of Alablafter white,
Her stately necke where nature did acquite
Her selfe so well, as that at fodaine fight,
She wist the worke were spent vpon her selfe,
Her cunning thus was showde vpon the shelve:
For in this pile was fancie painted faire,
In either hand an asure pipe she bare:
By one repeating many a swéete consent,
By other comfort to the heart she sent.
From which a seemely passage there doth show,
To strangers pleasures that are plait alow,
Like to the forrowe *Phaeton* did leue,
Amidst the welkin when he did receiue,
His Fathers charge, and set the world on fire:
In this faire path oft paced swéete desire,
At euerie turne beholding with delight,
That Marble mount that did affect the sight.
Of virgins waxe the swéet impressiion was,
The cunning compasse thereof did surpasse,
For art concluding all perfections there,
Wrote this report, All graces bideth here.
Which *Cupide* spying built his mansion so,
As scorning those swéete graces to bestoe
On mortall man, with bowe ibent doth waite,
Least *Love* should steale impressiions by deceit.

And

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And wondring at the crisped coment faire,
In thought concludes it méeter for the aire
Then mortall mould: next which the stately thies,
Like two faire compast marble pillers rife,
Whose white dooth staine the daintie driuen snow:
Next which the knées with lustie bent below
Conioynd with nerues and cords of Amber swéete,
This stately pyles with gladfome honour gréete,
Such stately knées as when they bend a lite,
All knées doo bend and boow with strange delyght.
Her calues with stranger compasse doo succéed,
In which the afures streames a wonder bréede,
Both art and nature therein laboured haue,
To paint perfection in her coulours braue,
Next which, the pretie ground worke of the pile,
Doth shew it felse and wonder doth beguile,
The ioyntes whereof combind of Amber swéete,
With corall cords, yéeld bent to séemely féete.
From which, whose list to list his gasing eye,
Shall greater cause of wonder soone espie.
When on the backe he bends his wauering looke,
In which the worke and tafke *Diana* tooke,
When with *Arachne* for the prise she straue,
Both art and nature there excelled haue.
Where from *Pigmaliions* image séemely white,
Where close conueiaunce passing *Gordians* plight,
Where louely *Nectar* drinke for all the Gods,
Where euerie grace is stained there by ods.
Will not content with gasing looke for more,
And spie those armes that stand his sight before,
Which for their mould the *Aegyptian* wonders passe,
Which for their beautie staine the Christall glasse,
Which in their motion maister natures swéete,
Where blushing streames present a secrets meete,
Will now amazde, conclude at last of this,
That in the hands all grace concluded is.

I. iii.

Where

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Where Nature limits euer fatali time.
Where Fortune figures pleasure in her prime,
Whence spred those fingers tipt with Iuorie.
Whole touch *Medusas* turne may well supplie,
Where to conclude as now the shepherd déemes
All grace, all beautie, all perfections séemes.
Thus *Corulus* with many secret thoughts.
Diuines on her whom erst he set at naughts:
And forst by scorch of inward throwded fire.
He séekes for her his fancie did require.
Who fraught with woes in secret throwdes renude,
Her silent grieve vnure of that infude.
Her *Corulus* with warie search at last
At sodaine sound: and as a man agast
At that he saw, drew backe with feare, and than
Remembring of his woes his fute began:
O swéete *Corinna* blessed be the soyle
That yéelds thee rest amidst thy dayly toyle.
And happie ground whereon thou fatest so:
Blest be thy flocke, which in these lawnes doo go,
And happie I, but hauing leaue to looke:
Which said, with feare he paw'd, and bloud forsooke
His palie face, till she that wrought the fire,
Restorde the red, and kindled swéete desire.
And with a bashfull looke beholding him,
Which many months her pleasant foe had bin:
She cast her armes about his drooping necke,
And with her daintie fingers dawde him vp.
And kissing of his palie coloured face,
(Like as the Gods) by touch did soone displace
The sowre, that alterd the poore shepherds swéete,
When thus she gan her *Corulus* to gréete:
O louely shepherd happie be the hower,
In which (I know not by what secret power)

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The Gods haue sent thee hether to thy frend,
Alas what grieve should *Corulus* offend? }
Whom fairest Nymph might well a liking lend.
Thy graſing Ewes with vdders full of milke,
With fruitfull fleece and wooll as ſofte as filke,
Take glory in the fatneſſe of this foyle
And praiſe theyr Maſtres care and buſie toyle:
And now accuſe thee of thy drooping mone,
Tis but enough for me to wayle alone
For why *Corinna* onely hapleſſe is.
Poore *Corulus* at laſt reuiude by this,
Gan ſighing ſilence now to interrupt
And baniſh feare which did his hope corrupt.
And thus he ſaid: O Nymph of beauties traine,
The onely cauſe and eaſer of my paine:
Tis not the want of any worldly ioy,
Nor fruitleſſe breed of Lambes procures my noy,
Ne ſigh I thus for any ſuch miſhap:
For theſe vaine goods I lull in fortunes lap.
But other gréeses and greater cauſe of care,
As now *Corinna* my tormenters are.
Thy beautie Goddeſſe is the onely good,
Thy beautie makes mine eyes to ſtreame a flood,
Thy beautie breakes my woonted pleaſant ſleepe,
Thy beautie cauſeth *Corulus* to weepe:
For other ioyes they now but ſhadowes be,
No ioye but ſwéete *Corinnas* loue for me.
Whereon I now beſéech thee, by that white
Which ſtaines the lilly, and affects my ſight,
By thoſe faire locks whereas the graces reſt,
By thoſe ſwéete eyes whereas all pleaſures neſt:
Doo yéelde me loue, or leaue me for to die.
Corinna ſtudious for to yéeld reply,
With many teares bedewd the ſhepherds face,
And thus at laſt ſhe ſpake: *O happie place,*

The

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The which the Gods appoynted for my good.
What blessed Nymph within this sacred wood
Hath pleaded poore *Corinius* lawfull cause?
Or be they dreames that now my fancie drawes?
O *Corulus* ne readst thou sue to me,
Nor spend the teares for to accepted be,
Since long ere this I would haue bent to bow,
If modest feare could well haue taught me how.
In happie bonds of *Himen* I am thine:
No plead thou grace to her that dooth incline.
Thus with a kisse she sealed vp the déed:
When as the shepheard glad of happie spéed
Embracing her he had desired long,
Gan call for grace to her he so did wrong.
Confirmed thus with mutuall glad consent,
They finisht vp the marriage that they ment.
Great was the day, and euery field compéere
Delighted in the pleasure of his déere.
Poore I alone in sad lamenting layes,
Deprived of the pleasure of my dayes,
In carefull tunes in brieve concluding thus:
O happie times and planets gracious.
When in a mirrour beautie did behold
The hidden woes, my muse could wél vnfold:
And with a liking looke shape some replie.
But woe is me, since fathers crueltie
In changed formes hath altred termes of sute,
And altering place hath made my Goddesse mute.
Who honouring *Pan*, may hap the person fée,
Whom habit strange perswades it should be me.

THis delectable Aeglogue finished by the amorous
Forbonius gaue occasions to *Prisceria* to satisfie
the thoughts that then troubled her fantasie. For con-
founded in her selfe, not knowing what to conclude of
that

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that the shepheard *Arualio* had reported, yet welnigh perfwades that the reporter was he she liked off, with a séemely grace, not minding to incurre the lightest fuspition, turning toward *Forbonius*, whose hand was on his half-penie, shée sayd thus.

Gentle shepheard, that Nymph thou louest shuld alter from womanhood, that considering thy true zeale, & exquisite proportions, would not requite thy loyaltie, with the benefit of her loue. Truly Madame (aunfwered the imagined *Arualio*, and I thinke my selfe gracious in this, that for her whom I loue I am enioyned this torment, wherevpon turning himselfe a side, and drying vp the teares which should bewray his fancie, he was at last known by *Prisceria*, who altogether amazed at the presence of *Forbonius*, forgetting welnie the infortunacie she was intangled in, cast her armes about his necke, yet colouring with a séemly disdain to shadow her opinion, and blindfold subtill *Sotto*, shée sayde thus. Truly shepheard, if I may preuaile with thy mistres, thou shalt not be vnrewarded for this curtesie: & Madame (said *Forbonius*) might I counsell your Ladyship, you should not sorrow for that maye be compassed at your pleasure.

This said, *Sotto* taking *Arualio* by the hand, tooke his leaue of his young Mistresse thus: My young Ladie, I as studious of your pleasure as may be, haue brought you this young shepheard to laugh at, & if his musick like you, you shall haue euery day at the least a lay or two. And héerin shalt thou doo me no small pleasure said *Prisceria*? & so with a séemly regard shaping a loth departure, y^e two shepherds resorted to their flocks, *Arualio* altogether amazed at his mistres beautie, and *Sotto* very iocond he had fitted his young Ladies fancy so well: whervpon y^e old shepheard, turning to our solitarie & distressed *Arualio*, said thus, What maks thée thus follom my youthly compéere? cease to gréeue thy

K. selfe

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selfe about those thinges that may be compassed, if thou loue, time shal eate out that which Treacle cannot, and thou shalt either be fortunate in possessing hir thou desirest, or in ouerpassing thy passions with good gouernment, leaue loue to those that like her. *Arualio* not to seeke of curteous humanitie, gaue him this aunswere. O *Sotto*, it is not the loue that gréeueth me, but the meanes to compasse loue: I labour not to attain loue, but to possesse the profits of my long seruice in loue: as for time, it may worke wonders in them that are repulsed: but when *Cupid* is gracious, and occasions vnfortunate, thinke you y^t this is not a bitter sowre? Yea, but answered *Sotto*, & if it be so *Arualio* plucke vp thy sprights, and doubt thou not, but if thou prooue diligent in pleasing my young mistresse, I meane not to be idle, if I may know whom thou likest of. As for that doubt not, said our disguised *Forbonius*, for since I know by thy onely meanes my loue is to be compassed, I wil not stick in so slight a pleasure to profit, when as by thy meanes I may onely succour my selfe. In such lyke termes passing ouer their werisome walke: At last they betooke themselues each of them to the folding of their sheep, for it was welnie night, and the Sunne was steept in the Ocean: whervpon *Arualio* the shepheard, becomming now *Forbonius* indéede, hasted him home vnto his Tenaunts house, making him both priue of his happie fortune, and concluding with himselfe howe to performe that he wished for, and for that long trauayle requireth some quiet, he betooke himselfe to rest: where recompencing al his nights wakings, with a quiet sleep: At dawne of day he returned in his counterfeit habite vnto the field, and vnfolding his flocke, he draue them into those pastures, that wer adioyning to *Sottos* walk: who no sooner spied *Arualio*, but saluting him very curteously, he earnestly intreated him, (setting all excuses apart)

Forbonius and Prisceria. 34

apart) to go to *Farnusum*, and in the best sort that hée might to solace the vnfortunate *Prisceria*, who onely wayting that occasion, commending his flocke to the ouer-sight of the old man, & accompanied with *Saracca* the daughter of the old *Sotto*, he was presented to his desired, within the castle, who by the absence of *Sotto*, finding all occasions to serue her turne, hauing sent sillye *Sarraca* about some fléeueleffe arrant, she taking the occasion profered, said thus to *Forbonius*: Bleft be that swéete concept of thine (O my friend) which to the vnfortunate rigour of my father, hath adapted so conuenient an end. Now maist thou with as great pleasures enioye thy desired, as with déepe perplexities thou hast sorrowed in her absence. Now neither distaunce can feuer vs from imbracing, nor the watchfull eye of my fether, intercept thée of thy wish. Sée héere thy *Prisceria*, who though the Fates worke neuer so contrarie, will liue to *Forbonius*, and onely loue *Forbonius*.

This said, with many kisses comforting him which was almost overcome with pleasaunt imaginations, she was returned this aunswere by her most assured fauourer.

O *Prisceria*, if ouerpressed with manye suspitious thoughts, if made pertaker of the infernall tortures in *Phlegeton*, if subiect to the punishment of the Daughters of *Danaus*, or affixed to the torture that martereth *Titius*, I should be confirmed by this onely benefit in opinion, and made constant in all misfortunes, yea, euen to overcome the insupportable trauailes of the sisters, and be enabled with constancie to subdue all torments what so euer, by remembraunce onely of one gracious regard. It is neither thy fathers rancor swéet *Prisceria*, nor distance of place, nor any one occasiō what soeuer, can either sequester me of my hope, nor thée of the possession of thy wished: cast off therefore all doubt

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of after dole, & assure your self, that as this plesure hath his originall this present instant, so by my meanes ere long it shalbe continued for euerlasting memory. Pas-
sing the time in such like pleasures, and ministering a remedie vnto each others torments, I cannot tell, whether by the iniquitie of destenie, or otherwise: *Soldanius* learning out *Forbonius* departure, and suspitious of his forward attempts, at that very instant arriued at *Farnusium*, when the two amorous couple, little doubting his sodaine approch, were coasted with this sower, in midst of all their swéete, that the enemie of their pleasures euen then entred the Castle, when as it seemed the fates had prefixed them that conueniencie & opportunitie to allaye their long sorrowing. The brute of whose aduent brought to the eares of *Prisceria*, Lorde how she was confounded in her self, how dismaid was *Forbonius* at that instant, how at y^t very time were they both astonied, when most circumspection should be had: so that scarce they had then dried vp their teares, when as *Soldanius* entring the chamber, quicklie discovered the whole counterfaite (for iealous eyes inflamed with rancour pretermit nothing) wherevpon the olde man at first, nothing at all deluded by the straunge habite, spying out their procéedings, laying violent hands on *Forbonius* caused him forcibly to be conueyed to the strongest tower in the Castle, and touning himselfe to *Prisceria*, he began thus.

O thou wicked and vngracious mayd, degenerating from the Nobilitie of thy auncestours, and led by vn-
seemly affections, not directed by the likings of thy tender parents, in what tearmes shuld I accuse thee? or bewray my sorrowes? Woe is me, that am inforced to be an eie witnesse of mine owne sorow, & to behold y^t with mine eyes, that I hate in my heart: Is this the reward of bréeding children? Is this the benefite that is reapt by issue? Are these the pleasures that befall Parentes?

O

of Forbonins and Prisceria. 35

O *Soldunius*, happie hadst thou bene, if either *Prisceria* had béene vnborne, or thou vnmarried, by the one thou shouldest haue escaped this present miserie, by the other preuented the vntoward sorrow that now confoundeth thee. Is thy loue to be fixed there where I hate? or shouldest thou be amorous of him who is odious to thy Father? O vile wretch borne among the *Hircan* Tygres, which respecting not thy Fathers felicitie, ouerburthenest his olde yeares with vnlooked for calamitie: but if euer iust Gods pittied a lawfull complaint, I doubt not but they that minister iustice to all men, wil wreak the iniuries thou hast done to me.

Thus sayd, he sate down altogether confounded with melancholie. When as *Prisceria* finding occasion to speake for her selfe, began thus.

Who seeketh O father, to preuent the destinies, laboureth in vaine, and who indeauoureth to alter nature, as he striueth against the streame, so must he perish in his owne ouerwéening: the Gods haue concluded our loue, and will you being a creature seeke to infringe it? Alasse my father, why should my pleasure be your discomfort? or that by which I liue, proue that which most you hate? Doe not you héerein breake nature? who laie violent hands on your owne flesh, and seeke to alter that by rigor, that was ordained by diuine instinct? O lette your rancor ouerslip (my good father) and if euer humble sute preuailed with an honourable minde, cease to hate him whom I loue: and couple vs both together, whom the Gods hauing ioyned in an assured league of friendship, it cannot be but iniustice to alter their proceedings.

Soldunius not able to digest the furie of his passion, nor willing to weigh of the submissiue request of his daughter, interrupted her thus: And is it not sufficient or thee (vaine wench as thou art) to passe the limites of nature? but to continue thy error too? Thinkest thou to

K. iij. compasse

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compasse me with teares, who without sighes cannot call to memorie thy escape? no *Prisceria*, both thou shalt see, and that varlet shall knowe, that my displeasure will not be finished but w^t bloud, nor my anger satified, till I haue confounded him, who hath discomfited me. Whervpon flinging out of the chamber in a great rage, and fastening both boltes and lockes, he with his traine resorted to the imprisoned poore shepheard, his capitall enimie *Forbonius*, whom after he had taunted with these vniust tearmes, he proceeded further to this vniust reuenge: Thou cursed and abhominable caitife, is it not sufficient by the iniuries of thy Father *Cluames*, to moue my patience, but that thou in person must violate my daughter? Thinkest thou that the Gods detest not these iniuries? when as with wicked attempts thou bewitchest the daughter, and massacrest the Father? naie nether in iustice will they pretermitt the offence, nor will nature suffer me to beare with thine error: prepare thy selfe therefore to make him recompence with thy bloud, whom thou hast troubled with thy attempt.

Forbonius confounded with sorrowe, and amazed at this austere iudgement, yet remembering the nobilitie that was alwayes accounted in him, answered him thus.

Although enraged rancour hath made thee passe the limits of honour, (O *Soldanius*) yet passe not so farre in thy resolutions, as to staine the dignitie of thy person, with the martyrdome of a guiltlesse Gentleman. If I did hate thy daughter, that lyttle enuye that grewe by my Fathers displeasure, might by reason grow to deepe and rooted mallice, but when I loue *Prisceria*, why shoulde I bee contempned of *Soldanius*? It should seeme that loue was not accompted lothsome among the gods, when as prefixing a punishment to all escapes, they prescribe an honour to this: chiefly concluding it to be

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of Forbonius and Prisceria. 36

a vertue: wherevppon thou must conclude, that eyther thou contemnest the decrees of the Gods, or meafurest all thinges by thine owne mallice. Thou threatnest me with death (vaine man) and I weigh not the dissolution of my bodie: for this I assure thee, as long as I may live, I will honour *Prisceria*, and being dead, my ghost shall persecute thee with reuenge, and prosecute my affections towarde my best beloued. So *Prisceria* lyue, *Forbonius* careth not to dye, the onely memorie of whome shall make mee constaunt in misfortunes, and willing to withstande the brunt of thy crueltie: wherevpon my conclusiō is, that if *Solduuius* for faithful assurance wil become a friendlye allowe of *Forbonius*, he which by reason of the mallice of his Father had once cause to hate him, will now honour him, and that strife which separated two so noble families, shal now be finished in our happy marriage: if this like not, procéde as thou pleasest. In granting mee fauour, thou shalt finde honour, in bereauing mee of lyfe, thou shalt finish all my misfortunes.

The discourse of *Forbonius* thus ended, *Solduuius* began thus, after y^t he had somewhat digested his cholar: Although *Forbonius* the iniuries thou hast offered me, together with former displeasures, be sufficient to continue my resolution, yet weyghing with my selfe that it is vaine to alter that which is prefixed by destinye, wonne by reason which directeth all men, and by the tender loue I beare my Daughter, which shoulde preuayle with a Father: I yeelde thee thy loue to inioye in chaste wedlocke, and wheres thou lookedst I shoulde bee thy tormentour, loe I am nowe contented to be thy vnlooked for Father. Wherevppon taking *Forbonius* by the hande, and conueying him to *Priscerias* chamber, hee confirmed the Gentleman in his former purpose, and his daughter of his assured fauour,

vsing

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vſing theſe kind of tearmes to diſcouer his intention: My daughter, that father that euen now hainouſly miſlikt of thy louer, now gloryeth in thy lyking, & he which whilome hated *Forbonius*, now vouchſafeth him his ſon in lawe: wherevpon comfort your ſelues with mutual ſolace, & to morrow we will to the Citie to finiſh vpy^e ceremonies. The two louers compaſſed with incredible pleaſures, & not able to ſuppreſſe the affections that poſſeſſed thē, but by breaking out into ſpēch: they both humbled thēſelues to aged *Solduuius*, returning him by y^e mouth of *Forbonius* theſe thanks. O noble gentleman, it may not be erpreſſed by tongue, what I imagine in heart, who by your meanes, of the moſt vnfortunateſt man that liueth, am become the only happie man of the world: notwithstanding this in lew of all fauour I will returne you, that both by that meanes all priuate quarrells ſhall ceaſe betwēene our two families, and you regiſtred in our *Aegyptian* Records, for the onely peacemaker of *Memphis*. In theſe ſwēete ſpeeches ouer paſſing the daie & night, the next morrow the whole traine poſted to *Memphis*, whereas by the high Priest of the Sun they were ſolempnly eſpowſed, and after many ſorrowes were recompēſed with nuptiall pleaſure. Now Ladies and Gentlewomen, I muſt leaue this to your conſideration, whether the louers for their conſtancie are more to be commended, or the olde man for his patience more to be wondered at: I leaue you to fit that concluſion, till you haue read what is written, promiſing you that if my rude diſcourſe haue wrought you anye pleaſure, I will both labor héerafter to ſerue all occaſions, and ſo fixe my ſtudies as they ſhall not farre differ from your fantaſies: and thus crauing you to winke at an errour, and commend as the cauſe requireth, I take my leaue: willing to be made priue if I haue anye wayes trauayled to your contentment.

FINIS.

TRVTHS COM- 37
plaint ouer England.

*M*Y mournfull Muse *Melpomine* drawe néere,
Thou saddest Ladie of the sisters thrée,
And let her plaints in paper now appéere:
Whose teares lyke Ocean billowes séeme to bée:
And should I note the plaintiffes name to thée?
Men call her *Truth*, once had in great request,
But banisht now of late for crafts behest.

Amidst the rest that fet their pen to booke,
She pickt me out to tell this wofull tale,
A simple Poet, on whose workes to looke,
The finest heads would thinke it verie stale:
Yet though vnworthie, to my friends auaille
I take the toile, and praie my Muses aide:
To blazon out the tale of *Truth* dismaide.

Such time as *Phæbus* from the couloured skie,
Did headlong driue his horses t'ord the West,
To suffer horned *Luna* for to prie,
Amidst the duskie darke, new raifde from rest,
As I in fragrant fields with woes opprest:
Gan walke to driue out melancholy grieve,
Which in my heart at that time had the chéeft.

It was my hap fast by a riuers side,
To heare a rufull voice lamenting thus,
You iulling streames, euen as your waues diuide:
So breakes my heart with passions perillous,
Which faine I would vnto the world discusse,
Were anie héere for to recount my moane,
Whose wofull heart for inward grieve doth grone.

L.

Which

Truths complaint

Which sayd, she cast her dewed eyes askance,
And spying me, gan rowse her heauie head,
And praide me pen her sad and heauie chance,
And she recounted it that present sted,
I did agréé, and graunting *Truth* me fed
With these reportes, which I fet downe in vearse,
Which gréeues my Muse for sorrowes to rehearse.

Whilome (déere friend) it was my chaunce to dwell,
Within an Iland compast with the waue,
A safe defence a forren foe to quell.
Once *Albion* cald, next *Britaine Brutus* gaue,
Now *England* hight, a plot of beautie braue,
Which onely soyle, should féeme the feate to bée,
Of Paradise, if it from sinne were frée.

Within this place, within this sacred plot,
I first did frame, my first contented bower,
There found I peace and plentie for to float,
There iustice rulde, and shinde in euerie stowre,
There was I lou'de and fought too euerie howre,
Their Prince content with plainnesse loued Truth,
And pride by abstinence was kept from youth.

Then flew not fashions euerie daie from *Fraunce*,
Then fought not Nobles nouells from a farre,
Then land was kept, not hazarded by chaunce,
Then quiet minde preferud the foile from iarre,
Cloth kept out colde, the poore reléeued were.
This was the state, this was the luckie stowre,
While *Truth* in *England* kept her statelie bowre.

Iustice did neuer looke with partiall eyes,
Demosthenes was neuer dum for golde,

The

ouer England.

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The Princes eares were ope to pefants cries,
And falſe ſuſpect was charely kept in holde,
Religion flouriſht, liuings were not ſolde
For lucre then, but giuen by defart,
And each receiu'd, & preacht with zealous hart.

Then learning was the Loadſtone of the land,
Then huſbandman was free from ſhiftes of lawe,
Then faithfull promiſe ſtoode in ſtéed of band,
The Drones from buſie Bée no *Mel* could drawe,
Then loue, not feare, did kéepe the ſtate in awe:
Then, then did flourish that renowned time,
When earth and aſhes thruſted not to clime.

For as the horſe well mand abides the bit,
And learnes his ſtop by raine in riders hand,
Where mountaine colt that was not fadled yet,
Runnes headlong on amidſt the fallowed land,
Whoſe fierce reſiſt ſcarce bends with anie band:
So men reclaimde by vertue, tread aright,
Where led by follies, miſchiefes on them light.

Vſe maſters all, vſe nurtereth mortall wayes,
Vſe, vſe of good, continues happie ſtate,
Vſe, vſe of méé, made *England* then haue praiſe,
But ſince abuſe hath baniſht me of late.
Alaſſe the while, there runnes another rate,
Which while by ſad inſight I looke into,
I ſée the want of thoſe that haue to doe.

And yet I ſée not *Sodome*: ſome are good,
Whoſe inward bowels dayly melt in mone,
To ſée how *Britans* now is raging wood,
Hard hearted, flintie minded, all in one,
Bent to abuſe, and leauing me alone.

L. ij.

Alone-

Truths complaint

Alonely lead with carelesse shew of peace,
Whereas secure regard doth sinne increafe.

Some, some there be whom zeale hath swallowed vp,
First, blessed Prince, of whom I finde reléeſe,
Some noble péeres that taſt errors cup,
Some godly Prelates in the Church are chéeſe,
Some Lawiers lead by zeale, lament my greefe.
Some Merchants follow God, not ſwallow golde,
Some countrie Swains loue truth you may be bolde.

Yet as great ſtore of Darnell marres the ſéed,
Which elſe would ſpring within a fertile field:
And as the fruitfull bud is choakt by wéede:
Which otherwiſe a gladſome grape would yéeld,
So ſometimes wicked men doe ouerwéeld,
And kéepe in couert thoſe who would direct,
The common ſtate, which error doth infect.

Yet *Truth* muſt neuer alter from his name,
Good Prince ſayd I, ye good: what of her ſelfe?
And that is good, for Princes that doe frame.
Themſelues to priuate good, doo ſubiects good,
Yet that's not that ſame goodneſſe I would name:
Good Prince, good people, that's the good I craue,
Of Princes goods, that goodneſſe would I haue.

For as the great commaunder of the tides,
God *Neptune* can allay the ſwelling ſeas,
And make the billowes mount on either ſides:
When wandering kéeles his cholar would diſpleaſe:
So Princes may ſtirre vp and ſoone appeaſe,
The commons heart to doe: and to deſtroy
That which is good, or this, which threatens any.

For

For common state can neuer f way amiffe
 When Princes liues doo leuell all a right,
 Be it for Prince that *England* happie is,
 Yet haplesse *England* if the fortune light:
 That with the Prince, the subiects séeke not right,
 Vnhappie state, vnluckie times they bée,
 When Princes liues and subiects difagré.

I know not I whence come these wayward woes,
 Whose sodaine shoves portend this sodain change,
 Yet dooth mis doubt such sodaine feares disclose,
 As *Truth* this present doubts the sequell strange:
 When stable head, lets staileffe members range,
 I feare me: as the buildings trust to sand,
 So every blast will stroy with turne of hand,

When as in Court by proud contempt I sée,
 A fashion feedes the fancies now a dayes,
 When as in Court promotions passed be
 By selfe opinion: oft the wise man fayer,
 The turnes are strange, and fauour soone decayes:
 And those whom fortune windeth now a floate,
 By change of fauour, soone may change their coate.

When as election dooth but passe by fence,
 Then must I déeme the world is fed by shoves:
 When garish beautie causeth vaine expence,
 It séemes the man should sée, but little knowes,
 Repentaunce is the fruite by louing growes:
 So when in Court nought but such pleasures be,
 Repentaunce must ensue we well may sée.

But leauing Court, where though the bramble groes,
 Yet zealous care there fets her selfe I see,

L. iij.

I

Truths complaint

I doo in Court but now complaine of those,
Who practise that that fits not their degré:
Whose vaines by powre full oft corrected be:
But now such colours cloake each bad pretence,
That shoves doo hold the wife in some suspence.

But I poore I, though gréed at courtlike scapes,
Lamenting there the lawish vaine expence,
Haue farther cause abroad to note escapes,
Where craft dooth kéepe true meaning in suspence:
And wily worldlings couer their pretence
With holy shapes, and in a holy coate,
Dooth flattery praise those men that swim a floate:

In Nobles traines, who sées not strange mis déemes,
Where each dooth gape and catch at priuate gaine,
And fléece the Lord, who though he blindfold séemes,
By oft attempts dooth barre them of their vaines,
The painfull wretch who toiles with often paines,
He hath faire words, when flattery fucks the swéete,
Thus shoves take place, and *Troth's* trod vnder féete.

In *England* giftes can compasse each reproofe,
The bad for gold may soone be counted good,
The wicked gainer for the states behoofe,
The blindest buzzard to giue heauenly food,
The faintest heart in warlikst place hath stood:
And who giues most, hath now most store of farmes,
Rackt rents, the Lord with golden fuell warmes.

And Iustice fore I feare by powre is led,
The poore may crie, and gladly créepe to crosse,
The rich with wealth, though wealthie now are fed,
The simple man now onely beares the losse,
The Lawier he the golden crownes doth tosse,

And

1

ouer England.

40

And now hath fées at will with cap and knée,
And each man cries, good fir come plead for me.

O fwéete the time, when neither folly might
 Mislead your hopes, nor alter olde décrées.
O happie *Truth* when as with fwéete delight,
 She laboured still far conscience not for fees.
 O blessed time, when zeale with bended knées,
Gan bleffe the heauens, that bent their powres diuine,
The English hearts to wisedome to encline.

But now refusd, disdaind, and set at naught,
 Inforst to féeke for rest in place vnknowne,
I wayle poore wretch, that no redresse is fought:
 But well I wot, my gréefes are not mine owne,
 Some beare a part and helpe to waile my mone,
But all in vaine: such colours now are made,
That those would mend the misse, doo daunce in shade.

This said, bewetting all the place with teares,
 And from her eyes expelling flouds of mone,
Her louely lockes bespred about her eares,
 She waude her wings as willing to be gone:
 And after pause, she soard away anone,
And thus she said: You Ilanders adieu,
You banisht me, before I fled from you.
Lenuoy. Beléeue me Countrimen this thing is true.

FINIS.



SCILLAES
Metamorphosis:

Enterlaced
with the vnfortunate loue
of *Glaucus*.

VVhereunto is annexed the delectable discourse
of the discontented *Satyre*: with fundrie other
moſt abſolute Poems and Sonnets.

Contayning the detestable tyrannie of Dis-
daine, and Comickall triumph of Conſtan-
cie: Verie fit for young Courtiersto
peruſe, and coy Damesto
remember.

By *Thomas Lodge* of Lincolnes
Inne, Gentleman.

O vita! miſero longa, felici breuis.



Imprinted at London by *Richard Fhones*,
and are to be ſold at his ſhop neere Holburne
bridge, at the ſigne of the Roſe and
Crowne. 1589.



TO HIS ESPECIAL
good friend Master Rafe Crane,
and the rest of his most entire wellwil-
lers, the Gentlemen of the Innes
of Court and Chauncerie. Tho-
mas Lodge of Lincolnes Inne
Gent. Wissheth increafe of
worship and continu-
ance in vertue.



VVeete (*Master Crane*) I had
not thought at this instant to
haue partaked my passions
with the print, whose discon-
tented thoughts so long in-
ured to obscuritie, were diuorced many
yeares since, from vaine glories inordinate
follie: but the base necessitie of an extraua-
gant melancholie mate, that had no other
vnde of quod aduictum attinet, but the fore-
stalling of other mens inuentions, made my
vnperfit Poems (in spite of waste paper) to
hazard an apprenticeship in Poules: so that,
that which in the first peeping foorth was
★ vvholie

The Epistle

wholie predestinate to your friendship, by an vnderhand marte, is made the mercinarie recreation of euerie ridiculous mate. Our wits now a daies are waxt verie fruitefull, and our Pamphleters more than prodigall; So that the postes which stooode naked a tedious *non terminus*, doo vaunt their double apparrell as soone as euer the Exchequer openeth; and euerie corner is tooke vp with some or other penileffe companion that will imitate any estate for a twopennie almes. I could afford you whole seruices of absurdities, that would disquiet the digestion of Arte *vsq; ad nauseam*, were it not that I pittie to particularize simple fellowes imperfections, and am altogether loath to aduenture my paines in so vngratefull a Province. For transformed *Scilla* how euer she hapned now to bee disioyned from disdainfull *Charybdis*; thinke not, but if they haue good shipping they wil meete ere long both in one shop; and landed they had at this instant, in one and the selfe fame bay, if *Scilla* (the vnfortunater of the two) had not met with a needie pirate by the way. Ariued shee
is,



Dedicatorie.

is, though in a contrary coast, but so wrackt,
and weatherbeaten, through the vnskilful-
nes of rough writers, that made their poast
hafte passage by night, as *Glaucus* would
scarce know her, if he met her: yet my hope
is Gentlemen, that you wil not so much ima-
gine what she is, as what shee was; infomuch
as from the shop of the Painter, shee is falne
into the hands of the stainer. Thus referring
the supportāce of my credit, & the inability
of my verse to your ingenious opinions, I
bid you farewell til the next Tearn; at vvhich
time I hope to entertaine your feuerall de-
lights, vvith farre better discourfes, and bee
fuppliant to my good friend Master *Crane*, in
some or other more acceptable Poem. In the
meane time let my appliable *voluisse*, intitle
me to your curtesie: vvhofe I am during life
in all enterchangeable dutie.

Your friend assured
Thomas Lodge.



The most pithie and pleasant
Historie of Glaucus and Silla.

WAlking alone (all onely full of grieve)
Within a thicket nere to *Ifis* floud,
Weeping my wants, and wailing scant reliefe,
Wringing mine armes (as one with sorrowe wood);
The piteous streames relenting at my mone
Withdrew their tides, and staid to heare me grone.
From forth the channell, with a sorrowing crie
The Sea-god *Glaucus* (with his hallowed heares
Wet in the teares of his fad mothers dye)
With piteous lookes before my face appeares;
For whome the Nimphes a mossie coate did frame,
Embroadered with his *Sillas* heauenly name.
And as I sat vnder a Willow tree,
The louelie honour of faire *Thetis* bower;
Reposd his head vpon my faintfull knée:
And when my teares had ceast their stormie shower
He dried my chéekes, and then bespake him so,
As when he waild I straight forgot my woe.
Infortunate, why wandreth thy content
From forth his scope as wearied of it selfe;
Thy bookes haue schoold thee from this fond repent,
And thou canst talke by prooffe of wauering pelfe:
Vnto the world such is inconstancie,
As sapp to tree, as apple to the eye.
Marke how the morne in roseat colour shines,
And straight with cloudes the Sunnie tract is clad;
Then see how pomp through waxe and waine declines,
From high to lowe, from better to the bad:
Take moist from Sea, take colour from his kinde,
Before the world deuoid of change thou finde.

A 2

With

Glaucus and Scilla.

With secret eye looke on the earth a while,
Regard the changes Nature forceth there;
Behold the heauens, whose courfe all fence beguile;
Respect thy felfe, and thou fhalt find it cléere,
That infantlike thou art become a youth,
And youth forespent a wretched age enfu'th.
In searching then the schoolemens cunning noates,
Of heauen, of earth, of flowers, of springing trees,
Of hearbs, of mettall, and of *Thetis* floates,
Of lawes and nurture kept among the Bées:
Conclude and knowe times change by courfe of fate,
Then mourne no more, but moane my haples state.
Here gan he pause and shake his heauie head,
And fould his armes, and then vnfold them straight;
Faine would he speake, but tongue was charm'd by dread,
Whil't I that fawe what woes did him awaight,
Comparing his mishaps and moane with mine,
Gan fmile for ioy and drie his drooping eyne.
But (loe) a wonder; from the channels glide
A sweet melodious noyse of muficke rofe,
That made the streame to dance a pleafant tide,
The weedes and fallowes néere the bancke that groes
Gan fing, as when the calmest windes accorde
To greete with balmie breath the fleeting forde.
Vpon the filuer bofome of the streame
First gan faire *Themis* shake her amber locks,
Whom all the Nymphs that waight on *Neptunes* realme
Attended from the hollowe of the rocks.
In brieft, while thefe rare parragons affemble,
The watrie world to touch their teates doo tremble.
Footing it featlie on the graffie ground,
Thefe Damfels circling with their brightfome faires
The loue-ficke God and I, about vs wound
Like ftarres that *Ariadnes* crowne repaires:
Who once hath feene or pride of morne, or day,
Would deeme all pompe within their cheekes did play.
Nais

Glaucus and Scilla.

Nais faire Nymph with *Bacchus* iuorie touch,
Gan tune a passion with fuch sweete reports,
And euerie word, noate, figh, and pause was fuch,
And euerie Cadence fed with fuch conforst,
As were the *Delian* Harper bent to heare,
Her statelie straines might tempt his curious eare.
Of loue (God wot) the louelie Nymph complained:
But fo of loue as forced loue to loue her;
And euen in loue fuch furious loue remained,
As fearching out his powrefull shaft to proue her,
He found his quiuer emptied of the beft,
And felt the arrowe sticking in his breaft.
Vnder a Popler *Themis* did refofe her,
And from a brier a sweetsfull branch did plucke:
When midft the brier ere ſhe could ſcarce ſuppoſe her
A Nightingale gan ſing: but woe the lucke;
The branch ſo néere her breaft, while ſhe did quicke her
To turne her head, on fodaine gan to pricke her.
Whil'ft ſmiling *Clore* midft her enuious bluſhes,
Gan blame her feare and pretilie ſaid thus;
Worfe prickes than theſe are found among theſe buſhes,
And yet ſuch prickes are ſcarcelie feared of vs.
Nay ſoft (ſaid *Chelis*) prickes doo make birds ſing,
But prickes in Ladies boſomes often ſting.
Thus ieſt they on the Nightingales report,
And on the prickle of the Eglantine'
On *Nais* ſong, and all the whole confort
In publique this ſweete ſentence did aſſigne;
That while ſome ſmile, ſome figh through change of time;
Some ſmart, ſome ſport amidſt their youthlie prime,
Such wreathes as bound the *Thebans* iuorie brow;
Such gay trickt garlands pleit theſe iollie Dames;
The flowres themſelues when as the Nymphes gan bowe,
Gan vaile their creſtes in honour of their names:
And ſmilde their ſweete and woed with ſo much glée,
As if they ſaid, ſweet Nymph come gather mée.

A 3

But

Glaucus and Silla.

But pencie *Glaucus* passionate with painings,
Amidst their reuell thus began his ruth;
Nimphes, flie these Groues late blasted with my plainings,
For cruell *Silla* nill regard my truth:

And leaue vs two comforted in our growings,
To register with teares our bitter monings.
The fouds doo faile their course to see our crosse,
The fields forsake their greene to heare our grieve,
The rockes will weepe whole springs to marke our losse,
The hills relent to store our icant reliefe.

The aire repines, the pencie birds are heauie,
The trees to see vs paind no more are leauie.
Ay me, the Shepheards let their flockes want feeding,
And flockes to see their palie face are iorie.
The Nimphes to spie the flockes and thepheards needling
Prepare their teares to heare our tragicke storie:

What we surpride with grieve cannot disclose them,
With fighting with the world for to suppose them.
He that hath seene the sweete *Arcaidian* boy
Wiping the purple from his forced wound.
His prote teares betokening his annoy,
His sighes, his cries, his falling on the ground,
The Echoes ringing from the rockes his fall,
The trees with teares reporting of his thrall:

And *Tonia* starting at her loue-mates crie,
Fanning hir birds to hant her chariot on:
And full of grieve at last with piteous eie
Seene where all pale with death he lay alone,
Whose beautie quaild, as wont the Lillies droop
When waitfull winter windes doo make them stoop:
Her daintie hand adrest to clawe her deere,
Her misell lip ained to his pale cheekie,
Her sighes, and then her lookes and heauie cheere,
Her bitter threates, and then her passions meeke:
How on his fenteles corpes the lay a crying,
As if the boy were then but new a dying.

He.

Glaucus and Silla.

He that hath vewd *Angelica* the faire
Bestraught with fancie nere the *Caspian* springs:
Renting the tresses of her golden haire,
How on her harpe with pitious notes she sings
 Of *Rolands* ruth, of *Medors* false depart,
 Sighing each rest from center of her heart.
How now she writes vpon a beechen bow
Her *Medors* name, and bedlam like againe
Calls all the heauen to witnes of his vow,
And straight againe begins a mournfull straine,
 And how in thought of her true faith forlooken
 He fled her bowres, and how his league was broken.
Aye me who markes her harpe hang vp againe
Vpon the willowes watered with her teares,
And how she rues to read her *Rolands* paine,
When but the shadowe of his name appeares;
 Would make more plainings from his eyes to flee
 Than teares distill from amber weeping tree.
He that hath knowne the passionate mishappes
That nere *Olimpus* faire *Lucina* felt
When as her *Latium* loue her fancie trappes,
How with suspect her inward soule dooth melt:
 Or markt the Morne her *Cephalus* complaining,
 May then recount the course of all our paining.
But tender Nymphes to you belongs no teene;
Then fauor me in flying from this bower
Whereas but care and thought of crosses been,
Leaue me that loose my felfe through fancies power,
 Through fancies power which had I leaue to loose it,
 No fancie then should see me for to choose it.
When you are fled the Heauen shall lowre for sorrowe,
The day oreast shalbe bedtime with fable,
The aire from Sea such streaming showres shall borrow
As earth to beare the brunt shall not be able,
 And shippes shall safely faile whereas beforne
 The ploughman watcht the reaping of his corne.

Goe

Glaucus and Scilla.

Goe you in peace to *Neptunes* watrie found,
No more may *Glaucus* play him with so prettie;
But thun resort where solace nill be found,
And plaine my *Scillaes* pride and want of pittie:
 Alas swéet Nimphs my Godhead's all in vaine,
 For why this brest includes immortall paine.
Scilla hath eyes, but too swéete eyes hath *Scilla*;
Scilla hath hands, faire hands but coy in touching;
Scilla in wit furpasseth graue *Sibilla*,
Scilla hath words, but words well storde with grutching;
 Scilla a Saint in looke, no Saint in scorning;
 Looke Saint-like *Scilla*, least I die with mourning.
Alas why talke I? Sea-god cease to mourne her,
For in her nay my ioyes are euer ceasing:
Cease life or loue, then shall I neuer blame her;
But neither loue nor life may finde decreasing.
 A mortall wound is my immortall being,
 Which pulleth thought, or eyes aduised séeing.
Herewith his faltring tongue by sighs oppresséd,
Forsooke his office, and his bloud resorted
To feede the heart that wholly was distressed.
Whilt pale (like *Pallas* flowre) my knée supported
 His feeble head and arme, so full of anguish,
 That they which sawe his sorrowes gan to languish.
Floris the coyest of this beauteous traine
On hillie toppes the wonderous *Moly* found,
Which dypt in balme drew the gan to straine.
And brought her present to recure his wound:
 Close she gathered *Amoracius* flower,
 And vntwist that blossom in that flower.
Some chafe his temples with their loose bands,
Some sprinkle water on his pale wan cheeks,
Some weep, some weepe, some cast infectious bandes:
To keepe young *Floris* become to verie,
 But not their pious hearts, or prayers haue working,
 To cure that heart where vntoward loue is lurking.

Naithles

Glauco and Scilla.

Naithles though loath to shewe his holy kindnes
On euerie one he spent a looke for fauour,
And prayed their pardon vouching *Cupids* blindnes,
(Oh fancies fond that naught but sorrowes fauour);
 To see a louely God leaue Sea Nymphes so:
 Who cannot doome vpon his deadly woe ?
Themis that knewe, that waters long restrained
Breake foorth with greater billowes than the brookes
That swetely float through meades with flowres distained,
With cheerefull laies did raise his heauie lookes;
 And bad him speake and tell what him agreeu'd:
 For griefes disclof'd (said she) are soone releeu'd.
And as she wisht so all the rest did woe him;
By whose incessant suites at last inuited,
He thus discovered that which did vndoo him,
And orderlie his hideous harmes recited,
 When first which fingers wagge he gan to still them,
 And thus with drierie tearmes of loue did fill them.
Ah Nymphes (quoth he) had I by reason learnt
That secret art which birdes haue gaind by fence,
By due foresight misfortune to preuent;
Or could my wit controule mine eyes offence:
 You then should smile and I should tell such stories,
 As woods, and waues should triumph in our glories.
But *Nereus* daughters, Sea-borne Saints attend,
Lake breeding Géese when from the Easterne clime
They list vnto the westerne waters wend
To choose their place of rest by course of time,
 Approaching *Taurus* haughtie topped hill
 They charme their cackle by this wondrous skill.
The climbing mountaine neighbouring ayre welnie,
Hath harbored in his rockes and desert haunts
Whole airies of Eagles prest to flie
That gazing on the Sonne their birth right vaunts,
 Which birds of *Ioue* with deadlie fewde pursue
 The wandering Geese, when so they presse in vewe.

B

These

Glaucus and Scilla.

These fearefull flitting troopes by nature taught,
Passing these dangerous places of pursuit:
When all the desert vales they through haue sought,
With pibbles stop their beakes to make them mute,
 And by this meanes their dangerous deathes preuent
 And gaine their wished waters of frequent.
But I fond God (I God complaine thy follie)
Let birds by sense excede my reason farre:
Whilom than I who was more strong and iollie
Who more contemnd affections wanton warre?
 Who lesse than I lou'd lustfull *Cupids* arrowes?
 Who now with curse & plagues poore *Glaucus* harrowes.
How haue I leapt to heare the *Tritons* play
A harsh retreat vnto the swelling fouds?
How haue I kept the Dolphins at a bay,
When as I ment to charme their wanton moods?
 How haue the angrie windes growne calme for loue,
 When as these fingers did my harpe strings moue?
Was any Nymph, you Nymphes was euer any
That tangled not her fingers in my tresse?
Some well I wot and of that some full many
Wisht or my faire, or their desire were lesse
 Euen *Ariadne* gazing from the skie
 Became enamorde of poore *Glaucus* eye.
Amidst this pride of youth and beauties treasure
It was my chaunce, you floods can tell my chancing,
Fléeting along *Sicillian* bounds for pleasure,
To spie a Nymph of such a radiant glancing,
 As when I lookt, a beame of subtile firing
 From eye to heart incenst a deepe desiring.
Ah had the vaile of reason clad mine eye,
This foe of freedome had not burnt my heart:
But birds are blest, and most accurst am I
Who must reporte her glories to my smart,
 The Nymph I sawe and lou'de her, all to cruell
 Scilla, faire *Scilla*, my fond fancies iuell.

Her

Glancus and Scilla.

Her haire not trust, but scatterd on her brow,
Surpassing *Hiblas* honnie for the view,
Or softned golden wires; I know not how
Loue with a radiant beautie did purfue
 My too iudiciall eyes, in darting fire
 That kindled straight in me my fond desire.
Within these snares first was my heart intrapped,
Till through those golden shrowdes mine eies did see
An yuorie shadowed front, wherein was wrapped
Those pretie bowres where Graces couched be:
 Next which her cheekes appeerd like crimson silk,
 Or ruddie rose bespred on whitest milk.
Twixt which the nose in louely tenor bends,
(Too traitrous pretie for a Louers view:)
Next which her lips like violets commends
By true proportion that which dooth infue;
 Which when they smile, present vnto the eies
 The *Oceans* pride and yuorie paradise.
Her polliht necke of milke white snowes doth shine,
As when the Moone in Winter night beholdes them:
Her breast of alabaster cleere and fine,
Whereon two rising apples faire vnfolde them
 Like *Cinthias* face when in her full she shineth,
 And blushing to her Loue-mates bower declineth.
From whence in length her armes doo sweetly spred
Like two rare branchie saples in the Spring,
Yeelding fiae louely sprigs from euerie head,
Proportioned alike in euerie thing;
 Which featly sprout in length like springborne frends,
 Whose pretie tops with fiae sweet rofes ends.
But why alas should I that Marble hide
That doth adorne the one and other flanke,
From whence a mount of quickned snow doth glide,
Or els the vale that bounds this milkwhite banke,
 Where *Venus* and her sisters hide the fount,
 Whose louely Nectar dooth all sweetes surmount.

B 2

Con-

Glaucus and Scilla.

Aies me my moanings are like water drops
That neede an age to pearce her marble heart,
I sow'd true zeale, yet fruiteles were my crops:
I plighted faith, yet falsehoode wrought my smart:
 I praifd her lookes, her lookes dispis'd *Glaucus*,
 Was euer amorous Sea-god scorned thus;
A hundereth swelling tides my mother spent
Vpon these lockes, and all hir Nymphes were preft,
To pleit them faire when to her bowre I went:
He that hath séene the wandring *Phæbus* crest,
 Tought with the Chrifall of *Eurotas* spring,
 The pride of these my bufhic locks might fing.
But short difcourfe beféemes my bad fucceffe,
Eache office of a louer I performed:
So feruently my paffions did her preffe,
So fwéete my laies, my fpéech fo well reformed,
 That (cruell) when ſhe ſawe naught would begile me
 With angrie lookes the Nymph did thus exile me.
Packe hence thou fondling to the wefterne Seas,
Within ſome calmy riuer ſhrowd thy head:
For neuer ſhall my faire thy loue appeafe,
Since fancie from this boſome late is fled:
 And if thou loue me ſhewe it in departing:
 For why thy prefence dooth procure my ſmarting.
This ſaid with angrie lookes, away ſhe haſted
As faſt as flie the flouds before the winds:
When I poore ſoule with wretched forrowes waſted,
Exclaimde on loue, which wit and reaſon blinds:
 And baniſht from hir bowre with woſull poaſting
 I bent my ſelfe to ſéeke a forreine coaſting.
At laſt in wandring through the greater Seas
It was my chance to paſſe the noted ſtreights:
And wearied fore in ſéeeking after eaſe,
Amidſt the creekes, and watrie coole receits.
 I ſpied from farre by helpe of ſonnie beames
 A fruitfull Ile begirt with *Ocean* ſtreames.

B 3

Westward

Glaucus and Scilla.

Westward I fled, and with heedfull eie
Beheld the chalkie cliffes that tempt the aire,
Till at the last it was my chance to spie
A pleasant entrance to the fouds repaire;
 Through which I prest, and wondring there beheld
 On either side a sweete and fruitfull field.
Ifis (the Ladie of that louely streame)
Made holiday in view of my resort;
And all the Nymphes of that her watrie realme
Gan trip for ioy, to make me mickle sport:
 But I poore soule with no such ioyes contented,
 Forfooke their bowers, and secretly lamented.
All solitarie rome I heere about,
Now on the shoare, now in the streame I weepe,
Fire burnes within, and gastly feare without,
No rest, no ease, no hope of any sleepe:
 Poore banisht God, heere haue I still remained,
 Since time my *Scilla* hath my futes disdained.
And heere confort I now with haplesse men,
Yeelding them comfort, (though my wound be curelesse)
Songs of remorse I warble now and then,
Wherein I curse fond Loue and Fortune durelesse,
 Wan hope my weale; my trust but bad aduenture,
 Circumference is care, my heart the center.
Whilest thus he spake, fierce *Ate* charmd his tongue,
His senses faild, his armes were folded straight,
And now he fighes, and then his heart is stung;
Againe he speakes gainst fancies fond deceit,
 And teares his tresses with his fingers faire,
 And rents his robes, halfe mad with deepe dispaire.
The piteous Nymphes that viewd his heauie plight,
And heard the sequell of his bad successe,
Did loose the springs of their remorsefull sight,
And wept so fore to see his scant redresse:
 That of their teares there grew a pretie brooke,
 Whose Christall cleares the clowdes of pençue looke.

Alas

Glaucus and Scilla.

Alas woes me, how oft haue I bewept
So faire, so yong, so louely, and so kinde,
And whilst the God vpon my bosome slept,
Behelde the scarres of his afflicted minde,
 Imprinted in his yuorie brow by care,
 That fruitlesse fancie left vnto his share.
My wandring lines, bewitch not so my fences:
But gentle Muse direct their course aright,
Delays in tragicke tales procure offences:
Yeeld me such feeling words, that whilst I wright
 My working lines may fill mine eyes with languish,
 And they to note my moanes may melt with anguish.
The wofull *Glaucus* thus with woes attainted,
The penciue Nymphes agreeud to see his plight,
The foulds and fields with his laments acquainted,
My selfe amazd to see this heauie sight;
 On sodaine *Thetis* with her traine approched,
 And grauely thus her amorous sonne reproched.
My sonne (saide she) immortall haue I made thee,
Amidst my watry realmes who may compare
Or match thy might? Why then should care inuade thee,
That art so yong, so louely, fresh and faire.
 Alas fond God, it merits great reprocuing
 In States of worth, to doate on foolish louing.
Come wend with me, and midst thy Fathers bowre
Let vs disport and frolicke for a while
In spite of Loue: although he powte and lowre,
Good exercise will idle lusts beguile:
 Let wanton *Scilla* coy her where she will,
 Liue thou my sonne by reasons leuell still.
Thus saide the Goddesse: and although her words
Gave signes of counsaile, pompe and maiestie:
Yet nathelesse her piteous eye affoord
Some pretie witnesse to the standers by,
 That in her thoughts (for all her outward show)
 She mournd to see her Sonne amated so.

But

Glaucus and Scilla.

But (welladay) her words haue little force,
The haples loue worne with working woe,
Vpon the ground lay pale as any corse,
And were not teares which from his eyes did flowe,
 And sighes that witnesse he enioyd his breath,
 They might haue thought him Citizen of death.
Which spectacle of care made *Thetis* bow,
And call on *Glaucus*, and command her Sonne
To yelde her right: and hir aduice allow,
But (woe) the man whome fancie had vndone
 Nill marke her rules: nor words, nor weeping teares
 Can fasten counsaile in the louers eares.
The Quéene of Sea, with all hir Nymphes assured
That no perswasion might reléeue his care:
Knéeing adowne; their faltring tongues enured
To tempt faire *Venus* by their vowed praier:
 The course whereof as I could beare in minde
 With forrowing fobbes they vttered in this kinde.
Borne of the Sea, thou *Paphian* Quéene of loue,
Mistress of swéete conspiring harmonie:
Lady of *Cipris*, for whose swéete behoue
The Séepeheards praise the youth of *Theffallie*:
 Daughter of *Ioue* and Sister to the Sonne,
 Assist poore *Glaucus* late by loue vndone.
So maist thou baine thée in *Th'arcadian* brookes,
And play with *Vulcans* riuall when thou list,
And calme his iealous anger by thy lookes,
And knit thy temples with a roseat twist
 If thou thy selfe and thine almightie Sonne,
 Assist poore *Glaucus* late by loue vndone.
May earth still praise thée for her kinde increase:
And beafts adore thée for their fruitfull wombes,
And fowles with noates thy praises neuer cease,
And Bées admire thée for their honnie combs:
 So thou thy selfe and thine almightie Sonne,
 Assist poore *Glaucus* late by loue vndone.

No

Glaucus and Scilla.

No sooner from her reuerent lips were past
Those latter lines, but mounting in the East,
Faire *Venus* in her iuorie coatch did haſt,
And toward thoſe penciue dames, her courſe addreſt;
Her doues ſo plied their wauing wings with flight,
That ſtraight the ſacred Goddeſſe came in fight.
Vpon her head ſhe bare that gorgeous Crowne,
Wherein the poore *Amyntas* is a ſtarre;
Her louely lockes, her boſome hang adowne
(Thoſe netts that firſt inſnar'd the God of warre:)
Delicious louely ſhine her prettie eies,
And one her chéekes carnation cloudes ariſe,
The ſtately roab ſhe ware vpon her back
Was lillie white, wherein with cullored filke;
Her Nymphes had blaz'd the yong *Adonis* wrack,
And *Lædas* rape by Swan as white as milke,
And on her lap her louely Sonne was plaſte,
Whoſe beautie all his mothers pompe defaſte.
A wreath of roſes hem'd his Temples in,
His treſſe was curld and cléere as beaten gold;
Haught were his lookes, and louely was his ſkin,
Each part as pure as Heauens eternall mold,
And on his eies a milkewhite wreath was ſpred,
Which longſt his backe, with prettie pleits did ſhed.
Two daintie wings of partie coulored plumes
Adorne his ſhoulders dallying with the winde;
His left hand wéelds a Torch, that euer fumes:
And in his right, his bowe that fancies bind,
And on his back his Quiuer hangs well ſtored
With fundrie ſhaftes, that fundrie hearts haue gored.
The Deities ariu'd in place defired;
Faire *Venus* her to *Thetis* firſt beſpake,
Princeſſe of Sea (quoth ſhe) as you required
From *Ceſton* which my Sonne, my courſe I take:
Frollick faire Goddeſſe, Nymphs forſake your plaining,
My Sonne hath power and fauour yet remaining.

C

With

Glaucus and Scilla.

With that the reuerend powres each other kissed,
And *Cupid* smil'd vpon the Nymphes for pleasure:
So naught but *Glaucus* solace there was missed,
Which to effect the Nymphes withouten measure
 Intreate the God, who at the last drewe nie
 The place, where *Glaucus* full of care did lie,
And from his bowe a furious dart hee sent
Into that wound which he had made before:
That like *Achilles* sworde became the teint
To cure the wound that it had caru'd before:
 And fodeinly the Sea-god started vp:
 Reuiude, relieud, and frée from Fancies cup.
No more of loue, no more of hate he spoke,
No more he forst the sighes from out his breast:
His fodaine ioye his pleasing smiles prouoke,
And all aloft he shakes his bushie creast,
 Gréeing the Gods and Goddeffes beside,
 And euerie Nymph vpon that happie tide.
Cupid and he together hand in hand
Approach the place of this renowned traine:
Ladies (said he) releast from amorous band,
Receiue my prisoner to your grace againe.
 Glaucus gaue thanks, when *Thetis* glad with blisse
 Embrast his neck, and his kind chéeke did kisse.
To sée the Nymphes in flockes about him play,
How *Nais* kempt his head, and washt his browes:
How *Thetis* checkt him with his welladay,
How *Clore* told him of his amorous vowes,
 How *Venus* praïsd him for his faithfull loue,
 Within my heart a fodein ioy did moue.
Whilst in this glée this holy troope delight,
Along the streame a sarre faire *Scilla* floated,
And coilie vaunst hir creast in open fight:
Whose beauties all the tides with wonder noated,
 Fore whom *Palemon* and the *Tritons* danced
 Whilst she hir limmes vpon the tide aduanced.

Whofe

Glaucus and Scilla.

Whose swift approach made all the Godheads wonder:

Glaucus gan smile to see his louelie foe,

Rage almost rent poore *Thetis* heart asonder:

Was neuer happie troope confused so

As were these deities and daintie dames,

When they beheld the cause of *Glaucus* blames.

Venus commends the carriage of her eye,

Nais vpbraides the dimple in her chinne,

Cupid desires to touch the wantons thie,

Clore she sweares that euerie eie dooth finne

That likes a Nymph that so contemneth loue,

As no attempts her lawles heart may moue.

Thetis impatient of her wrong sustained,

With enuious teares her roseat cheekes afflicted;

And thus of *Scillas* former pride complained;

Cupid (said she) see her that hath inflicted

The deadlie wound that harmde my louelie sonne,

From whome the offspring of my care begonne.

Oh if there dwell within thy brest my boy

Or grace, or pittie, or remorse (said she)

Now bend thy bowe, abate yon wantons ioy,

And let these Nymphes thy rightfull iustice see.

The God soone won, gan shoote, and cleft her heart

With such a shaft as caufd her endles smart.

The tender Nymph attainted vnawares,

Fares like the *Libian* Lionesse that flies

The Hunters Launce that wounds her in his snares;

Now gins shee loue, and straight on *Glaucus* cries;

Whilst on the shore the goddesses reioyce,

And all the Nymphes afflict the ayre with noyse.

To shoare she flitts, and swift as *Affrick* wind

Her footing glides vpon the yeelding grasse,

And wounded by affect recure to finde

She sodainely with sighes approcht the place

Where *Glaucus* sat, and wearie with her harmes

Gan claspe the Sea-god in her amorous armes.

C 2

Glaucus

Glaucus and Scilla.

Glaucus my loue (quoth she) looke on thy louer,
Smile gentle *Glaucus* on the Nymph that likes thee;
But starke as stone sat he, and list not proue her:
(Ah filly Nymph the selfesame God that strikes thee
With fancies darte, and hath thy freedome flaine)
Wounds *Glaucus* with the arrowe of disdain.
Oh kisse no more kind Nymph he likes no kindnes,
Loue sleepest in him, to flame within thy brest,
Clér'd are his eies, where thine are clad with blindnes;
Frée'd be his thoughts, where thine must taste vnrest:
Yet nill she leaue, for neuer loue will leaue her,
But fruiteles hopes and fatall happes deceaue her.
Lord how her lippes doo dwell vpon his chéekes;
And how she lookes for babies in his eies:
And how she fighes, and sweares shée loues and léekes,
And how she vowes, and he her vowes enuies:
Trust me the enuious Nymphs in looking on,
Were forst with teares for to assit her mone.
How oft with blushes would she plead for grace,
How oft with whispermings would she tempt his eares:
How oft with Christall did she wet his face:
How oft she wipte them with her Amber heares:
So oft me thought, I oft in heart desired
To see the end whereto disdain aspired.
Palemon with the *Tritons* roare for grieve,
To see the Mistris of their ioyes amated:
But *Glaucus* scornes the Nymph, that waites reliefe:
And more she loues the more the Sea-god hated, (me
Such change, such chance, such futes, such storms beléeue
Poore filly wretch did hartely agréue me.
As when the fatall bird of *Augurie*
Seeing a stormie dismall cloude arise
Within the South, foretells with piteous crie
The weeping tempest, that on sudden hies:
So she poore soule, in view of his disdain
Began to descant on her future paine.

And

Glaucus and Scilla.

And fixing eye vpon the fatall ground,
Whole hoasts of flouds drew deaw from out her eyes;
And when through inward grieve the lasse did found,
The softned grasse like billowes did arise
 To woe her brefts, and wed her limmes so daintie,
 Whom wretched loue had made so weake and faintie,
(Ayes me), me thinks I see her *Thetis* fingers
Renting her locks as she were woe begon her;
And now her lippes vpon his lipping lingers:
Oh lingring paine where loue nill lift to mone her ?
 Rue me that writes, for why her ruth deserues it:
 Hope needs must faile, where sorrow scarce preserues it.
To make long tale were tedious to the wofull,
Wofull that read what wofull shee approoued:
In brieft her heart with deepe dispaire was so full,
As since she might not win her swéete beloued.
 With hideous cries like winde borne backe she fled
 Vnto the Sea, and toward *Sicillia* sped.
Swéete *Zephirus* vpon that fatall howre
In haples tide midst watric world was walking;
Whose milder sighes, alas, had little power
To whisper peace amongst the Godheads talking:
 Who all in one conclude for to pursue,
 The haples Nymph, to see what would ensue.
Venus her selfe and her faire Sonne gan hie
Within their iuorie Coach drawne forth by doutes
After this haples Nymph, their power to trie:
The Nymphes in hope to see their vowed loues,
 Gan cut the watric boafom of the tide,
 As in *Cayster Phæbus* birds doe glide.
Thetis in pompe vpon a *Tritons* back
Did poast her straight, attended by her traine;
But *Glaucus* free from loue by louers wrack,
Seeing me penciue where I did remaine,
 Vpon a *Dolphin* horft me (as he was)
 Thus on the *Ocean* hand in hand we passe.

C 3

Our

Glaucus and Scilla.

Our talke midway was nought but still of wonder,
Of change, of chaunce, of forrow, and her ending;
I wept for want: he said, time bringes men vnder,
And secret want can finde but small befrending.

And as he said, in that before I tried it,
I blamde my wit forewarnd, yet neuer spied it.
What néede I talke the order of my way,
Discourfe was steeresman while my barke did faile,
My ship conceit, and fancie was my bay:
If these faile me, then faint my Muse and faile,
Hast brought vs where the haples Nymph sojourned,
Beating the weeping waues that for her mourned.
He that hath séene the Northren blastes dispoile
The pompe of Prime, and with a whistling breath
Blast and dispearfe the beauties of the soile;
May thinke vpon her paines more worfe than death.

Alas poore Lasse the *Ecchoes* in the rockes
Of *Sicilie*, her piteous plaining mockes.
Eccho her selfe when *Scilla* cried out *O loue!*
With piteous voice from out her hollow den
Returnd these words, these words of forrow, (*no loue*)
No loue (quoth she) then fie on traiterous men,
Then fie on hope: then fie on hope (quoth *Eccho*)
To euerie word the Nymph did answere so.

For euerie sigh, the Rockes returnes a sigh;
For euerie teare, their fountaines yeelds a drop;
Till we at last the place approached nigh,
And heard the Nymph that fed on sorrowes sop
Make woods, and waues, and rockes, and hills admire
The wonderous force of her vntam'd desire.

Glaucus (quoth she) is faire: whilst *Eccho* sings
Glaucus is faire: but yet he hateth *Scilla*
The wretch reportes: and then her armes she wrings
Whilst *Eccho* tells her this, he hateth *Scilla*,
No hope (quoth she): no hope (quoth *Eccho*) then.
Then fie on men: when she said, fie on men.

Furie

Glauco and Scilla.

Furie and *Rage*, *Wan-hope*, *Dispaire*, and *Woe*
From *Ditis* den by *Ate* fent, drewe nie:
Furie was red, with rage his eyes did gloe,
Whole flakes of fire from foorth his mouth did flie,
His hands and armes ibath'd in blood of those
Whome fortune, sinne, or fate made Countries foes.
Rage, wan and pale vpon a Tiger sat,
Knawing vpon the bones of mangled men;
Naught can he view, but he repinde thereat:
His lockes were Snakes bred foorth in Stigian den,
Next whom, *Dispaire* that deepe disdained elf
Delightlesse liude, still stabbing of her self.
Woe all in blacke, within her hands did beare
The fatall torches of a Funerall,
Her Chéeke were wet, dispearfed was hir heare,
Her voice was shrill (yet loathsome therewith all):
Wan-hope (poore soule) on broken Ancker fitts,
Wringing his armes as robbed of his witts.
These fiae at once the forrowing Nymph assaile,
And captiue lead her bound into the rocks,
Where howling still she striues for to preuaile,
With no auaile yet striues she: for hir locks
Are chang'd with wonder into hideous sands,
And hard as flint become her snow-white hands.
The waters howle with fatall tunes about her,
The aire dooth scoule when as she turnes within them,
The winds and waues with puffed and billowes skout her;
Waues storme, aire scoules, both wind & waues begin them
To make the place this mournful Nymph doth weepe in,
A haples haunt whereas no Nymph may keepe in.
The Sea-man wandring by that famous Ile,
Shuns all with feare dispairing *Scillaes* bowre;
Nymphes, Sea-gods, Syrens when they list to smile
Forfake the haunt of *Scilla* in that stowre:
Ah Nymphes thought I, if euerie coy one felt
The like misshappes, their flintie hearts would melt.

Thetis

Glaucus and Scilla.

Thetis reioyft to fee her foe deprest,
Glaucus was glad, fince *Scilla* was enthrald;
The *Nimphs* gan fmile, to boast their *Glaucus* reft:
Venus and *Cupid* in their throanes enftald,
At *Thetis* beck to *Neptunes* bowre repaire,
Whereas they feaft amidft his pallace faire.
Of pure immortall *Nektar* is their drinke,
And fwéete *Ambrofia* dainties doo repaft them,
The *Tritons* fmg, *Palemon* fmiles to thinke
Vpon the chance, and all the *Nimphs* doo haft them
To trick vp moffie garlands where they woon,
For louely *Venus* and her conquering Sonne.
From foorth the fountaines of his mothers ftore,
Glaucus let flie a daintie Chriftall baine
That wafht the *Nimphs* with labour tir'd before:
Cupid hee trips among this louely traine,
Alonely I apart did write this ftorie
With many a figh and heart full fad and forie.
Glaucus when all the Goddeffes tooke reft,
Mounted vpon a Dolphin full of glée:
Conueide me friendly from this honored feaft,
And by the way, fuch Sonnets fong to me,
That all the Dolphins neighbouring of his glide
Daunft with delight, his reuerend courfe befide.
At laft he left me, where at firft he found me,
Willing me let the world and ladies knowe
Of *Scillas* pride, and then by oath he bound me
To write no more, of that whence fhame dooth grow:
Or tie my pen to *Pennie-knaues* delight,
But liue with fame, and fo for fame to wright.

Lenuoy.

LAdies he left me, trust me I miffay not,
But fo he left me, as he wild me tell you:
That *Nimphs* muft yeeld, when faithfull louers ftraie not,
Leaft through contempt, almightie loue compell you
With *Scilla* in the rockes to make your biding
A curfed plague, for womens proud back-fliding.

FINIS.



*Glaucus complaint written
by the said Gent.*

THe Billowes that by windes affisting breath
Dooth beate vpon the rocks at last doo peirce them:
Ah then (thou gentle offspring of my death)
Why faile my plaints when penciue I rehearse them
To wound thine eares & when as my words excéed them,
And that my fighes in steade of windes doo leade them.
Along the floods I wander all forlorne,
Nor may the Sea-nimphes smiles enforce me play:
But if I think, I think vpon thy scorne,
And if I wish, I wish my dismall day,
Oh fruites of loue, oh powrefull course of paine!
That one should like the thing that hath him slaine.
Looke in my mothers Christall face, faire maide,
There read the storie of my bitter state;
My teares her siluer floatings haue alaid,
Her troubled lookes foreshowe my wretched fate:
If not for me, yet mourne her bitter weeping,
And pittie him whose heart is in thy kéeping.
Take pittie *Scilla*, pittie thou thy louer;
For thou art faire, and beautie should haue pittie,
Ahlas she flies, perswasions cannot moue her,
She is too wanton, or too foolish wittie:
Along the floates the scalie troopes encrease,
Yet nill she loue to maintaine natures peace.
Oh stepdame *Nature* hast thou shut these faires
Within the rampeir of so déepe disdaine,
To kill a God with sorrowes and dispaire:
Would God thy powre (to lessen all my paine)
Were dead in her; or fancies quenchles fire
Might from my brest with ceaseles course retire.

D

But

Glaucus complaint.

But all in vaine (so vaine is loues pursute)
Trie I her eares, and tempt her hardned heart:
Cease wretched tongue, twere better still be mute,
Than tell a tale of grieve and endles smart
 To her that grounds her glories on disdaine,
 And takes a pride to viewe my bitter paine.
(Fond that I am) all these are faint supposes:
Imperious Loue (to shewe his endles power)
My tender and immortall heart encloses
Within the center of her louely lowre:
 That all may see, Loues prison is her eie,
 And Gods must stoope vnto his deitie.
Yet (Loue) allot prescriptions vnto woe;
Els will the sowre exceed the swéete by farre:
Or leuell pittie from thy lawles bowe,
That sorrowe in excesse, may cause a warre
 That may consume, if not confound my life;
 And I may seeme to die amidst the strife.
The deafe will heare: both she and Loue together
Haue made a match to aggreuate my grieve:
I see my hell, there rests no hope in either:
From proud contempt there springeth no reliefe,
 What rests there then but since I may not gaine her,
 In piteous tearmes and teares for to complaine her.

FINIS.

The



The Discontented Satyre writ-
ten by Thomas Lodge Gent.

S Vch time as from her Mothers tender lap
The night arose, guarded with gentle winds:
And with her precious dew refresht the sap
Of bloome and barke (whilst that her mantle blinds
The vaile of heauen) and euery bird was still
Saue *Philomele*, that did bemoane her ill.
When in the West *Orion* lift aloft
His starrie creft, and smil'd vpon the Twins;
And *Cynthia* séemely bright (whose eie full oft
Had watcht her loue) with radiant light begins
To pierce the vaile of silence with her beames,
Sporting with wanton cléere on *Ocean* streames.
When little winds in beating of their wings,
Did wooe the eies to leaue their wonted wake,
And all was husht saue *Zephyrus*, that sings
With louely breathings for the Sea-nimphs sake:
My watchfull griefes perplext my minde so fore,
That foorth I walkt my forrowes to deplore.
The doaly season that resembled well
My drooping heart, gaue life to my lament:
Each twinckling lamp that in the heauens did dwell
Gan rest his course to hearken mine entent:
Foorth went I still deuising on my feare
Distinguiſhing each footeſtep with a teare.
My working thought deluding of my pace,
At laſt did bring me to a defart dale,
(By enuious mountaines robd of *Phæbus* face)
Where growes no hearb to taſte of deaws auaille,
In midſt thereof, vpon a bed of moſſe
A *Satyre* did his reſtles bodie toſſe.

D 2

Stearne

The discontented Satyre.

Stearne were his lookes, afflicting all the féelds
That were in view; his bushie lockes vndrest
With terror hang, his hauiour horror yéelds,
And with the sight my sorrowes were supprest;
 So, néere I drewe, when sodenly he roafe,
 And thus in tearmes his purpose did disclofe.
Blush daies eternall lampe to see thy lot,
Since that thy cléere with cloudy darkes is scard;
Lowre on faire *Cinthia* for I like thee not;
For borrowed beauties, merit no regard:
 Boast *Discontent*, naught may depresse thy powre,
 Since in thy selfe all grieve thou doost deuoure.
Thou art the God whome I alone adore
Whose powre includeth discords all in one,
Confusions are thy foode and fatall store,
Thy name is feard where thou art most vnknowne;
 Thy grace is great, for fortunes laugh and lowre
 Assailes them not, that glorie in thy powre.
The minde through thee diuines on endlesse things,
And formes a Heauen through others fond mislikes;
Time loathes thy haunt, yet lends thee many wings:
Refined wits against thy bulwarke strikes;
 And when their curious thoughts are ouerpast,
 They scorne their bookes, and like thy bent at last.
For who but thou can yéeld them any gaine?
Depriue the world of perfect *Discontent*;
All glories end, true honor straight is slaine,
And life it selfe in errors course is spent,
 All toile dooth fort but to a forrie end,
 For through mislikes, each learns for to commend.
What made fierce *Phillips* sonne to manage armes,
To vaile the pride of Persia by his sword,
But thou my God, that he by others harmes
Might raise his seate: and thereby still afford
 A cause of discontent to them that lost,
 And hate in him that by their powre was croft.

Let

The discontented Satyre.

Let enuie cease, what Prince can make it knowne
How déere he loues his best estéemed friends:
For were not some of purpose ouerthrowne,
Who may discerne whereto true fauor tends:
 Thus Princes discontent dooth honor some,
 And others through their hates to credit come.
Without thy helpe the Soldier shunnes the féeld:
You studeous Arts how fatall haps had you,
If discontents did not some succors yéeld ?
Oh fléeting Fame who could thy grace purfue:
 Did not my God fend emulations out
 To whet the wits and pens of *Pallas* rout,
How could the Heauens haue retrograde aspects
Without thy helpe ? How might the Plannets finde
Their oppositions, and their strange effects,
Vnlesse thy powre assisted euerie kinde ?
 The aire by thée at first inuented voice,
 Which once reuerberate, straight yéelds a noice.
The pencile man that with a careles hand
Hath shaddowed *Venus*, hates his slack regard;
And all amaz'd doth discontented stand,
And mends the same that he before had mard:
 Who fées not then that it was *Discontent*,
 That sight to eie, and perfect iudgement lent ?
The schooleman that with héedlesse florish writes,
Refines his fault, if thou direct his eie:
And then againe with wonder he endites
Such swéete sententious lines, as neuer die:
 Loft in my selfe in praísing of thy might,
 My spéech yéelds vp his office to delight.
This saíd he smil'd, and on his restles bed
Reposde and toft his indisposed lims:
A world of thoughts still hammerd in his head,
Now would he sléepe, and straight his couch he trims:
 And then he walkes, and therewith fits him downe:
 And faines to sing, yet endeth with a frowne.

D 3

I

The discontented Satyre.

I stood amaz'd and wondred at his words,
And fought to suck the soule from out his lips,
His rare discourse such wondrous ioye affords:
But vnawares, like lightfoote Fawne he trips
Along the lawnes: and I with watch forespent,
Drew home and vowde to honor *Discontent*.

FINIS.

Thomas Lodge.

Sundrie sweete Sonnets

written by the said

Gent.

In praise of the Countrey life.

M*ost happie blest the man that midst his countrie bowers
Without suspect of hate, or dread of enuious tongue
May dwell among his owne: not dreading fortunes lowres,
Farre frõ those publique plagues that mightie men hath stoong:
Whose libertie and peace is neuer sold for gaine,
Whose words doo neuer sooth a wanton princes vaine.
Uncertaine hopes, and vowes, doo neuer harme his thought,
And vaine desires doo shunne the place of his repose;
He weepes no yeares mispent, nor want of that he sought,
Nor reapes his gaine by words, nor builds vpon suppose:
The stormes of troubled Sea do neuer force his fears, (ears,
Nor Trumpets sound dooth chang his sleepes, or charme his
Ambitious neuer build within his constant minde,
A cunning coy deceit his soule dooth not disguise,
His firme and constant faith corruptions neuer blind,
He neuer waits his weale from princes wandring eyes:
But liuing well content with euerie kinde of thing,
He is his proper court, his fauor, and his King.*

His



Delectable Sonets.

*His will (restrained by wit) is neuer forst awrie,
 Vaine hopes, and fatall feares (the courtiers common foes)
 (Afraid by his foresight) doo shun his piercing eye:
 And naught but true delight acquaints him where he goes,
 No high attempts to winne; but humble thoughts and deeds.
 The verie fruites and flowers that spring from vertues seeds.
 (O deities diuine) your Godheads I adore
 That haunt the hils, the feelds, the forrests and the springs,
 That make my quiet thoughts contented with my store,
 And fixe my hopes on heauen, and not on earthly things;
 That driue me from desires, (in view of courtly strife,)
 And drawe me to commend the fields and countrie life.
 My thoughts are now enclosde within my proper land,
 And if my bodie sleepe my minde dooth take his rest,
 My simple seale and loue my dangers doo withstand,
 The mornings pleasant ayer inuites me from my nest,
 If wether wax too warme I seeke the silent shade,
 If frosts afflict, I strue for warmth by hunters trade.
 Although my biding home be not imbest with gold,
 And that with cunning skill my chambers are not drest,
 (Whereas the curious eye my sundrie sights behold)
 Yet feedes my quiet lookes on thousand flowers at least,
 The treasures of the plaine, the beauties of the spring,
 Made rich with Roses sweete and euerie pleasant thing.
 Amidst the pallace braue pufte vp with wanton shoues
 Ambicions dwell, and there false fauors finde disguise,
 There lodge consuming cares that hatch our common woes:
 Amidst our painted feelds the pleasant Fayrie lies,—
 And all those powers diuine that with vntrussed tresses,
 Contentment, happie loue, and perfect sport professes.
 So liuing, naught remaines my solace to betray;
 I heare the pleasant birds record their sacred straines,
 When at the mornings rise they blesse the springing day:
 The murmuring fountains noyse from out the marble vaines,
 Are pleasing to mine eares: whilst with a gentill fall
 They fleete from hie, and serue to wet the meads withall.*

What

Delectable Poems.

*What sport may equall this, to see two prettie doves
When neb to neb they ioyne, in fluttering of their wings,
And in their roundelaies with kisses scale their loues?
Then wondering at the gifts which happie nature brings;
What sport is it to sleepe and slumber by a well,
Whose fleeting falls maks show, some louely tale to tell?
Oh what content to see amidst the darke some night
(When as the setting sonne hath left the moone in place)
The Nymphes amidst the vales and groues to take delight,
To dance, to leap, to skip, with sweet and pleasant grace,
To giue greene gownes in sport, and in their tripping make
By force of footing all the springing grasse to quake.
Their daunces brought to end, I lift my lookes one hie
To see the horned moone, and deskant on her hew
Cleere siluer shining bright, and eftsoones then think I
Vpon that hapie chance the Latmian shepheard knew:
Then doo I wish my selfe as faire a friend as she,
But watching I desire she might disport with me.
Thus midst the silent night my selfe I doo content:
Then when as Phœbus beames our Hemisphere enflames,
A thousand change of sports for pleasure I inuent,
And feast my quiet thoughts with sundrie pleasant games,
Now angle I awhile, then seek I for the chace,
And straight my limerods catch the Sparrows on the place.
I like, and make some loue: but yet in such a sort
That naught but true delight my certaine sute pursues;
My libertie remaines, and yet I reape the sport,
Nor can the snares of loue my heedefull thoughts abuse:
But when I would forgoe, I haue the power to flie,
And stand aloofe and laugh, while others starue and die.
My sweete and tender flocks (my faithfull feeld compeers)
You forrests, hoults, and groues, you meads & mountaines lie,
Be you the witneses of my contented yeares:
And you O sacred powers vouchsafe my humble crie,
And during all my daies, doo not these ioyes estrange;
But let them still remaine, and graunt no other change.*

Finis.

In

Poems.

In commendation of a solitarie life.

Not yet forsaken (gentle Muse) draw neere,
 And helpe to wearie out these worldly thoughts;
 Goe fit thy methode to my moodie cheere,
 For why fond pleasure now preuaileth noughts:
 Since where content and wealthie state declines,
 The heart dooth droope, and dolefull be the lines.
 For thy (fond man) why rest I not at last?
 My wings of hope are clipte by foule disgrace:
 The siluer downe of age now flocketh fast,
 Like mosse on oake to dwell vpon my face:
 And what with thought & time, through want & ruth:
 I challenge care for ioy, and age for youth.
 What fruites of former labours doo I finde?
 My studious pen dooth traffique for a scorne:
 My due deserts are but repaid with winde;
 And what I earne, is nought but bitter mourne:
 In which accompt I reap but this aduise,
 To cease to clime, and liue contented wise.
 But gentle Muse, where boadeth this content?
 The Princes Court is fraught with endlesse woes,
 Corruptions focke where honors doo frequent,
 The Cities swarme with plagues, with futes, with foes:
 High climbing wits doo catch a fodein fall,
 With none of these Content list dwell withall.
 Ah beautie of the double topped hill,
 Thou saddest sifter of the sacred nine,
 What fruitfull pleasance followeth now my quill?
 What wondrous beauties blesse my drooping eine?
 Euen such as earst the shepheard in the shade
 Beheld, when he a Poet once was made.
 Me thinkes I see the deserts fresh arraid,
 New mantled in their liueries of greene,
 Whose frolicke pride makes smiling heauen a paid;
 Wherein the Nymphs doo wearie out their teene,
 Washing their iuorie in those murmuring springs,
 At whose kinde fall, the birds with pleasure sings.

E

See

Poems.

See where the babes of memorie are laid
Vnder the shadow of *Apollos* tree,
That pleit their garlands fresh, and well apaid,
And breath forth lines of daintie poecie:
 Ah world farewell, the sight hereof dooth tell,
 That true content dooth in the desert dwell.
See where a Caue presents it selfe to eie,
By Natures hand enforst in marble vaines;
Where climing Cedars with their shades denie,
The eye of day to see what there remaines:
 A couch of mosse, a brooke of siluer cleere,
 And more, for soode a flocke of sauage deere.
Then here (kinde Muse) vouchsafe to dwell with me,
My veluet robe shalbe a weede of gray
And leaft my heart by tongue betrayed be,
For idle talke I will goe fast and pray:
 No sooner said and thought, but that my heart
 His true supposde content gan thus impart.
Sweete folitarie life thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heauen aright,
In thee no dread of warre or worldly foes,
In thee no pompe seduceth mortall sight,
 In thee no wanton eares to win with words,
 Nor lurking toyes, which Citie life affords.
At peepe of day when in her crimson pride,
The Morne bespreds with rofes all the waie
Where *Phæbus* coach with radiant course must glide,
The Hermit bends his humble knees to pray:
 Blesing that God, whose bountie did bestow
 Such beauties on the earthly things below.
Whether with solace tripping on the trees
He sees the citizens of Forrest sport,
Or midst the withered oake beholds the Bees
Intend their labour with a kinde confort:
 Downe drop his teares, to thinke how they agree,
 Where men alone with hate inflamed be.

Taste

Poems.

Taste he the fruites that spring from *Tellus* wombe;
Or drinke he of the christall springs that flowes:
He thanks his God, and sighes their curfed doomb
That fondly wealth in surfetting bestowes:
And with Saint *Hierom* faith, *The Desert is*
A paradise of solace, ioy, and blis.

Father of light, thou maker of the heauen,
From whom my being well, and being springs:
Bring to effect this my desired steauen,
That I may leaue the thought of worldly things:
Then in my troubles will I blesse the time,
My Muse vouchsafde me such a luckie rime.

Finis. T. L.

Beauties Lullabie.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

Gentlemen, I had thought to haue suppressed this *Lullabie* in silence, amongst my other papers that lie buried in obliuion: but the impudent arrogancie of some more then insolent Poets haue altered my purpose in that respect, and made me set my name to my owne worke, leaft some other vaine glorious *Batillus* should preiudice my paines, by subscribing his name to that which is none of his owne.

Non mesurée.

Lullabie Beautie, sweet Beautie lullabie;
To such kind of Infants sing lulla would I.

*S*weet, sweet desire that made my pleasant wondring eyes
To gaze on such a blazing starre, as dims the state of skies:
Whose feature while my Muse doth now deuise vpon;
Sweet Beautie rest thee still awhile, I shal haue done anon.

*First lulla to those lockes deriu'd from Phœbus rayes,
Which fasten light in dimmest lookes by vertue of their sprays:
From whence her golden wiers Diana borrowed then,
When with Arachne at the loombe she stroue amidst the fen.*

E 2

Next

Poems.

*Next lulla to the front where onlie shrowdes the die,
Which ruddie Morrow borrowed then when Thetis she did spie
To hunt forbidden bed, whereas vermillion hue
Is staine in fight, and euery sense approues my censure true.*

*Next lulla to those statelie couerts of her eyes,
In which in Alabaster white dame Nature did deuise
A subtil frame of setled wiers, in such confused art:
As those that looke but on that worke amazed doo depart.*

*Next lulla to those lamps, those twinckling stemmes of state:
Wherof but one, doth dim the Sunne (both) Sunne & Moone do
On which while Ioue doth prie, the ielous Iuno chides. (mate,
Thus Gods & men admire at her in whom such beautie bides.*

*But he that doth but marke those rocks of marble white;
Frõ whēce do spring those sweet perfumes the senses that delight,
And sees with how great state the ruddie lippes they shade,
Wil think the workmā more diuine that such a work hath made.*

*Now see those crimson cheekes, the mounts wherein do dwell
The golden fruit Æneas fet from midst the mouth of hell,
Bedeckt with drinen snow, and pounst with Rubie red;
To which compare the ruddie rose, and it wil seeme but dead.*

*Next praise those cherrie lips where rose and lillie meete,
Enclosures of th' Egiptian gems, frõ whence doth Zephir sweet
Breath forth a blast, and yeeld a noyse like to Orpheus lute,
Which mou'd the craggie rocks to ruth, & stir'd what so was mute.*

*Yet in that dimpled chinne bedeckt with euery grace,
Where curious eye may easlie see the beautie of the face.
Admit but this, that Ganimede the cuppe for Ioue did chuse:
And if a man might drink with Gods, would I the same might vse.*

*Then blessed be those mounts where Venus sits and sings,
With wanton Cupid in her lappe, and from those statelie springs
Draws Nectar forth to feed her sonne: which tast him so beguild,
That onlie for to sucke those teates, he still would be a child.*

*But looke a low (my Muse) and fixe thy statelie view:
Behold a path like Dedalls maze, wherein with azure clew
A Theseus may the secret cells of beautie there behold,
More statelie than th' Egiptian tombes, though reared all of gold.*

Next

Poems.

*Next which of Alabaster white a mountaine there doth rise,
A mountaine faire of driuen snowe, wherein incarued lies
A statelie tipe of Venus vale: some calls it Cupids couch;
Whereas the God deuising lies which part were best to touch.*

*There spies he earths Elizium, where Nature sits and paints
Th' impressions of the sweetest formes her fancie her acquaints:
In which one lulla I would rocke to Beautis grace,
And be a prentise during life to serue her in that place.*

*Next lulla to those forts whereout doth fancie prie,
As one amaz'd to see the starre is fixt before her eye.
A Crinite Comet crisped faire which on those arches stands
Of Marble white enameled, and closde with azure bands.*

*But he that sees those knees, whose feature is so faire.
As when they bend, all knees do bend below and midst the aire;
Whose cords by compasse knit, and nerues by Nature set,
Bindes Art apprentice for some yeres the pattrne for to get.*

*Here rests not wonders yet: for why behold a lowe
Two rising siluer coloured clowdes, which like to those doo shewe,
As compast in faire Phœbus then, when in his midday prime
He sported with Cassandra faire, amidst the sommer time.*

*Now Nature stands amaz'd her selfe to looke on Beauties feete,
To see those ioynts combinde in one, and fram'd of Amber sweete,
So small a pile so great a waight, like Atlas to vphold
The bodie, as the mightie man to beare the heauens is bold.*

*But to behold those Gemini, those siluer coloured armes,
Whō native bloud with blushing streames in azure cōduits warmes,
Inuite the fence like violets, bepurfurated faire
With Floras lillies, lillie white these louelie branches arc.*

*But whilest I gaze a low, and see those palmes of peace,
Wherein the mappe of fortune rests and times discents increase:
From whence the branching fingers spred betipt with iuoric,
The least impression whereof a marble mind might mollific.*

*Makes me cōfesse pen may not write, hart think, nor tung vnfold
The least effect in Beautie, where both iuoric, pearle, and gold,
Where purphure, Ebonie, white, and red, al colours stained bee:
And if thou seeke for all these sweetes, then seeke my sweet to see.*

Finis.

E 3

Sundrie

Sundrie fweete Sonnets
written by the same
Gent.

1

A Verie *Phœnix*, in her radiant eies
 I leaue mine age, and get my life againe;
 True *Hesperus*, I watch her fall and rise:
 And with my teares extinguiſh all my paine,
 My lips for shadowes ſhield her ſpringing roſes,
 Mine eies for watchmen guard her while ſhee ſleepeth,
 My reaſons ſerue to quite her faint ſuppoſes:
 Her fancie, mine; my faith her fancie keepeth;
 She flowre, I branch; her ſweetes my ſowres ſupporteth,
 O happie Loue, where ſuch delights conforteth.

Finis.

2

I Vow but with ſome grieſe henceforth to ſhunne the place,
 Where beautie caſts her ſcorching lookes to feed me with diſ-
 And ſince I was ſo fond to build on ſuch a molde, (grace.
 As euery waue of vaine conceit the ſubſtance may vnfolde;
 I will repent with teares the errors of my mind,
 And leaue to tie my thoughts to like of wanton womankind.
 Whoſe wayward wiles I ſpie how full of ſleights they be,
 The heart delights in others choiſe, the hand yet faunes on me,
 And faine ſhe would forſake, yet followes if I ſhunne,
 And with her tung repents the time that ere the fact was done.
 And yet ſhe will be thought as conſtant as the beſt;
 Yet ſcornes the mā that beareth faith & courage in his creſt.
 Whom if ſhe liſt to knowe, his colour ſable is;
 A mournful colour meete for thoſe whoſe eyes haue gaz'd amis:
 His colour pale for woe, his courage all forlorne;
 His hart confirm'd to ſhun the ſex that holds his faith in ſcorne.
 Willing all men to learne, leaſt they be forſt to proue,
 That women alter with the wind, and haue no hold in loue.

Finis.

The

Sonnets.

3

THE heauens inclinde to change, are pasing cleere,
 Their showres restraind make billowes of mine eies,
 Their windes made calme within my breast appeere,
 Which dims the aire with sighs and heauie cries.

My frozen loue hath laid the frost adowne,
 These snowes restraind serue to congeale my heart,
 This pleasant spring my stormie sorrowes frowne:
 Goe lying bookes, cease fooles to boast your art,
 And marke the cause: my Miftres smiles and lowres
 Makes cleere the heauens, & clowdes my heart with

Finis.

(showers.

4

I Will become a Hermit now,
 and doo my penance straight
 For all the errors of mine eyes
 with foolish rashnes fild:
 My hermitage shall placed be,
 where mellancholies waight,
 And none but loue alone shall knowe
 the bower I meane to build.
 My daylie diet shall be care,
 made calme by no delight:
 My dolefull drinke my drierie teares,
 amidst the darkefome place
 The fire that burnes my heedles heart
 shall stand in stead of light,
 And shall consume my wearie life
 mine errors to deface.
 My gowne shall be of spreding gray
 to clad my limmes withall:
 My late repent vpon my browe
 shall plainlie written be.
 My tedious grieve and great remorse
 that doth my soule enthrall,
 Shall serue to plead my wearie paines

and

Sonnets.

*and pensive miserie.
Of faintfull hope shall be my staffe,
and daylie when I pray,
My mistris picture plac't by loue
shall witnes what I say.*

Finis.

5

IF that I seeke the shade, I sodeinlie doo see
The God of Loue forsake his bow, and sit me by:
If that I thinke to write, his Muses pliant be:
If that I plaine my grieve, the wanton boy will crie.
If I lament my cares, he dooth increafe my paine:
If teares my cheeks attaint, his cheeks be moyst with mone:
If I disclose the wounds the which my heart hath laine,
He takes his *Fascia* off, and wipes them drie anone.
If that I walke the woods, the woods are his delight:
If I my selfe torment, he bathes him in my blood:
He will my Souldier be if once I wend to fight:
If seas delight, he steeres my barke amid the flood:
In brieft, the cruell God dooth neuer from me goe,
But makes my lasting loue eternall by my woe.

Finis.

6

WEarie am I to wearie Gods and men,
Wearie am I to weep so manie teares
without some succor:
Wearie am I my wretched state to ken,
Wearie am I to see my wofull yeares
consume with dolor.
These mounts, these fields, these rocks, these waues, these woods
Resigne their ecchoes to my wofull cries,
too much disdained:
These lambes, these kidds, these bullockes, leaue their foods,
These flowers, this grasse, with mourning parched lies
to see me pained.
Naught vnder Sunne that hath not tasted change,

My



Sonnets.

*My bitter grieve alone abideth still
without departure.
Accurst be Loe, that wrought this wonder strange,
Boading my sorowes by my wanton will
that causde my smarting.
O quiet life forepast, why hast thou left
The wofull shepheard wearie of his paine
to feed on sorrow?
Oh weeping eies of wonted ioyes bereft,
Why leaue you him whom lucklesse Loe hath slaine
to view the morrow?
My faintfull flocke dooth languish and lament,
To see their master mourning his mischance
this iolly season:
My bagpip's broke, my roundelaies are blent,
My rebeccke now my solace to aduance
accounts it geason:
Yet not alone sheepe, lambes, kidds weep my woe:
But rockes for ruth, and birds for sorow plaine
my wofull wending:
Then cruell Loe vouchsafe me to forgoe
My wretched life, the cause of mickle paine,
and make mine ending.
The rockes their brookes with murmuring noyse shall weepe,
The birds their songs with warbling notes shall sing:
and full of pleasure
My flockes shall feed, although their master sleep,
And to my graue their falling fleeces bring,
their native treasure.
Solace each where shall raigne when I am dead,
No care, no woe, no sorrow shall preuaile:
but well contented
Poore I shall sleep, when cursed Loe is fled,
That first with furie did the fields assaile
where I frequented.*

Finis.

F

The

Sonnets.

7

THE earth late choakt with showers
 Is now araid in greene :
 Her bosome springs with flowers,
 The aire dissolues her teene,
 The heauens laugh at her glorie :
 Yet bide I sad and forie.
 The woods are deckt with leaues,
 And trees are cloathed gaie,
 And *Flora* crownd with sheues
 With oaken boughs dooth play:
 Where I am clad in blacke,
 The token of my wracke.
 The birds vpon the trees
 Doo sing with pleasant voices,
 And chaunt in their degrees
 Their loues and luckie choices :
 When I, whilst they are singing,
 With sighs mine armes am wringing.
 The Thrushes seeke the shade,
 And I my satall graue :
 Their flight to heauen is made,
 My walke on earth I haue :
 They free, I thrall : they iolly,
 I sad and penciuie wholly.

8

WHEN with aduice I weigh my yeares forepast,
 And count the course that in my youth I kept :
 How my fond eies on garish beautie plast,
 Dimde by desires in vaine opinion slept :
 For euerie looke and thought with teares I crie,
 I loath the faults and follies of mine eie.
 By which my heart was burnt with scorching flame,
 Growing to head by stealth of idle time,
 Whom oft my lookes with blushing red did blame;
 But follie fixt befor, it grew to prime :
 So for my wanton lookes with teares I crie,
 I loath the faults and follies of mine eie.
 Oh wanton looks, yee foes of sad forecast,
 That wept the teares of will, and not repent :
 Now see the end how fickle faire is past,

And

Sonnets.

*And crimson cheekes with crooked yeares are spent:
And blame your selues, and helpe my carefull crie,
Who loath the faults and follies of mine eye.*

Finis.

H And, heart, and eye; toucht, thought, and did behold 9
A lock, a ioye, a looke of great delight,
Lookes sweet, ioyes rare, but lockes of beaten gold,
Hearts ioye, eyes lookes, hands touch so pleasde my sight;
That what I would, by eye, hand, heart I trie,
And what I am, is but hand, heart, and eye.

Finis.

I F hollowe eyes, if wan and wearish face, 10
If scalding fighes my secret suites bewray:
Loe (loue) those lookes that want their former grace,
And dying thoughts which secret ioyes betray.
And grant me this that either death may ease,
Or humble suite my mistris wrath appease.
Whose dire disdaine more pines my fainting heart,
Than Ætnaes flame that fumes both night and day:
Whose wisefome when it measures by desart,
Dissolues my doubts and drines my woes away:
Whose lookes if once they yeeld me beames of grace,
Discharge the furrowes that befret my face.
Twixt hope and happe my shippe doth beare a saile,
The Seas are fighes, the Ancker slipper ioye;
Would Sea and Ancker both, and tacke might faile,
So land of loue were gain'd to foile annoye.
I say no more, the teare that last did fall
On latter line, can shewe and open all.

Finis.

A Satyre fitting by a riuier side, 11
Foreworne with care that hardlie findes recure:
A straying Nymph in pafsion did deride
His teares, his care, her smiles her scornes assure:
He wept, she wisht, and all their thoughts among,
Fancie beheld and fung this carefull song.

F 2

Perhaps

Sonnets.

Perhaps the furrowes in thy wrinckled face
Growne by thy grieffe, abate thy wonted forme:
Perhaps her eye was formde to yeeld disgrace,
And blemisht that which wit may not reforme.

Perhaps she will if so thou list to proue,
Perhaps she likes, and yet she dares not loue.
But if (perhaps) thy fortune be so faire,
Laugh Satyre then it proues a pretie prize:
And if thou wilt, so liue to shunne dispaire
As looking long thou keepe thy proper eyes.

This said she ceast: the Nymph she fled away,
And good perswasion causde the Satyre play.

¹² **F***Aire Phœbus flowre vpon a sommer morne,
Gan proud with loue to shewe her painted pride,
And gay with glorie with a curious scorne,
Disdainde those buds that blossom'd her beside.
When Rose and Lillies, Violets and Balme,
(Scarce warm'd to worke their beauties to a flowre)
With enuious wrath nere to a water calme,
Beheld my Phillis in a happie howre.
Not wak't nor wonne too much with solemne sleepe,
But sweetlie slombring they beheld my Saint,
The Rose and Lillies both together creepe;
The one her lip, the next her cheeke did taint,
And both they spread: the Violet consum'd
To gentle ayre her amber breath fulfilled:
Apollo feeling all the aire perfumde,
With gentle beames into her eyes distilled.
His flowre amas'd, gaue Rose and Lillies place,
The Sunne his shine within her eyes containeth,
The Rose her lips, the Lillies decke her face,
The Violet within her breath remaineth.*

Lenuoy.

T*hen cease (fond men) henceforth to boast your flowers,
Since Roses, Lillies, Violets are ours:
And Phœbus flowre doth homage to their powers,
And Phillis eye his glorious beames deuours.*

FINIS.

Rofalynde.
Euphues golden le-
gacie: found after his death
in his Cell at Si-
lexedra.

Bequeathed to Philautus sonnes
nourfed vp with their
father in Eng-
land.

Fetcht from the Canaries.
By T.L. Gent.



L O N D O N,
Imprinted by *Thomas Orwin* for *T.G.*
and *Fohn Busbie.*

1 5 9 0.



TO THE RIGHT HO-
nourable and his most esteemed

NOTE.

As the only known copy of the First Edition of "Rosalynde. Euphues Golden Legacie," 1590, is imperfect, the text of Sig. R (pp. 129-136), distinguished by being enclosed within square brackets, is reprinted from the Second Edition of 1592.

*...ding to the perfection of the person. When I
A 2 entred*



TO THE RIGHT HO-
nourable and his most esteemed
Lord the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord
Chamberlaine of her Maiesties
houhold, and Gouvernor of her

Towne of Barwicke:

T.L.G. wisheth increase
of all honourable ver-
tues.



*Vch Romanes (right Ho-
nourable) as delighted in
martiall exploytes, attemp-
ted their actions in the ho-
nour of Augustus, because
he was a Patron of souldi-
ers: and Virgil dignified him with his poems,
as a Mœcenas of schollers; both ioyntly ad-
uaucing his royaltie, as a Prince warlike and
learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas, present
her with bayes as she is wise, and with armour
as she is valiant; obseruing herein that excel-
lent τὸ πρέπον which dedicateth honours accor-
ding to the perfection of the person. VVhen J*

A 2

entred

The Epistle

entred (right honourable) with a deep insight into the consideration of these premisses, seeing your L. to be a Patron of all martiall men, and a Mœcenas of such as applie themselves to studie; wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and ayming with Augustus at the fauour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde: being my selfe first a Student, and after falling from bookes to armes, euen vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your L. Hauing with Capt: Clarke made a voyage to the I-lands of Terceras & the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, I writ this booke; rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the worke of a souldier and a scholler, I presumed to shrowde it vnder your Honors patronage, as one that is the fautor and fauourer of all vertuous actions; and whose honourable Loues growen from the generall applause of the whole Common wealth for your higher deserts, may keep it frō the mallice of euery bitter tung. Other reasons more particular (right Honorable) challenge in me a speciall affection to your L. as being a scholler with your two noble sonnes,
Ma-

Dedicatorie.

Master Edmond Carew & M. Robert Carew, (two fiens worthie of so honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruite) as also being scholler in the Vniuersitie vnder that learned and vertuous Knight Sir Edward Hobbie, when he was Batcheler in Arts, a mā as well lettered as well borne, and after the Etymologie of his name soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happie euerie way, & the more fortunate, as blessed in the honor of so vertuous a Ladie. Thus (right honourable) the duetie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father; for where the braunches are so precious, the tree of force must be most excellent. Commaunded and emboldened thus with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my Booke to your Lordship; I humbly intreate, your Honour will vouch of my labours, and fauour a souldiers and a schollers pen with your gracious acceptance; who answeres in affection what he wants in eloquence; so deuoted to your Honour, as his onely desire is, to end his life vnder the fauour of so martiall and learned a Patron.

A 3

Resting

The Epistle

Resting thus in hope of your Lordships courtesie, in deyning the Patronage of my worke. I cease: wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your Lordship can desire, or I imagine.

*Your Honours souldier
humbly affectionate:*

Thomas Lodge.

To



To the Gentlemen Readers.



Entlemen, look not here to find anie sprigs of *Pallas* bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous Lawreate, nor the pleasing vaine of anie eloquent Orator: *Nolo altum sapere*, they be matters about my capacitie; the Coblers checke shall neuer light on my head, *Ne futor ultra crepidam*, I will goe no further than the latchet, and then all is well. Heere you may perhaps find fom leaues of *Venus* mirtle, but heauen down by a souldier with his curtleaxe, not bought with the allurements of a filed tongue. To be briefe Gentlemen, roome for a souldier, & a failer, that giues you the fruits of his labors that he wrought in the *Ocean*, when euerie line was wet with a surge, & euerie humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it, so:
and

To the Gentlemen Readers.

and yet I will be yours in duetie, if you bee mine in fauour. But if *Momus* or anie squint-eyed asse that hath mightie eares to conceiue with *Midas*, and yet little reason to iudge; if hee come aboard our Barke to find fault with the tackling, when he knows not the shrowdes, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that fawe no funne this feauen yeare, and either well be baste him, or heaue the cockscombe ouer boord to feede cods. But courteous Gentlemen that fauour most, backbite none, & pardon what is ouerslipt, let such come & velcome, Ile into the Stevvards roome, & fetch them a kan of our best beurdage. VVell Gentlemen, you haue *Euphues Legacie*. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of *Terceras*, and therefore read it; censure vvith fauour, and farevvell.

Yours T.L.

Rofa-



Rofalynd.



Here dwelled adioyning to the citie of *Bourdeaux* a Knight of most honorable parentage, whom Fortune had graced with manie fauours, and Nature honored with fundrie exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise hée was, as holding in his head a supreme concept of policie, reaching with NESTOR into the depth of all ciuill gouernment; and to make his wisedome more gracious, he had that *salem ingenij* and pleasant eloquence that was so highlie commended in VLISSES: his valour was no lesse than his wit, nor the stroake of his Launce no lesse forcible, than the sweetnesse of his tongue was perswasive: for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of *Malta*. This hardie Knight thus enricht with Vertue and Honour, furnamed Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*, hauing passed the prime of his youth in fundrie battailes against the *Turkes*, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grew aged: his haire were siluer hued, and the map of age was figured on his forehead: Honour fat in the furrowes of his face, and many yeres were pourtraied in his wrinkled liniaments, that all men might perceiue his glasse was runne, and that

B

Nature

Euphues

Nature of necessity challenged her due. Sir IOHN (that with the Phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expyred, and could with the Swanne discouer his end by her fongs) hauing three sonnes by his wife LYNIDA, the verie pride of all his forepassed yeres, thought now (seeing death by constraint would compell him to leaue them) to bestowe vpon them such a Legacie as might bewray his loue, and increafe their ensuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong Gentlemen before him in the prefence of all his fellowe Knights of *Malta*, he resolued to leaue them a memoriall of his fatherlie care, in setting downe a methode of their brotherlie dueties. Hauing therefore death in his lookes to moouue them to pitie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, hee began thus.

Sir Iohn of Bourdeaux Legacie he
gaue to his Sonnes.

OH my Sonnes, you see that Fate hath set a period of my yeares, and Destinies haue determined the finall ende of my daies: the Palme tree waxeth away ward, for he stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are full of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my graue that dischargeth all cares, and leaue you to the world that encreaseth many forowes: my siluer haire containeth great experience, and in the number of my yeares are pend downe the subtilties of Fortune. Therefore as I leaue you some fading pelfe to counterchecke pouertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall leade you vnto vertue. First therefore vnto thée SALADYNE the eldest, and therefore the chiefe pillar of my house, wherein should be ingrauen as well the excellence of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall forme of his porportion, to thée I giue soureténe ploughlands, with all my Mannor houses and richest plate. Next vnto FERNANDYNE I bequeath twelue ploughlands.

But

golden Legacie.

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But vnto ROSADER the yongest I giue my Horfe, My Armour and my Launce, with sixteene ploughlands: for if the inward thoughts be discouered by outward shadowes, ROSADER will excéed you all in bountie and honour. Thus (my Sonnes) haue I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you bee as prodigall to spend, as I haue been carefull to get, your friends will grieue to see you more wastfull than I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fall did begin in your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the Loadstarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage. Ayme your déedes by my honorable endeouours, and shewe your selues siens worthie of so flourishing a trée: least as the birds HALCYONES which excéede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that surpasse in blacknesse. Climbe not my sonnes; aspiring pride is a vapour that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake: they which stare at the Starres, stumble vpon stones; and such as gaze at the Sunne (vnlesse they bee Eagle eyed) fall blinde. Soare not with the Hobbie, least you fall with the Larke; nor attempt not with PHAETON, least you drowne with ICARUS. Fortune when she wils you to flie, tempers your plumes with waxe, and therefore either sit still and make no wing, or els beware the Sunne, and holde DEDALUS axiome authenticall (*medium tenere tutissimum*). Low shrubbes haue déepe rootes, and poore Cottages great patience. Fortune lookes euer vpward, and enuie aspireth to nestle with dignitie. Take héede my sonnes, the meane is swéetest melodie; where strings high stretcht, either soone cracke, or quicklie growe out of tune. Let your Countries care be your hearts content, and thinke that you are not borne for your selues, but to leuell your thoughts to be loyall to your Prince, careful for the Common weale, and faithfull to your friends; so shall *France* say, these men are as excellent in vertues, as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sonnes, a friend is a precious Iewell, within whose bosome you may vnloade your sorowes and vnfolde your

B 2

secrets,

Euphues

secretes, and hee either will releue with counsaile, or perswade with reason: but take heede in the choyce, the outward shew makes not the inward man, nor are the dimples in the face the Calenders of trueth. When the Liquorice leafe looketh most drie, then it is most wet. When the shoares of *Lepanthus* are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The Baaran leafe the more faire it lookes, the more infectious it is, and in the swéetest words is oft hid the most trecherie. Therefore my sonnes, choose a friend as the HIPERBOREI do the mettals, seuer them from the ore with fire, & let them not bide the stamp before they be currant; so trie and then trust, let time be touchstone of friendship, & then friends faithfull lay them vp for Iewells. Be valiant my sonnes, for cowardise is the enemie to honour; but not too rash, for that is an extreame. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limited within bonds, and prescribed with circumstance. But aboue all, and with that he fetcht a deepe sigh, beware of Loue, for it is farre more perilous than pleasant, and yet I tell you it allureth as ill as the SYRENS. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt vp with times colours, which being set to drie in the Sunne, perish with the fame. VENUS is a wanton, & though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but losse and glistering miserie. CUPIDS wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes where they pearce, inforce nothing but deadly defires: a womans eye as it is precious to behold, so it is preiudiciall to gaze vpon; for as it affoordeth delight, so it snareth vnto death. Trust not their fawning fauours, for their loues are like the breath of a man vpon steele, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth of, and their passions are as momentarie as the colours of a Polipe, which changeth at the sight of euerie obiect. My breath waxeth short and mine eyes dimme, the houre is come and I must away: therefore let this suffice, women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore if you loue, choose her that hath her eyes of Adamant, that will
turne

golden Legacie.

3

turne only to one poynt; her heart of a Diamond, that will receiue but one forme; her tongue of a Sethin leafe, that neuer waggēs but with a Southeast winde: and yet my sonnes, if she haue all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent; yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou finde in her sufficient vanities to counteruaile her vertues. Oh now my sonnes, euen now take these my last words as my latest Legacie, for my thrid is sponne, and my foote is in the graue: keepe my precepts as memorialls of your fathers counsailes, and let them bee lodged in the secrete of your hearts; for wisedome is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fall see & marke my sonnes the follie of man, that being dust climbeth with BIARES to reach at the Heauens, and readie euerie minute to dye, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh mans life is like lightning that is but a flash, and the longest date of his yeares but as a bauens blaze. Seeing then man is so mortall, bee carefull that thy life bee vertuous, that thy death may be full of admirable honours; so shalt thou challenge fame to bee thy fautor, and put obliuion to exile with thine honorable actions. But my Sonnes, leaſt you should forget your fathers axiomes, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying, wils you to execute liuing. At this hee shrunke downe in his bed and gaue vp the ghost.

IOHN of *Bourdeaux* being thus dead, was greatlie lamented of his Sonnes and bewayled of his friends, especiallie of his fellowe Knights of *Malta*, who attended on his Funeralls, which were performed with great solemnitie. His Obsequies done, SALADYNE caused next his Epitaph the contents of the scroule to be pourtraied out, which were to this effect.

B 3

The

Euphues

The contents of the scedule which Sir Iohn
of Bourdeaux gaue to his Sonnes.

MY Sonnes, behold what portion I doo giue;
I leaue you goods, but they are quicklie lost;
I leaue aduice, to schoole you how to liue;
I leaue you wit, but wonne with little cost:
But keepe it well; for counsaile still is one,
When Father, friends, and worldlie goods are gone.

/ In choice of thrift let honour be thy gaine,
Winne it by vertue and by manly might;
In dooing good esteeme thy toyle no paine,
Protect the fatherlesse and widowes right:
Fight for thy faith, thy Countrie and thy King,
For why? this thrift will prooue a blessed thing.

In choice of wife, preferre the modest chaste,
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell;
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defast:
Then choose thy wife by wit and liuing well.
Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,
Presents thee honic, mixt with bitter gall.

In choice of friends, beware of light beliefe,
A painted tongue may shroud a subtill heart;
The Syrens teares doo threaten mickle grieve,
Foresee my sonne, for feare of sodaine smart:
Chuse in thy wants: and he that friends thee then,
When richer growne, befriend him thou agen.

Learne of the Ant in sommer to prouide;
Driue with the Bee the Droane from out thy hie;
Builde like the Swallowe in the sommer tide;
Spare not too much (my sonne) but sparing thriue:

Be

golden Legacie.

4

*Be poore in follie, rich in all but finne:
So by thy death thy glorie shall beginne.*

SALADINE hauing thus fet vp the Scedule, and hangd about his Fathers hearfe many passionate Poems, that *France* might suppose him to be passing sorrowfull, he clad himselfe and his Brothers all in black, & in such sable futes discourfed his grieve: but as the HIENA when she mournes is then most guilefull, so SALADINE vnder this shew of grieve shadowed a heart full of contented thoughtes: the TYGER though hee hide his clawes, will at last discouer his rapine: the LIONS lookes are not the mappes of his meaning, nor a mans phisnomie is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot bee hid in the straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will haue his course: nourtire and art may doo much, but that *Natura naturans* which by propagation is ingrafted in the heart, will be at last perforce predominant according to the olde verse.

Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen vsque recurret.

So fared it with SALADYNE, for after a months mourning was past, he fell to consideration of his Fathers testament, how he had bequeathed more to his younger brothers than himselfe, that ROSADER was his Fathers darling, but now vnder his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeres, & he being their gardin, might (if not defraud them of their due) yet make such hauock of their legacies and lands, as they should be a great deale the lighter: whereupon hee began thus to meditate with himselfe.

Saladynes meditation with himselfe.

SALADYNE, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, & perplexed with a world of restlesse passions, hauing thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy Fathers testament,

Euphues

stament, and thy heart fiered with the hope of present preferment; by the one, thou art counsaile to content thee with thy fortunes; by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (SALADYNE) is a great royalty, & there is no sweeter phisick thā store. AUCEN like a foole forgot in his Aphorismes to say, that golde was the most precious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medecine of the minde. Oh SALADYNE, what were thy Fathers precepts breathed into the winde? hast thou so soone forgottē his principles? did he not warne thee from coueting without honor, and climbing without vertue; did hee not forbid thee to aime at any action that should not be honourable; and what will bee more preiudiciall to thy credit, than the carelesse ruine of thy brothers welfare; why shouldst not thou bee the pillar of thy brothers prosperitie; and wilt thou become the subuersion of their fortunes; is there any sweeter thing than concord, or a more precious Iewel then amity? are you not sons of one Father, siens of one tree, birds of one nest; and wilt thou become so vnnaturall as to rob them, whome thou shouldst relieue? No SALADYNE, intreate them with fauours, and intertaine them with loue; so shalt thou haue thy conscience cleare and thy renowne excellent. Tush, what words are these base foole; farre vnfit (if thou be wise) for thy humour. What though thy Father at his death talked of many friuolous matters, as one that doated for age, and raued in his sicknesse: shal his words be axioms, and his talke be so authentical, that thou wilt (to obserue them) preiudice thy selfe? No no SALADYNE, sick mens wills that are parole, and haue neither hand nor feale, are like the lawes of a Citie written in dust; which are broken with the blast of euerie winde. What man thy Father is dead, and hee can neither helpe thy fortunes, nor measure thy actions: therefore burie his words with his carkasse, and bee wise for thy selfe. What, tis not so olde as true:

Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.

Thy Brother is young, keepe him now in awe, make him
not

golden Legacie.

5

not check mate with thy selfe: for

Nimia familiarit as contemptum parit.

Let him knowe little, so shall he not be able to execute much; ✓
 suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a Gentleman by nature yet forme him a new, and make him a peasant by nourture: so shalt thou keepe him as a slaue, and raigñ thy selfe sole Lord ouer al thy Fathers possessions. As for FERNANDYNE thy middle brother he is a scholar, and hath no minde but on ARISTOTLE, let him reade on GALEN while thou rifest with gold, and pore on his booke til thou doost purchase lands: wit is great wealth, if hee haue learning it is enough; and so let all rest.

In this humour was SALADYNE making his brother ROSADER his foote boy, for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such seruile subiection, as if hee had been the sonne of any countrie vassall. The yong Gentleman bare al with patience, til on a day walking in the gardē by himself, he began to consider how he was the son of IOHN of *Bourdeaux*, a knight renowned for many victories, & a Gentlemā famozed for his vertues, how contrarie to the testament of his father, he was not only kept from his land, and intreated as a seruant, but smothered in such secret slauerie, as he might not attaine to any honourable actions. Ah quoth he to himselfe (nature working these effectuell passions) why should I that am a Gentleman borne, passe my time in such vnnaturall drudgerie? were it not better either in *Paris* to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, than to liue a foote boy to my own brother: nature hath lent me wit to cōceiue, but my brother denied me arte to contemplate: I haue strength to performe any honorable exployte, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indeuours: those good partes that God hath bestowed vpon me, the enuie of my brother dooth smother in obscuritie: the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnesse. With that casting vp his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler hee began to blush, and

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fwore

Euphues

swore to himselfe he would bee no more subiect to such flauerie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie passions, in came SALADYNE with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne studie, and to forget his wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth hee) what is your heart on your halfe penie, or are you saying a Dirge for your fathers soule? what is my dinner readie? At this question ROSADER turning his head ascance, & bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, he made this replie. Doest thou aske me (SALADYNE) for thy Cates? aske some of thy Churles who are fit for such an office: I am thine equall by nature, though not by birth; and though thou hast more Cardes in the bunch, I haue as many trumps in my hands as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my Woods, spoyled my Manner houses, and made hauock of such vtenfals as my father bequeathed vnto me? I tell thee SALADYNE, either answere me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemye.

At this replie of ROSADERS, SALADYNE smiled as laughing at his presumption, & frowned as checking his follie: hee therefore tooke him vp thus shortlie. What sirha, well I see earlie prickes the tree that will prooue a thorne: hath my familiar conuersing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I will bende the tree while it is a wand: In faith (sir boy) I haue a snaffle for such a headströg colt. You sirs lay holde on him and binde him, and then I will giue him a cooling carde for his choller. This made ROSADER halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, he laide such loades vpon his brothers men that he hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. SALADYNE seeing ROSADER so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loast adioyning to the garden, whether ROSADER pursued him hotlie. SALADYNE afraide of his brothers furie, cried

golden Legacie.

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cried out to him thus. ROSADER bee not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done thee wrong Ile make thee amends: reuenge not anger in bloud, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of olde Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*: say wherein thou art discontent and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periods of wrath: what man looke not so sowerlie, I knowe we shall be friends, and better friends than we haue been. For, *Amantium ira amoris redint egratio est.*

These wordes appeased the choller of ROSADER, (for hee was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laide downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman assured his brother he would offer him no preiudice: wherevpon SALADYNE came downe, and after a little parley they imbraced each other and became frends, and SALADYNE promising ROSADER the restitution of al his lands, and what fauour els (quoth he) any waies my abilitie or the nature of a brother may performe. Vpon these sugred recõciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old seruants of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*. Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, till it chaunced that TORISMOND King of *France* had appoynted for his pleasure a day of Wraftling and of Tournament to busie his Commons heads, least being idle their thoughts should runne vpon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King; a Champion there was to stand against all commers a NORMAN, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely ouerthrowing them which he incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. SALADYNE hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take oportunitie by the forehead: first by secret meanes conuented with the NORMAN, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if ROSADER came within his clawes he should neuer more returne to quarrell with SALADYNE for his pos-

C 2

sessions.

Euphues

essions. The NORMAN desirous of pelfe, as (*Quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum.*) taking great gifts for little Gods, tooke the crownes of SALADYNE to performe the stratagem. Hauing thus the Champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, he prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus. Hee went to young ROSADER, (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower than vertue commaunded him) and began to tell him of this Tournament and Wraftling, how the King should be there, and all the chiefe Péeres of *France*, with all the beautifull damofels of the Countrey: now brother (quoth he) for the honor of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux* our renowned father, to famous that house that neuer hath been found without men approoued in Cheualrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For my selfe thou knowest though I am eldest by birth, yet neuer hauing attempted any deedes of Armes, I am yongest to performe any Martiall exploytes, knowing better how to suruey my lands, than to charge my Launce: my brother FERNANDYNE he is at *Paris* poring on a fewe papers, hauing more insight into Sophistrie and principles of Philosophie, than any warlike indeuours: but thou ROSADER the youngest in yeares, but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength and darest doo what honour allowes thee; take thou my fathers Launce, his Sword, and his Horfe, and hie thee to the Tournament, and either there valiantlie crack a speare, or trie with the NORMAN for the palme of actiuitie. The words of SALADYNE were but spurres to a free horfe; for hee had scarce vttered them, ere ROSADER tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that he promised in what he might to requite his courtesie. The next morowe was the day of the Tournament, and ROSADER was so desirous to shew his heroycall thoughts, that he past the night with little sleepe: but assoone as PHÆBUS had vailed the Curteine of the night, and made AURORA blush with giuing her the *bezoles labres* in her siluer Couch, he gat him vp; and taking his leaue of his brother, mounted himselfe

golden Legacie.

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himselfe towards the place appoynted, thinking euery mile ten leagues till he came there. But leauing him so desirous of the iourney: to TORISMOND the King of *France*, who hauing by force banished GERISMOND their lawfull King that liued as an outlaw in the Forrest of *Arden*, sought now by all meanes to kéepe the *French* busied with all sportes that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne Tournament, whereunto he in most solemne manner resorted, accompanied with the twelue Péeres of *France*, who rather for feare than loue graced him with the shewe of their dutifull fauours: to feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and gliftring obiects, he had appoynted his owne daughter ALINDA to be there, & the faire ROSALYND daughter vnto GERISMOND, with all the beautifull damosels that were famous for their features in all *France*. Thus in that place did Loue and Warre triumph in a simparchie: for such as were Martiall, might vse their Launce to bee renowned for the excellence of their Cheualrie; and such as were amorous, might glut themselues with gazing on the beauties of most heauenly creatures. As euerie mans eye had his seuerall suruey, and fancie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of ROSALYND: for vpon her cheekes there seemed a battaile betwéene the Graces, who should bestow most fauours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried LUNA when she kist the shepherd on the hills of *Latmos* was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the Vermilion flourisheth on the siluer hue of ROSALYNDS countenance; her eyes were like those lampes that make the wealthie couert of the Heauens more gorgeous, sparkling fauour and disdaine; courteous and yet coye, as if in them VENUS had placed all her amoretts, and DIANA all her chastitie. The tramells of her hayre, foulded in a call of golde, so farre surpass the burnisht glister of the mettall, as the Sunne dooth the meanest Starre

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in

Euphues

in brightnesse: the tresses that foldes in the browes of APOLLO were not halfe so rich to the sight; for in her haire it seemed loue had laide her selfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze vpon their excellence: what should I néede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This ROSALYND sat I say with ALINDA as a beholder of these sportes, and made the CAUALIERS crack their lances with more courage: many deeds of Knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were giuen according to their seuerall deserts: at last when the tournament ceased, the wrestling began; and the NORMAN presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers; but he looked like HERCULES when he aduaunst himselfe against ACHELOÛS; so that the furie of his countenance amased all that durst attempt to incounter with him in any déede of actiuitie: till at last a lustie FRANCKLIN of the Countrie came with two tall men that were his Sonnes of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing his obeyfance to the King entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the NORMAN, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gaue him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the younger brother seeing, lept presently into the place, and thirftie after the reuenge, assayled the NORMAN with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knées: which repulst so the NORMAN, that recouering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the young FRANCKLIN, that taking him vp in his armes he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broake his neck, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this vnlookt for massacre, the people murmured, and were all in a déepe passion of pittie; but the FRANCKLIN, Father vnto these, neuer changed his countenance; but as a mā of a couragious resolution, tooke vp the bodies of his Sonnes

golden Legacie.

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Sonnes without any shew of outward discontent. All this while stoode ROSADER and sawe this tragedie: who noting the vndoubted vertue of the FRANCKLINS minde, alighted of from his horse, and presentlie sat downe on the grasse, and commaunded his boy to pull off his bootes, making him readie to trie the strength of this Champion; being furnished as he would, hee clapt the FRANCKLIN on the shoulder and saide thus. Bolde yeoman whose sonnes haue ended the tearme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and twhartest the iniurie of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy Sonnes: stand a while and either see mee make a third in their tragedie, or else reuenge their fall with an honourable triumph; the FRANCKLIN seeing so goodlie a Gentleman to giue him such courteous comfort, gaue him hartie thanks, with promise to pray for his happie successe. With that ROSADER vailed bonnet to the King, and lightlie lept within the lists, where noting more the companie than the combatant, hee cast his eye vpon the troupe of Ladies that glistered there like the starres of heauen, but at last Loue willing to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of ROSALYND, whose admirable beautie so inueagled the eye of ROSADER, that forgetting himselfe, he stoode and fed his looks on the fauour of ROSALYNDS face, which she perceiuing, blusht: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashfull red of AURORA at the sight of vnacquainted PHAETON was not halfe so glorious: The NORMAN seeing this young Gentleman fettered in the looks of the Ladies, draue him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder; ROSADER looking back with an angrie frowne, as if he had been wakened from some pleasant dreame, discouered to all by the furie of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetenesse of his visage, with a generall applause of fauours, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action: but
seeing

Euphues

féeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to be graced with the palme of victorie. After ROSADER was thus called out of his *memento* by the NORMAN, hee roughlie clapt to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground. and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe: in which space the NORMAN called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whom SALADYNE had appoynted him to kil: which coniecture made him stretch euerie limb, & trie euerie sinew, that working his death he might recouer the golde, which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrarie part, ROSADER while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye vppon ROSALYND, who to incourage him with a fauour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might haue made the most coward desperat: which glance of ROSALYND so fiered the passionate desires of ROSADER, that turning to the NORMAN hee ran vpon him and braued him with a strong encounter: the NORMAN receiued him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to iudge on whose side fortune would be prodigall. At last ROSADER calling to minde the beautie of his new Mistresse, the fame of his Fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, roused himselfe and threw the NORMAN against the ground, falling vpon his Chest with so willing a waight, that the NORMAN yeelded nature her due, and ROSADER the victorie. The death of this Champion; as it highlie contented the FRANCKLIN, as a man satisfied with reuenge, so it drue the King and all the Péeres into a great admiration, that so young yeares and so beautifull a personage, should containe such martiall excellence: but when they knew him to be the yongest Sonne of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*, the King rose from his seate and imbraced him, and the Péeres intreated him with al fauourable courtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to goe forward in such haughtie déedes, that he might attaine to the glorie of his Fathers honourable fortunes. As the King and Lordes
graced

golden Legacie.

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graced him with embracing, so the Ladies fauored him with their lookes, especially ROSALYND, whome the beautie and valour of ROSADER had alreadie touched; but she accounted loue a toye, and fancie a momentarie passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might bee shaken off with a winck; and therefore feared not to dallie in the flame, and to make ROSADER knowe she affected him; tooke from hir neck a Iewell, and sent it by a Page to the young Gentleman. The Prize that VENUS gaue to PARIS was not halfe so pleasing to the TROIAN, as this Iemme was to ROSADER: for if fortune had sworne to make him sole Monark of the world, he would rather haue refused such dignitie, than haue lost the iewell sent him by ROSALYND. To retourne her with the like he was vnfurnished, and yet that hee might more than in his lookes discouer his affection, he slept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ this fancie.

*Two Sunnes at once from one faire heauen there shinde,
Ten branches from two boughes tipt all with rofes,
Pure lockes more golden than is golde refinde,
Two pearled rowes that Natures pride incloses:*

*Two mounts faire marble white, downe-soft and daintie,
A snow died orbe; where loue increast by pleasure
Full wofull makes my heart, and bodie faintie:
Hir faire (my woe) exceeds all thought and measure.*

*In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeereth;
Whom sorrow cloudes, whom pleasant smiling cleereth.*

This sonnet he sent to ROSALYND, which when she read, she blusht, but with a sweete content in that she perceaued loue had allotted her so amorous a seruant. Leauing her to her new intertayned fancies, againe to ROSADER; who triumphing in the glory of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of young Gentlemen, that were desirous to be his

D fami-

Euphues

ence. The blossomes of thy youth, are mixt with the frostes of enuie, and the hope of thy ensuing frutes, perish in the bud. Thy father is by TORISMOND banisht from the crowne, & thou the vnhappie daughter of a King detained captiue, liuing as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah ROSALYND what cares wait vpon a crown, what griefes are incident to dignitie? what sorrowes haunt royal Pallaces? The greatest seas haue the forest stormes, the highest birth subiect to the most bale, and of al trees the Cedars soonest shake with the winde: small Currents are euer calme, lowe valleyes not scorcht in any lightnings, nor base men tyed to anye balefull preiudice. Fortune flies, & if she touch pouertie, it is with her heele, rather disdayning their want with a frowne, than enuying their wealth with disparagement. Oh ROSALYND, hadst thou been borne lowe, thou hadst not fallen so high; and yet being great of blood, thine honour is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet Fates vnwilling to haue me any way happie, haue forced loue to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Loue ROSALYND? becommeth it women in distresse to thinke of loue? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons, CUPID is blinde and shooteth at randon, as soone hitting a rag, as a robe, and percing as soone the bosome of a Captiue, as the breast of a Libertine. Thou speakest it poore ROSALYND by experience, for being euerie way distrest, surcharged with cares, and ouergrowne with sorrowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, loue hath lodged in thy hart the perfection of young ROSADER, a man euery way absolute as well for his inward life, as for his outward lymaments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider ROSALIND his fortunes, and thy present estate, thou art poore and without patrimonie, and yet the daughter of a Prince, he a younger brother, and voide of such possessions as eyther might maintayne thy dignities, or reuenge thy fathers iniuries. And hast thou not learned this of other Ladies

golden Legacie.

I I

dies, that louers cannot liue by lookes; that womens eares are sooner content with a dram of giue me, than a pound of heare me; that gould is sweeter than eloquence; that loue is a fire, & wealth is the fewell; that VENUS Coffers should be euer full. Then ROSALYND, séeing ROSADER is poore, thinke him lesse beautifull, because he is in want, and account his vertues but qualities of course, for that hee is not indued with wealth. Doth not HORACE tell thee what methode is to be vsed in loue,

Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

Tush ROSALYND, be not ouer rash; leape not before thou looke; eyther loue such a one as may with his landes purchase thy liberty, or els loue not at all. Choofe not a fayre face with an emptie purse, but say as most women vse to say,

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

Why ROSALYND, can such base thoughtes harbour in such high beauties? Can the degree of a Princes, the daughter of GERISMOND harbour such seruile conceites, as to prize gold more than honor, or to measure a Gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues. No ROSALYND, blush at thy base resolution, and say if thou louest, either ROSADER or none: and why? because ROSADER is both beautifull and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertayned passions, taking vp her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

Rosalynds Madrigal.

*Loue in my bosome like a Bee
doth sucke his sweete:
Now with his wings he playes with me,
now with his feete.
Within mine eies he makes his neast,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast;
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah wanton, will ye?*

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And

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swore to himselfe he would bee no more subiect to such flauerie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie passions, in came SALADYNE with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne studie, and to forget his wonted reuerence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth hee) what is your heart on your halfe penie, or are you saying a Dirge for your fathers soule? what is my dinner readie? At this question ROSADER turning his head ascance, & bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, he made this replie. Doeſt thou aske me (SALADYNE) for thy Cates? aske ſome of thy Churles who are fit for ſuch an office: I am thine equall by nature, though not by birth; and though thou haſt more Cardes in the bunch, I haue as many trumps in my hands as thy ſelfe. Let me queſtion with thee, why thou haſt feld my Woods, ſpoyled my Manner houſes, and made hauock of ſuch vtensils as my father bequeathed vnto me? I tell thee SALADYNE, either anſwere me as a brother, or I will trouble thee as an enemy.

At this replie of ROSADERS, SALADYNE ſmiled as laughing at his preſumption, & frowned as checking his follie: hee therefore tooke him vp thus ſhortlie. What ſirha, well I ſee earlie prickes the tree that will prooue a thorne: hath my familiar conuerſing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie ſuch a fault, and I will bende the tree while it is a wand: In faith (ſir boy) I haue a ſnaffle for ſuch a headſtrög colt. You ſirs lay holde on him and binde him, and then I will giue him a cooling carde for his choller. This made ROSADER halfe mad, that ſtepping to a great rake that ſtood in the garden, he laide ſuch loades vpon his brothers men that he hurt ſome of them, and made the reſt of them run away. SALADYNE ſeeing ROSADER ſo reſolute, and with his reſolution ſo valiant, thought his heeles his beſt ſafetie, and tooke him to a loſt adioyning to the garden, whether ROSADER purſued him hotlie. SALADYNE afraide of his brothers furie,
cried

golden Legacie. 6

cried out to him thus. ROSADER bee not so rash, I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I haue done thee wrong Ile make thee amends: reuenge not anger in bloud, for so shalt thou stain the vertue of olde Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*: say wherein thou art discontent and thou shalt be satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periods of wrath: what man looke not so sowerlie, I knowe we shall be friends, and better friends than we haue been. For, *Amantium iræ amoris redint egratio est.*

These wordes appeased the choller of ROSADER, (for hée was of a milde and courteous nature) so that he laide downe his weapons, and vpon the faith of a Gentleman assured his brother he would offer him no prejudice: wherevpon SALADYNE came downe, and after a little parley they imbraced each other and became frends, and SALADYNE promising ROSADER the restitution of al his lands, and what fauour els (quoth he) any waies my abilitie or the nature of a brother may performe. Vpon these sugred recõciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old seruants of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*. Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, till it chaunced that TORISMOND King of *France* had appoynted for his pleasure a day of Wraftling and of Tournament to busie his Commons heads, least being idle their thoughts should runne vpon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished King; a Champion there was to stand against all commers a NORMAN, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely ouerthrowing them which he incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. SALADYNE hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take oportunitie by the forehead: first by secret meanes conuented with the NORMAN, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if ROSADER came within his clawes he should neuer more returne to quarrell with SALADYNE for his possessions.

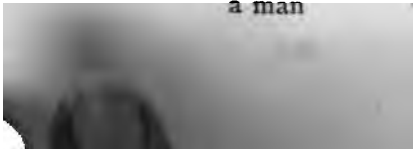
C 2

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MOND) if séeing my friend distrest, I finde my selfe perplexed with a thousand forrowes: for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such, as may challenge loue, and race out fuspition: her obedience to your Maiestie, I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered all griefes with patience, and in the absense of nature, hath honoured you with all dutie, as her owne Father by nouriture: not in word vttering anie discontent, nor in thought (as farre as coniecture may reach) hammering on reuenge; onely in all her actions seeking to please you, & to winne my fauour. Her wisedome, silence, chaſtitie, and other such rich qualities, I néed not decypher: onely it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, Fortune who triumphs in varietie of miseries, hath presented some enuious person (as minister of her intended stragem) to taint ROSALYNDE with anie surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnesſes; which prooued, let her die, and ALINDA will execute the massacre. If none can auouch anie confirmed relation of her intent, vse Iustice my Lord, it is the glorie of a King, and let her liue in your wonted fauour: for if you banish her, my selfe as copartner of her hard fortunes, wil participate in exile some part of her extremities.

TORISMOND (at this speech of ALINDA) couered his face with such a frowne, as Tyrannie seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, and checkt her vp with such taunts, as made the Lords (that onlie were hearers) to tremble. Proude girle (quoth he) hath my lookes made thee so light of tung, or my fauours encouraged thee to be so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? Hath not my yeares more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into ciuill policie, than the prime of thy flourishing daies? The olde Lion auoides the toyles where the yong one leapes into the net: the care of age is prouident and foresees much: fuspition is a vertue, where

a man



golden Legacie.

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a man holds his enimie in his bosome. Thou fonde girle measurest all by present affection, & as thy heart loues thy thoughts censure: but if thou knewest that in liking ROSALYND thou hatchest vp a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldst intreate as much for her absence, as now thou delightest in her presence. But why do I alleadge policie to thee? sit you downe hufwife and fall to your needle: if idleness make you so wanton, or libertie so malipert, I can quicklie tie you to a sharper taske: and you (maide) this night be packing either into *Arden* to your father, or whether best it shall content your humour, but in the Court you shall not abide. This rigorous replie of TORISMOND nothing amazed ALINDA, for still she prosecuted her plea in the defence of ROSALYND, wishing her father (if his censure might not be reuerst) that he would appoint her partner of her exile; which if he refused to doo, either she would (by some secret meanes) steale out and followe her, or els end her daies with some desperate kinde of death. When TORISMOND heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardned against her, that he set downe a definitiue and peremptorie sentence that they should both be banished: which presentlie was done. The Tyrant rather choosung to hazard the losse of his only child, than any waies to put in question the state of his kingdome: so suspitious and feareful is the conscience of an vsurper. Well, although his Lords perfwaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might not bee reuerst, but both of them must away from the court without either more companie or delay. In he went with great melancholie, and left these two Ladies alone. ROSALYND waxed very sad, and sat downe and wept. ALINDA she smiled, and sitting by her friende began thus to comfort her.

E

Alindas

Euphues

Alindas comfort to perplexed
Rosalynd.

WHy how now ROSALYND, dismaide with a frowne of contrarie fortune? Haue I not oft heard thee say that high minds were discouered in fortunes contempt, and heroycall seene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of distresse, that the swéetest salue for miserie was patience; and the onlie medicine for want, that precious implaister of content: being such a good Phisition to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe? But perchance thou wilt say:

Consulenti nunquam caput doluit.

Why then, if the patients that are sicke of this disease can finde in themselves neither reason to perfwade, nor arte to cure; yet (ROSALYND) admit of the counsaile of a friend, and applie the salues that may appease thy passions. If thou grieuest that beeing the daughter of a Prince, and enuie thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke; that Crownes haue crosses when mirth is in Cottages; that the fairer the Rose is, the sooner it is bitten with Catterpillers; the more orient the Pearle is, the more apt to take a blemish; and the greatest birth, as it hath most honour, so it hath much enuie. If then Fortune aimeth at the fairest, be patient ROSALYND; for first by thine exile thou goest to thy father; nature is higher prised than wealth, & the loue of ones parents ought to bee more precious than all dignities: why then doth my ROSALYND grieve at the frowne of TORISMOND, who by offering her a preiudice, proffers her a greater pleasure? and more (mad lasse) to be melancholie, when thou hast with thee ALINDA a friend, who will be a faithfull copartner of al thy misfortunes, who hath left her father to followe thee, and chooseth rather to brooke all extremities than to forsake thy presence. What ROSALYND:

Solamen

golden Legacie.

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Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Chéerelie woman, as wee haue been bedfellowes in royaltie, we will be fellowe mates in pouertie: I will euer bée thy ALINDA, and thou shalt euer rest to me ROSALYND: so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of ROSALYND and ALINDA, as they did of PILADES and ORESTES. And if euer Fortune smile and wee returne to our former honour, then folding our selues in the swéete of our friendship, wee shall merelie say (calling to minde our forepassed miseries);

Olim hæc meminisse iuuabit.

At this ROSALYND began to comfort her; and after shée had wept a fewe kind teares in the bosome of her ALINDA, she gaue her heartie thanks, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should trauell. ALINDA grieved at nothing but that they might haue no man in their companie: saying, it would be their greatest preiudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth ROSALYND) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodaine shift to preuent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparell of a page, thou shalt bee my Mistris, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so euer I come I will not bee discouered; I will buy mee a suite, and haue my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knaue offer wrong, your page wil shew him the point of his weapon. At this ALINDA smiled, and vpon this they agreed, and presentlie gathered vp all their Iewels, which they trussed vp in a Casket, and ROSALYND in all hast prouided her of roabes, and ALINDA (from her royall weedes) put her selfe in more homelie attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away goe these two friends, hauing now changed their names, ALINDA being called ALIENA, and ROSALYND GANIMEDE: they trauailed along the Vineyards, and by many by-waies; at last got to the Forrest side, where they trauailed by the space of two or three daies without seeing a nie creature, being often in danger of wild beafts, and pay-

E 2 ned

Euphues

ned with many passionate sorrowes. Now the black Oxe began to tread on their feete, and ALINDA thought of her wonted royaltie: but when she cast her eyes on her ROSALYND, she thought euerie danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a Fountaine, compast with a groue of Cipresse trees, so cunninglie and curioulie planted, as if some Goddesse had intreated Nature in that place to make her an Arbour. By this Fountaine sat ALIENA and her GANIMEDE, and forth they pulled such victualls as they had, and fed as merilie as if they had been in *Paris* with all the Kings delicates: ALIENA onely grieuing that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last GANIMEDE casting vp his eye espied where on a tree was ingrauen certaine verses: which assoone as he espied, he cried out; bee of good cheere Mistris, I spie the figures of men; for here in these trées be ingrauen certaine verses of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabite here about. With that ALIENA start vp ioyfull to heare these newes; and looked, where they found carued in the barke of a Pine trée this passion.

Montanus passion.

H *Adst thou been borne whereas perpetuall cold
Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines siluer old:
Had I complain'd vnto a marble stone;
Or to the flouds bewraide my bitter mone,
I then could beare the burden of my grieffe.
But euen the pride of Countries at thy birth,
Whilst heauens did smile did new aray the earth
with flowers chiefe.
Yet thou the flower of beautie blessed borne,
Hast pretie lookes, but all attir'd in scorne.*

Had

golden Legacie.

15

*Had I the power to weepe sweet Mirrhas teares;
Or by my plaints to pearce repining eares;
Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint;
To scorne the woes that doth my heart attaint,
I then could beare the burden of my grieve.
But not my teares, but truth with thee preuailes,
And seeming sowre my sorowes thee assailes:
yet small reliefe.
For if thou wilt thou art of marble hard;
And if thou please my suite shall soone be heard.*

No doubt (quoth ALIENA) this poesie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamoured of some faire and beautifull Shepheardeffe, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therefore complained of the crueltie of his Mistris. You may see (quoth GANIMEDE) what mad cattell you women be, whose hearts sometimes are made of Adamant that will touch with no impression; and sometime of waxe that is fit for euerie forme: they delight to be courted, and then they glorie to seeme coy; and when they are most desired then they freefe with disdaine: and this fault is so common to the sex, that you see it painted out in the shepheards passions, who found his Mistris as froward as he was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth ALIENA) if your roabes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles the owne nest? Beware (GANIMEDE) that ROSADER heare you not; if he doo, perchance you will make him leape so far from loue, that he wil anger euery vain in your hart. Thus (quoth GANIMEDE) I keepe decorum, I speake now as I am ALIENAS page, not as I am GERISMONDS daughter: for put me but into a peticoate, and I will stand in defiance to the vttermost that women are courteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth ALIENA) and no more words; for yonder be Characters grauen vpon the barke of the tall Béech tree: let vs see (quoth GANIMEDE): and with

E 3 that

Euphues

that they read a fancie written to this effect.

*First shall the heauens want starrie light;
The seas be robbed of their waues;
The day want sunne, and sunne want bright;
The night want shade, the dead men graues;
The Aprill, flowers and leafe and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.*

*First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plaines be ouerpride;
And Poets scorne the Muses quills,
And fish forsake the water glide;
And Iris loose her coloured weed,
Before I faile thee at thy need.*

*First direfull hate shall turne to peace,
And loue relent in deepe disdain;
And death his fatall stroake shall cease,
And enuie pittie euery paine;
And pleasure mourne, and ferowce smile,
Before I talke of any guile.*

*First time shall slay his staylesse race,
And winter blesse his broeces with corne;
And snow bemoysten Iulies face;
And winter spring, and sommer mourne,
Before my pen by helpe of fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.*

Montanus.

No doubt (quoth GANIMEDE) this protestation grewe from one full of passions. I am of that mind too (quoth ALIENA) but see I pray, when poore women seeke to keepe themselues chaste, how men woo them with many fained promises, alluring with sweet words as the SYRENS, and after

golden Legacie.

16

ter proouing as trothlesse as AENEAS. Thus promised DEMOPHOON to his PHILLIS, but who at last grewe more false? The reason was (quoth GANIMEDE) that they were womens sonnes, and tooke that fault of their mother; for if man had growen from man, as ADAM did from the earth, men had neuer been troubled with inconstancie. Leau off (quoth ALIENA) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pul off your pages apparell and whip you (as VENUS doth her wantons) with nettles. So you will (quoth GANIMEDE) perswade me to flatterie, and that needs not: but come (seeing we haue found heere by this Fount the trackt of Shepheards by their Madrigals and Roundelaies) let vs forward; for either we shall finde some foldes, sheepecoates, or els some cottages wherein for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth ALIENA) and with that they rose vp, and marched forward till towards the euen: and then comming into a faire valley (compassed with mountaines, whereon grewe many pleasant shrubbs) they might descric where two flocks of sheepe did feede. Then looking about, they might perceiue where an old shepheard sat (and with him a yong swaine) vnder a couert most pleasantlie scituated. The ground where they sat was diapred with FLORAS riches, as if she ment to wrap TELLUS in the glorie of her vestments: round about in the forme of an Amphitheater were most curiously planted Pine trees, interseamed with Limons and Citrons, which with the thicknesse of their boughes so shadowed the place, that PHOEBUS could not pree into the secret of that Arbour; so vnited were the tops with so thicke a closure, that VENUS might there in her iollitie haue dallied vnseene with her dearest paramour. Fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a Fount so Christalline and cleere, that it seemed DIANA with her DRIADES and HEMADRIADES had that spring, as the secreete of all their bathings. In this glorious Arbour sat these two shepheards (seeing their sheepe feede) playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musick and melodie falling into much amorous chat: drawing
more

Euphues

more nigh wee might descrie the countenance of the one to be full of sorowe, his face to be the verie pourtraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that liuing he seemed to dye: wee (to heare what these were) stole priuilie behind the thicke, where we ouerheard this discourse.

A pleasant Eglog betweene Montanus and Coridon.

Coridon.

S *Ay shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore?
Why leaues thy pipe his pleasure and delight?
Yong are thy yeares, thy cheekes with roses dight:
Then sing for ioy (sweet swaine) and sigh no more.*

*This milke white Poppie and this climbing Pine
Both promise shade; then sit thee downe and sing,
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,
Till Phœbus daine all Westward to decline.*

Montanus.

*Ah (Coridon) vnmeet is melodie
To him whom proud contempt hath ouerborne:
Slaine are my ioyes by Phœbes bitter scorne,
Farre hence my weale and nere my ieopardie.*

*Loues burning brand is couched in my brest,
Making a Phœnix of my faintfull hart:
And though his furie doo inforce my smart,
Ay blyth am I to honour his behest.*

*Preparde to woes since so my Phœbe wills,
My lookes dismaid since Phœbe will disdain:
I banish blisse and welcome home my paine;
So streame my teares as showers from Alpine hills.*

In

golden Legacie.

17

*In errours maske I blindfolde iudgements eye,
I fetter reason in the snares of lust,
I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust;
I liue by that, which makes me liuing die.*

*Deuoyd of rest, companion of distresse,
Plague to myselfe, consumed by my thought;
How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought?
Since I am reft of solace and delight.*

Coridon.

*Ah Lorrell lad, what makes thee Herry loue?
A sugred harme, a poyson full of pleasure,
A painted shrine ful-fild with rotten treasure,
A heauen in shew, a hell to them that proue.*

*Againe, in seeming shadowed still with want,
A broken staffe which follie doth vpholde,
A flower that fades with euerie frostie colde,
An orient rose sprong from a wythred plant.*

*A minutes ioy to gaine a world of greefe,
A subtill net to snare the idle minde,
A seeing Scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,
A poore reioyce, a plague without releefe.*

*For thy Montanus follow mine arreede,
(Whom age hath taught the traynes that fancie vseth)
Leaue foolish loue; for beautie wit abuseth,
And drownes (by follie) vertues springing seede.*

Montanus.

*So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes;
And bird the snare, because it doth intrap;*

F

And

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golden Legacie.

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And fill my braines with chaste and holy fire?

*Then leaue my lines their homely equipage,
Mounted beyond the circle of the Sunne;
Amaz'd I read the stile when I haue done,
And Herry Loue that sent that heavenly rage.*

*Of Phœbe then, of Phœbe then I sing,
Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,
The pride of earth, or what in heauen appeares,
Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.*

*In fluent numbers and in pleasant vaines,
I rob both sea and earth of all their state,
To praise her parts: I charme both time and fate,
To blesse the Nymph that yeeldes me loue sicke paines.*

*My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will
Guides in the restlesse Laborynth of loue,
Feare lends them pasture wherefoere they moue,
And by their death their life renueth still,*

*Hy sheephooke is my pen, mine oaten recde
My paper, where my manie woes are written;
Thus filly swaine (with loue and fancie bitten)
I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weede.*

*Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,
My dreames, my doubts, for Phœbe sweete to me:
Who wayteth heauen in sorrowes vale must be,
And glorie shines where danger most appeares.*

*Then Coridon although I blythe me not,
Blame me not man, since sorrow is my sweete;
So willeth Loue, and Phœbe thinkes it meete,
And kinde Montanus liketh well his lot.*

F 2

Coridon.

Euphues

Coridon.

*Oh staylesse youth, by error so misguided;
Where will prescribeth lawes to perfect wits,
Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,
And follic poysoneth all that time provided.*

*With wilfull blindnesse bleard, preparte to shame,
Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles:
Alas that Loue (by fond and froward guiles)
Should make thee traēt the path to endlesse blame.*

*Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charme
That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes:
Leaue off in time to like these vanities;
Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme.*

*As manie bees as Hibla daily shields,
As manie frie as flecte on Oceans face,
As manie heards as on the earth doo trace,
As manie flowres as decke the fragrant fields,*

*As manie starres as glorious heauen containes,
As manie stormes as wayward winter weepes,
As manie plagues as hell inclosed keepes;
So manie greefes in loue, so manie paines.*

*Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, praiers,
Mislikes, misdeedes, fond ioyes, and fained peace,
Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,
Vowes, hopes, acceptance, scornes, and deepe despaires,*

*Truce, warre, and woe doo waite at beauties gate;
Time lost, lament, reports, and priuie grudge,
And last, fierce Loue is but a partiall Iudge,*

Who

golden Legacie.

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Who yeeldes for seruice shame, for friendship hate,

Montanus.

*All Adder-like I stop mine eares (fond swaine)
So charme no more; for I will neuer change.
Call home thy flockes in time that stragling range:
For loe, the Sinne declineth hence amaine.*

Terentius.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia, induciæ, inimiciæ, bellum, pax rursum: incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri nihilo plus agas, quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

The shepheards hauing thus ended their Eglogue, ALIENA stept with GANIMEDE from behinde the thicket: at whose sodaine sight the shepheards arose, and ALIENA saluted them thus; Shepheards all haile, (for such wee déeme you by your flockes) and Louers, good lucke; (for such you féeme by your passions) our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by Loue, yet by Fortune, I am a distressed Gentlewoman, as sorrowful as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts: wandring this way in a forrest vnknownen, onely I and my Page, wearied with trauaile would faine haue some place of rest. May you appoint vs anie place of quiet harbour, (be it neuer so meane) I shall be thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whofoeuer shall bee mine hoste. CORIDON hearing the Gentlewoman speak so courteously returned her mildly and reuerentlie this answer.

Faire Mistres, we returne you as heartie a welcome, as you gaue vs a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, & this a loue, as watchful to please his wench, as to féed his shéep:

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full

Euphues

full of fancies, and therefore (say I) full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for Loue admits neither of counsaile, nor reason. But leauing him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost w^t calamitie: pray for you I may, but reléeue you I cannot: marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selues in a shepheards cotage, my house (for this night) shalbe your harbour. ALIENA thankt CORIDON greatly, and presently fate her downe and GANIMEDE by her. CORIDON looking earnestly vppon her, and with a curious suruey viewing all her perfections, applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her distresse, was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus.

If I should not (faire Damofell) occasionate offence, or renue your griefes by rubbing the scarre, I would faine craue so much fauour, as to know the cause of your misfortune: and why, and whether you wander with your page in so dangerous a Forrest. ALIENA (that was as courteous as she was faire) made this reply; Shepheard, a friendlie demand ought neuer to be offensive, and questions of courtesie carrie priuiledged pardons in their foreheads. Know therefore, to discouer my fortunes were to renue my sorrowes, and I should by discourfing my mishaps, but rake fier out of the cinders. Therefore let this suffice (gentle shepheard) my distresse is as great as my trauell is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest, to light on some cottage where I and my Page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardeffe, meaning to liue low, and content me with a countrey life: for I haue heard the swaynes say, that they drunke without suspition, & slept without care. Marry Mistres (quoth CORIDON) if you meane so you came in a good time, for my landflord intends to sell both the farme I till, and the flocke I keepe, & cheap you may haue them for readie money: and for a shepheards life (oh Mistresse) did you but liue a while in their content,
you

golden Legacie.

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you would faye the Court were rather a place of sorrowe, than of folace. Here (Mistresse) shall not Fortune thwart you, but in meane misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggerie, so it can bee no extreame preiudice: the next yeare may mend al with a fresh increafe. ^x Enuie stirres not vs, wee couet not to climbe, our desires mount not aboue our degrees, nor our thoughts aboue our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doo our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceede not in diet, so we haue inough to satisfie: and Mistres I haue so much Latin, *Satis est quod sufficit.*

By my troth shepheard (quoth ALIENA) thou makest me in loue with your countrey life, and therefore sende for thy Landflord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flockes, & thou shalt still (vnder me) be ouerseer of them both: onely for pleasuresake I and my Page wil serue you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them: thus will I liue quiet, vnknown, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of CORIDON, that he should not be put out of his farme, that (putting off his shepheards bonnet) he did her all the reuerence that he might. But all this while sate MONTANUS in a muse thinking of the crueltie of his PHOEBE, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to winne. GANIMEDE who still had the remembrance of ROSADER in his thoughts, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at loue that in all his actions was so imperious. At last when shee had noted his teares that stole downe his cheekes, and his sighes that broake from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demaunded of CORIDON why the young shepheard looked so sorrowfull? Oh sir (quoth he) the boy is in loue. Why (quoth GANIMEDE) can shepheards loue? I (quoth MONTANUS) and ouerloue, els shouldst not thou see mee so pensiue. Loue (I tell thee) is as precious in a shepheards eye as in the lookes of a King, and we countrey swaynes intertain fancie with as great delight, as the proudest courtier doth affection. Opportunitie (that is the sweetest freind
to

Euphues

to VENUS) harboureth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefest fealtie that CUPID requires) is found more among shepheards than higher degrees. Then aske not if such filly fwaynes can loue? What is the cause then, quoth GANIMEDE, that Loue being so sweete to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because, quoth MONTANUS, the partie beloued is froward: and hauing courtesie in her lookes, holdeth disdain in her tongues ende. What hath she then quoth ALIENA, in her heart? Desire (I hope Madame) quoth he: or els my hope lost, despaire in Loue were death. As thus they chatted, the Sunne being readie to set, and they not hauing folded their sheepe, CORIDON requested she would sit there with her Page, till MONTANUS and he lodged their sheepe for that night. You shall goe quoth ALIENA, but first I will intreate MONTANUS to sing some amorous Sonnet, that hee made when he hath been deeply passionate. That I will quoth MONTANUS: and with that he began thus.

Montanus Sonnet.

Phœbe fate
Sweete she fate,
Sweete fate Phœbe when I saw her,
White her brow,
Coy her eye:
Brow and eye how much you please me?
Words I spent,
Sighes I sent,
Sighes and words could neuer draw her.
Oh my loue
Thou art lost,
Since no fight could euer ease thee.

Phœbe

golden Legacie.

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Phœbe sat
By a fount;
Sitting by a fount I spide her:
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voyce;
Touch and voice what may distaine you?
As she sung,
I did sigh,
And by sighs whilst that I tride her.
Oh mine eyes
You did loose
Her first sight whose want did paine you.

Phœbes flocks
White as wooll,
Yet were Phœbes locks more whiter.

Phœbes eyes
Douelike mild,
Douelike eyes both mild and cruell.

Montan sweares
In your lampes
He will die for to delight her.

Phœbe yeeld,
Or I die;
Shall true hearts be fancies fuell?

MONTANUS had no sooner ended his sonnet, but CORIDON with a lowe courtesie rose vp and went with his fellow and shut their sheepe in the foldes: and after returning to ALIENA and GANIMEDE, conducted them home wearie to his poore Cottage. By the way there was much good chat with MONTANUS about his loues; he resoluing ALIENA that PHŒBE was the fairest Shepherdice in all FRANCE, and that in his eye her beautie was equall with the Nimphs. But (quoth hee) as of all stones the Diamond is most clérest, and yet most hard for the Lapidory to cut; as of all flowers

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the

Euphues

the Rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of all our Countrey Lasses PHOEBE is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoope vnto desire. But let her take héede quoth he, I haue heard of NARCISSUS, who for his high disdaine against Loue, perished in the follie of his owne loue. With this they were at CORIDONS cottage, where MONTANUS parted from them, and they went in to rest. ALINDA and GANIMEDE glad of so contented a shelter, made merrie with the poore swayne: and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so great, and their cares so litle, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had been in the court of TORISMOND. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearied with the toyle of vnaccustomed trauaile: but assoone as they got vp, ALIENA resolued there to set vp her rest, and by the helpe of CORIDON swept a barga ne with his Landlord, and so became Mistres of the farme & the flocke: her selfe putting on the attire of a shepheardesse, and GANIMEDE of a yong swaine: euerie day leading forth her flocks with such delight, that she held her exile happie, and thought no content to the blisse of a Countrey cottage. Leauing her thus famous amongst the shepheards of *Arden*, againe to SALADYNE.

When SALADYNE had a long while concealed a secret resolution of reuenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax, nor oyle in the flame; (for enuie is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fogge). It chaunced on a morning verie early he calde vp certaine of his seruants, and went with them to the chamber of ROSADER, which being open, he entred with his crue, and surprised his brother beeing a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a poast. ROSADER amazed at this straunge chaunce, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sodaine extremitie, wherein he had wrongd; and what fault he had committed worthie so sharpe a penaunce. SALADYNE answered him onely with a looke of disdaine, & went
his

his way, leauing poore ROSADER in a deepe perplexitie. Who (thus abused) fell into fundrie passions, but no meanes of releefe could be had: wherevpon (for anger) he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humour he continued two or thrée dayes without meate: infomuch, that seeing his brother would giue him no foode, he fell into despaire of his life. Which ADAM SPENCER the olde seruauant of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux* seeing, touched with the duetie and loue he ought to his olde Master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap: and therefore, although SALADYNE had giuen a generall charge to his seruauants, that none of them vppon paine of death shoulde giue either meate or drinke to ROSADER, yet ADAM SPENCER in the night arose secretly, and brought him such victualls as hee could prouide, and vnlockt him and set him at libertie. After ROSADER had well feasted himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at reuenge, and now (all being a sleepe) hee woulde haue quit SALADYNE with the methode of his owne mischief. But ADAM SPENCER perswaded him to the contrarie, with these reasons; Sir quoth he, be content, for this night go againe into your olde fetters, so shall you trie the faith of friends, and saue the life of an olde seruant. To morrowe hath your brother inuited al your kindred and allyes to a solempne breakfast, onely to see you, telling them all, that you are mad, & faine to be tied to a poast. As sone as they come, make complaint to them of the abuse profered you by SALADYNE. If they redresse you, why so: but if they passe ouer your complaints *ficcio pede*, and holde with the violence of your brother before your innocence, then thus: I will leaue you vnlockt that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the ende of the hall shall you see stand a couple of good pollaxes, one for you, and another for me. When I giue you a wink, shake off your chaynes, and let vs play the men, and make hauocke amongst them, driue them out of the house and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King hath made a redresse of your abuses. These wordes of ADAM

G 2

SPENCER

Euphues

SPENCER so perfwaded ROSADER, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appoynted, came all the guests bidden by SALADYNE, whom he intreated with courteous and curious intertainment, as they al perceiued their welcome to be great. The tables in the hal where ROSADER was tyed, were couered, and SALADYNE bringing in his guests together, shewed them where his brother was bound, and was inchainde as a man lunaticke. ROSADER made replie, and with some ineffectiues made complaints of the wrongs proffered him by SALADYNE, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had stopt their eares with VLISSES, that were his words neuer so forceable, he breathed onely his passions into the winde. They carelesse, sat down with SALADYNE to dinner, being verie frolicke and pleafant, washing their heads well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entred peale meale into their braines, they began in fatyrical speeches to raile against ROSADER: which ADAM SPENCER no longer brooking, gaue the signe, and ROSADER shaking off his chaines got a pollax in his hand, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt manie, slew some, and draue his brother and all the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the doores, and being fore an hungred, and feeling such good victuals, he fate him downe with ADAM SPENCER and such good fellows as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselues with such prouision as SALADYNE had prepared for his friēds. After they had taken their repast, ROSADER rampierd vp the house, leaft vpon a fodaine his brother should raise some crue of his tenaunts, and surprise them vnawares. But SALADYNE tooke a contrarie course, and went to the Sheriffe of the shyre and made complaint of ROSADER, who giuing credite to SALADYNE, in a determined resolution to reuenge the Gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him fye and twentie tall men, and made a vowe, either to breake into the house and take ROSADER, or els to coope him in till he made him yelde by

by famine. In this determination, gathering a crue together he went forward to set SALADYNE in his former estate. Newes of this was brought vnto ROSADER, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt all the iniuries of Fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the Sheriffe. As he walkt vpon the battlements of the house, he descryed where SALADYNE and he drew neare, with a troupe of lustie gallants. At this he smilde, and calde vp ADAM SPENCER, and shewed him the enuious treacherie of his brother, and the folly of the Sheriffe to bee so credulous: now ADAM, quoth he, what shall I doo? It rests for me, either to yeelede vp the house to my brother and seeke a reconcilment, or els issue out, and breake through the companie with courage, for coopt in like a coward I will not bee. If I submit (ah ADAM) I dishonour my felfe, and that is worse than death; for by such open disgraces the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may fauour me, and I may escape with life; but suppose the worst: if I be slaine, then my death shall be honourable to me, and so inequall a reuenge infamous to SALADYNE. Why then Master forward and feare not, out amongst them, they bee but faint hearted lozells, and for ADAM SPENCER, if he die not at your foote, say he is a dastard. These words cheered vp so the hart of yong ROSADER, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them all, & therefore prepared weapons for him and ADAM SPENCER, and were readie to intertaine the Sheriffe: for no sooner came SALADYNE and he to the gates, but ROSADER vnlookt for leapt out and assailed them, wounded manie of them, and caused the rest to giue backe, so that ADAM and hee broke through the prease in despite of them all, and tooke theyr way towards the forrest of *Arden*. This repulse so set the Sheriffes heart on fire to reuenge, that he straight rayfed al the countrey, and made Hue and Crie after them. But ROSADER and ADAM knowing full well the secrete wayes that led through the vineyards, stole away priuely through the prouince of *Bourdeaux*, & escaped safe to the forrest of *Ar-*

G 3

den,

Euphues

den. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbour: but Fortune (who is like the Camelion) variable with euerie object, & constant in nothing but inconstâcie, thought to make them myrroures of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to *Lions*, they chaunced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandered fve or sixe dayes without meat, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieue them: and hunger growing on so extreame, ADAM SPENCER (being olde) began first to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where ROSADER laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

Adam Spencers speach.

OH how the life of man may well be compared to the state of the Ocean seas, that for euerie calme hath a thousand stormes: resembling the Rose trée, that for a few faire flowers, hath a multitude of sharpe prickles: all our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delights, are crossed with déepest discontents. The ioyes of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are rotten; and wythering in the blossome, either parched with the heate of enuie, or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friend, that in all thy déedes are froward and fickle, delighting in the pouertie of the lowest, and the ouerthrow of the highest, to decypher thy inconstancie. Thou standst vpon a gloabe, and thy wings are plumed with times feathers, that thou maist euer be restlesse; thou art double faced like IANUS, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray; thou profferest an Eele, and perfourmest a Scorpion; and where thy greatest faouours be, there is the feare of the extreamest misfortunes; so variable are all thy actions,

golden Legacie.

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ons. But why ADAM doost thou exclaime against fortune? she laughs at the plaints of the distressed; and there is nothing more pleasing vnto her, than to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowfull men to discouer the power of their passions. Glut her not ADAM then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishappes with patience. For there is no greater checke to the pride of fortune, than with a resolute courage to passe ouer her crosses without care. Thou art olde ADAM, and thy haire wax white, the Palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the Kalenders of death? Wert thou blessed by fortune thy yeares could not be manie, nor the date of thy life long: then sith Nature must haue her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day. Ah, it is not this which grieueth mee: nor doo I care what mishaps Fortune can wage against me: but the sight of ROSADER, that galleth vnto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe; then doo I say, that fortune and the fates are most iniurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh ROSADER, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy yeares, buxsome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally inricht thee with her fauours, and vertue made thee the myrrour of her excellence: and now through the decree of the vniust starres, to haue all these good partes nipped in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of Fortune. Ah ROSADER, could I helpe thee, my griefe were the lesse, and happie should my death be, if it might be the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrowe. What shall I do? preuent the sight of his further misfortune, with a present dispatch of mine owne life. Ah, despaire is a mercklesse sinne.

As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on ROSADER, and seeing him change colour, he rose vp and went to him, and holding his temples, saide, What
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cheere master? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these words ROSADER lifted vp his eye, and looking on ADAM SPENCER began to weepe. Ah ADAM quoth he, I forrowe not to die, but I grieue at the manner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemie, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (ADAM) combat with some wilde beast, and perish as his pray, I wer satisfied; but to die with hunger, O ADAM, it is the extreamest of all extreames. Master (quoth hee) you see wee are both in one predicament, and long I cannot liue without meate, seeing therefore we can find no foode, let the death of the one preferue the life of the other. I am olde, and ouerworne with age, you are young, and are the hope of many honours: let me then die, I will presently cut my veynes, & master with the warme blood relieue your fainting spirits: sucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that ADAM SPENCER was readie to pull out his knife, when ROSADER full of courage (though verie faint) rose vp, and wisht ADAM SPENCER to sit there till his retourne: for my minde giues me quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man he rose vp, and ranged vp and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carrie his friend ADAM food, or els pledge his life in pawne of his loyaltie. It chaunced that day, that GERISMOND the lawfull king of *France* banished by TORISMOND, who with a lustie crue of Outlawes liued in that forest, that day in honour of his Birth made a Feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table vnder the shadowe of lymon trees. To that place by chance Fortune conducted ROSADER, who seeing such a crue of braue men hauing store of that, for want of which he and ADAM perished, he stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the companie thus.

Whatfoere thou bee that art master of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously, as a man in extreame distresse

stresse may; knowe that I and a fellow friend of mine, are heere famished in the forrest for want of foode: perish we must vnlesse relieued by thy fauours. Therefore if thou be a Gentleman, giue meate to men, and to such men as are euerie way worthie of life; let the proudest squire that sittes at thy table, rise & incounter with me in anie honourable point of actiuitie what foeuer, and if he and thou proue me not a man, send me a way comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will haue amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreame. GERISMOND looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a Gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moued with so great pitie; that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and bad him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eate his fill, but be Lord of the feast. Gramercie sir (quoth ROSADER) but I haue a feeble friend that lies heereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger than my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crum, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies ROSADER to ADAM SPENCER, and tells him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that hee could not goe: whereupon ROSADER got him vp on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when GERISMOND & his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; & ROSADER hauing GERISMONDS place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe ADAM SPENCER. Well to be short, those hungrie squires fell to their victualls, and feasted themselues with good delicates, and great store of wine. Assoone as they had taken their repast, GERISMOND (desirous to heare what hard fortune draue them into those bitter extreames) requested ROSADER to discourse, (if it wer not anie way preiudiciall vnto him) the cause of his trauell. ROSADER (desirous anie way to satisfie the courtesie of his

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fauourable host, (first beginning his *exordium* with a volley of sighes, and a few luke warme teares, prosecuted his discourse, & told him frō point to point all his fortunes; how he was the yongest Sonne of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*, his name ROSADER, how his brother fundrie times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the Sheriffe, and hurting his men, he fled; and this olde man (quoth he) whome I so much loue and honour, is furnamed ADAM SPENCER, an old seruant of my fathers, and one (that for his loue) neuer fayled me in all my misfortunes. When GERISMOND hearde this, hee fell on the necke of ROSADER, and next discourfing vnto him, how he was GERISMOND their lawfull King exiled by TORISMOND, what familiaritie had euer been betwixt his father Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux* and him, how faithfull a subiect he liued, and how honourable he died; promising (for his sake) to giue both him and his friend such courteous intertainment, as his present estate could minister: and vpon this made him one of his forresters. ROSADER seeing it was the King, craude pardon for his boldnesse, in that he did not doo him due reuerence, and humbly gaue him thanks for his fauourable courtesie. GERISMOND not satisfied yet with newes, began to enquire if he had been lately in the court of TORISMOND, and whether he had scene his daughter ROSALYNDE, or no? At this, ROSADER fetcht a deep sigh, and shedding manie teares, could not answere: yet at last, gathering his spirites together, hee reuealed vnto the King, how ROSALYNDE was banished, and how there was such a simpathe of affections betweene ALINDA and her, that shee chose rather to be partaker of her exile, than to part fellowshippe: whereupon the vnnaturall King banished them both; and now they are wandred none knowes whether, neither could anie learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes driue the King into a great melancholy, that presently he arose from all the companie, and went into his priuie chamber, so secret as the harbor of the woods would allow him. The companie was all dasht at these tidings, &

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ROSADER and ADAM SPENCER hauing such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leaue them, and returne againe to TORISMOND.

The flight of ROSADER came to the eares of TORISMOND, who hearing that SALADYNE was sole heire of the landes of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*, desirous to possesse such faire reuenewes, found iust occasion to quarrell with SALADYNE, about the wrongs hee proffred to his brother: and therefore dispatching a Herehault, hee sent for SALADYNE in all poast hast. Who meruailing what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein he had offended his Highnesse: but imboldened with his innocence, hee boldly went with the Herehault vnto the Court. Where assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the King, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed SALADYNE, chiefly in that the Iayler had a straight charge ouer him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Manie passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, & to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbowe on his knee, full of sorrow, grieve and disquieted passions, hee resolued into these tearmes.

Saladynes complaint.

VNhappie SALADYNE, whome folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the labyrinth of these calamities. Are not the heauens doo-
mers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballaunce in his fist, to reward with fauour, and reuenge with iustice? Oh SALADYNE, the faults of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule; and not onely discouering little nourture, but blemishing the excellence of nature. Whelpes of one lytter are euer most louing, and brothers that are sonnes of one father, should liue in friendship without iarre. Oh SALADYNE, so it should bee: but thou hast with the deere fedde a-

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gainst the winde, with the Crab stroue against the streame, and fought to peruert Nature by vnkindnesse. ROSADERS wrongs, the wrongs of ROSADER (SALADYNE) cries for reuenge, his youth pleades to God to inflict some penance vpon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce writs of displeasure to crosse thee: thou hast highly abused thy kinde & naturall brother, and the heauens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no sting to the worme of conscience, no hell to a minde toucht with guilt. Euerie wrong I offered him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a drop of blood from my heart, euerie bad looke, euerie frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and fayeres SALADYNE thou hast find against ROSADER. Be penitent, and assigne thy selfe some penance to discouer thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, he was sent for to the King: who with a looke that threatned death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? SALADYNE made aunswere, that vpon some ryot made against the Sheriffe of the shyre, he was fled from *Bordeaux*, but he knew not whether. Nay villain (quoth he) I haue heard of the wrongs thou hast proffered thy brother since the death of thy father, and by thy meanes haue I lost a most braue and resolute Cheualier. Therefore, in Iustice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for euer from the Court and Countrey of *France*, and see thy departure bee within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head, & with that the King flew away in a rage, and left poore SALADYNE greatly perplexed. Who grieuing at his exile, yet determined to beare it with patience, and in penance of his former follies to trauell abroad in euerie Coast, till hee had founde out his Brother ROSADER. With whom now I begin.

ROSADER beeing thus preferred to the place of a Forester by GERISMOND, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers vnkindnes by continual exercise, trauerfing the groues and wilde Forrests: partly to heare the melodie of the sweete birdes

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birdes which recorded, and partly to shewe his diligent in-
deauour in his masters behalfe. Yet whatfoeuer he did, or
howfoeuer he walked, the liuely Image of ROSALYNDE re-
mained in memorie: on her swéete perfections he sedde his
thoughts, proouing himselfe like the Eagle a true borne
bird, since as the one is knowen by beholding the Sunne:
so was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among
the rest, finding a fit oportunitie and place conuenient, desi-
rous to discouer his woes to the woodes, hee engraue with
his knife on the barke of a Myrtle tree, this pretie estimate
of his Mistres perfection.

Sonnetto.

*Of all chaste birdes the Phœnix doth excell,
Of all strong beasts the Lion beares the bell,
Of all sweete flowers the Rose doth sweetest smell,
Of all faire maidens my Rosalynde is fairest.*

*Of all pure mettals golde is onely purest,
Of all high trees the Pine hath highest crest,
Of all soft sweetes I like my Mistres brest,
Of all chaste thoughts my Mistres thoughts are rarest.*

*Of all proud birds the Ægle pleaseth Ioue,
Of pretie fowles kinde Venus likes the Doue,
Of trees Minerua doth the Oliue loue,
Of all sweete Nymphes I honour Rosalynde.*

*Of all her gifts her wisdomes pleaseth most,
Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:
For all these giftes my life and ioy is lost,
If Rosalynde proue cruell and unkinde.*

In these and such like passions, ROSADER did euerie daye
eternize the name of his ROSALYNDE: and this day especial-

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He when ALIENA and GANIMEDE (inforced by the heate of the Sunne to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arriued in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholy passions; they saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes; they heard him often abruptly call on ROSALYNDE: who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that she shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modestie. Whereupon, (guessing him to be in loue, and according to the nature of their sexe, being pitifull in that behalfe) they sodainly brake off his melancholy by their approach: and GANIMEDE shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes Forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse, thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the hornes: tis hunters lucke, to ayme faire and misse: and a woodmans fortune to strike and yet goe without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke GANIMEDE, quoth ALIENA, his passions are greater, and his sighs discouers more losse; perhaps in trauerling these thickets, he hath seen some beautifull Nymph, and is growen amorous. It maye bee so (quoth GANIMEDE) for heere he hath newly ingrauen some sonnet: come and see the discourse of the Forresters poems. Reading the sonnet ouer, and hearing him name ROSALYND, ALIENA lookt on GANIMEDE and laught, and GANIMEDE looking backe on the Forrester, and seeing it was ROSADER blisht, yet thinking to throud all vnder hir pages apparell, he boldly returned to ROSADER, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me Forrester, what is this ROSALYNDE, for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is thee some Nymph that waites vpon DIANAES traine, whose chastitie thou hast descyphred in such Epethites? Or is thee some shepherdesse, that haunts these plaines, whose beautie hath deuised thy fancies, whose name thou shaddowest in covert vnder the figure of ROSALYNDE, as OVID did IULIA vnder the name of CORINNA? Or say mee for sooth, is it that
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ROSALYNDE, of whome we shepheards haue heard talke, shee Forrester, that is the Daughter of GERISMOND, that once was King, and now an Outlaw in this Forrest of *Arden*. At this ROSADER fetcht a deepe sigh, and said, It is shee, O gentle swayne, it is she, that Saint it is whom I serue, that Goddesse at whose shrine I doo bend all my deuotions: the most fairest of all faires, the Phenix of all that sexe, and the puritie of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle Forrester) if she bee so beautifull and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happely she resembleth the rose, that is sweete but full of prickles? or the serpent REGIUS that hath scales as glorious as the Sunne, & a breath as infectious as the *Aconitum* is deadly? So thy ROSALYNDE, may be most amiable, and yet vnkinde: full of fauour, and yet froward: coy without wit, and disdainefull without reason.

O shepheard (quoth ROSADER) knewest thou her perfonage graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a harbour wherein the Graces shroude their vertues: thou wouldst not breathe out such blasphemie against the beauteous ROSALYNDE. She is a Diamond, bright but not hard, yet of most chaste operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a rose without prickles, and a Princeesse absolute aswell in beautie, as in vertue. But I, vnhappy I, haue let mine eye soare with the Eagle against so bright a Sunne, that I am quite blinde; I haue with APOLLO enamoured my selfe of a DAPHNE, not (as shee) disdainfull, but farre more chaste than DAPHNE; I haue with IXION laide my loue on IUNO, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a clowde. Ah shepheard, I haue reacht at a star, my desires haue mounted aboue my degree, & my thoughts aboue my fortunes. I being a peasant haue ventred to gaze on a Princeesse, whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such base loues.

Why Forrester (quoth GANIMEDE) comfort thy selfe: be blythe and frolicke man, Loue sowseth as low as shee sowerseth

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reth high: CUPIDE shootes at a ragge assoone as at a roabe, and VENUS eye that was so curious sparkled fauor on pole footed VULCAN. Feare not man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feathers, nor make they curious esteeme, where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not Forrester, faint heart neuer wonne faire Ladie. But where liues ROSALYNDE now, at the Court?

Oh no (quoth ROSADER) she liues I knowe not where, and that is my sorrow; banisht by TORISMOND, and that is my hell: for might I but finde her sacred perfonage, & plead before the barre of her pitie the plaint of my passions, hope tells mee shee would grace me with some fauour; and that woulde suffice as a recompence of all my former miseries. Much haue I heard of thy Mistris excellence, and I know Forrester thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast furuayd all her parts with a curious eye: then doo me that fauour, to tell mee what her perfections bee. That I will (quoth ROSADER) for I glorie to make all eares wonder at my Mistris excellence. And with that he pulde a paper forth his bosome, wherein he read this.

Rosalyndes description.

*Like to the cleere in highest spheare
Where all imperiall glorie shines,
Of selfe same colour is her haire
Whether vnfolded or in twines:*

Heigh ho faire Rosalynde.

*Her eyes are Saphires set in snow,
Refining heauen by euerie winke;
The Gods doo feare when as they glow,
And I doo tremble when I thinke.*

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her

*Her cheekes are like the blushing clowde
That beautefies Auroraes face,
Or like the filuer crimson shrowde
That Phoebus smiling lookes doth grace:*

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

*Her lippes are like two budded roses,
Whom rankes of lillies neighbour nie,
Within which bounds she balme incloses,
Apt to intice a Deitie:*

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

*Her necke like to a stately towre,
Where Loue himselfe imprisoned lies,
To watch for glaunces euerie howre,
From her deuine and sacred eyes,*

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

*Her pappes are centers of delight,
Her pappes are orbes of heauenlie frame,
Where Nature moldes the deaw of light,
To feede perfection with the same:*

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

*With orient pearle, with rubie red,
With marble white, with saphire blew,
Her bodie euerie way is fed;
Yet soft in touch, and sweete in view:*

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

*Nature her selfe her shape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her fight,
And Loue forsakes his heauenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light:*

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

*Then muse not Nymphes though I bemoane
The absence of faire Rosalynde:*

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Since

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*Since for her faire there is fairer none,
Nor for her vertues so deuine.*

*Heigh ho faire Rosalynde:
Heigh ho my heart, would God that she were mine.*

Perijt, quia deperibat.

Beléeue me (quoth GANIMEDE) either the Forrester is an exquisite painter, or ROSALYNDE faire aboue wonder: so it makes me blush, to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so vnperfect.

ROSADER beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly (gentle page) thou hast cause to complaine thée, wert thou the substance: but resembling the shadow, content thy selfe: for it is excellence inough to be like the excellence of Nature. He hath aunswered you GANIMEDE (quoth ALIENA) it is inough for pages to waite on beautifull Ladies, & not to be beautifull themselues. Oh Miftres (quoth GANIMEDE) holde you your peace, for you are partiall: Who knowes not, but that all women haue desire to tie souereinto their peticoats, and ascribe beautie to themselues, where if boyes might put on their garments, perhaps they would prooue as comely; if not as comely, it may be more courteous. But tell mee Forrester, (and with that shee turnde to ROSADER) vnder whom maintaineft thou thy walke? Gentle swaine vnder the King of Outlawes said he, the vnfortunate GERISMOND: who hauing lost his kingdome, crowneth his thoughts with content, accompting it better to gouern among poore men in peace, than great men in daunger. But hast thou not said she, (hauing so melancholie opportunities as this Forrest affoordeth thee) written more Sonnets in commendations of thy Miftres? I haue gentle Swayne quoth he, but they be not about me: to morrow by dawne of daye, if your flockes feede in these pastures, I will bring them you: wherein you shall reade my passions, whilest I feele them; iudge my patience when you read it: till when

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I bid farewell. So giuing both GANIMEDE and ALIENA a gentle good night, he resorted to his lodge: leauing ALIENA and GANIMEDE to their prittle prattle. So GANIMEDE (said ALIENA, the Forrester beeing gone) you are mightely beloued, men make ditties in your praise, spend sighes for your sake, make an Idoll of your beautie: belecue me it greeues mee not a little, to see the poore man so pensue, and you so pittilesie.

Ah ALIENA (quoth she) be not peremptorie in your iudgments, I heare ROSALYNDE praide as I am GANIMEDE, but were I ROSALYNDE, I could answere the Forrester: If hee mourne for loue, there are medicines for loue: ROSALYNDE cannot be faire and vnkinde. And so Madame you see it is time to folde our flockes, or els CORIDON will frowne, and say you will neuer prooue good hufwife. With that they put their Sheepe into the coates, and went home to her friend CORIDONS cottage, ALIENA as merrie as might be, that she was thus in the companie of her ROSALYNDE: but shee poore soule, that had Loue her load starre, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancie, coulde take no rest, but being alone beganne to consider what passionate penance poore ROSADER was enioyned to by loue and fortune: that at last she fell into this humour with her selfe.

Rosalynde pafsionate alone.

AH ROSALYNDE, how the Fates haue set downe in their Synode to make thee vnhappie: for when Fortune hath done her worst, then Loue comes in to begin a new tragedie; shee seekes to lodge her sonne in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware fonde girle, he is an vnruely guest to harbour; for cutting in by intreats he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuell, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how VENUS seekes to wrap thee in her Laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, cares, and

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discontent: she is a SYREN, stop thine eares at her melodie; and a Basilifcke, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her leaft thou perishe. Thou art nowe placed in the Countrey content, where are heauenly thoughts, and meane desires: in those Lawnes where thy flockes feede DIANA haunts: bee as her Nymphes, chaste, and enemie to Loue: for there is no greater honour to a Maide, than to accompt of fancie, as a mortall foe to their sexe. DAPHNE that bonny wench was not touned into a Bay tree, as the Poets faine: but for her chastitie her fame was immortall, resembling the Lawrell that is euer greene. Follow thou her steps ROSALYNDE, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the Court: whose distresse, as it is appeased with patience, so it woulde bee renewed with amorous passions. Haue minde on thy forepassed fortunes, feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies: leaft louing in hast thou repent thee at leasure. Ah but yet ROSALYNDE, it is ROSADER that courts thee; one, who as hee is beautifull, so he is vertuous, and harboureth in his minde as manie good qualities, as his face is shadowed with gracious fauours: and therefore ROSALYNDE stoope to Loue, leaft being either too coy, or too cruell, VENUS waxe wrothe, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

ROSALYNDE thus passionate, was wakened from her dumpes by ALIENA, who saide it was time to goe to bedde. CORIDON swore that was true, for CHARLES Wayne was risen in the North. Whereuppon each taking leaue of other, went to their rest all, but the poore ROSALYNDE: who was so full of passions, that shee coulde not possesse any content. Well, leauing her to her broken slumbers, expect what was perfourmed by them the next morning.

The Sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of AURORA, but ALIENA was wakened by GANIMEDE: who restlesse all night had tossed in her passions: saying it was then time to goe to the field to vnfold their sheepe. ALIENA (that spied where

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where the hare was by the hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her GANIMEDE, & therefore replied thus; What wanton? the Sun is but new vp, & as yet IRIS riches lies folded in the bosome of FLORA, PHEBUS hath not dried vp the pearled dew, & so long CORIDON hath taught me, it is not fit to lead the sheepe abroad: least the dew being vnwholesome, they get the rot: but now see I the old prouerbe true, he is in hast whom the diuel driues, & where loue prickes forward, there is no worse death than delay. Ah my good page, is there fancie in thine eie, and passions in thy heart? What, hast thou wrapt loue in thy looks? and set all thy thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee, it is a flame as hard to be quencht as that of ÆTNA. But nature must haue her course, womens eyes haue facultie attractive like the ieat, and retentive like the diamond: they dally in the delight of faire objects, til gazing on the Panthers beautiful skinne, repenting experience tell them hee hath a deuouring paunch. Come on (quoth GANIMEDE) this sermon of yours is but a subtiltie to lie still a bed, because either you thinke the morning colde, or els I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shifte carries no paulme, and therefore vp and away. And for Loue let me alone, Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdain as a charme to withstand his forces: and therefore looke you to your selfe, be not too bolde, for VENUS can make you bend; nor too coy, for CUPID hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *Peccavi*. And that is it (quoth ALIENA) that hath raysed you so early this morning. And with that she slipt on her peticoate, and start vp: and assoone as she had made her readie, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with their bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of mind, than euer they were in the Court of TORISMOND. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented Forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as ALIENA saw him, she smiled, and sayd to GANIMEDE; wipe your eyes sweeting: for yonder is your sweet hart this morning

I 3

in

Euphues

*Of these my teares a fountaine fiercely springs,
Where Venus baynes her selfe incenst with loue;
Where Cupid bowseth his faire feathred wings:
But I behold what paines I must approue.
Care drinke it drie: but when on her I thinke,
Loue makes me weepe it full vnto the brinke.*

*Meane while my fighes yeeld truce vnto my teares,
By them the windes increast and fiercely blow:
Yet when I sigh the flame more plaine appeares,
And by their force with greater power doth glow:
Amids these paines, all Phœnix like I thriue,
Since Loue that yeelds me death, may life reuiue.*

Rosader en esperance.

Now surely Forrester (quoth ALIENA) when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearfull, as despairing of thy Mistris fauours: nor too gleeesome, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile (quoth GANIMEDE) at the Sonettoes, Canzones, Madrigales, rounds and roundelayes, that these pensue patients powre out, when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, than their hearts of passions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest baite to the fairest fish: so these OUIDIANS (holding *Amo* in their tongues, when their thoughtes come at hap hazarde, write that they be wrapt in an endlesse laborynth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they onely haue their humours in their inckpot. If they finde women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to theyr lust, then they triumph till they be full gorgde with pleasures: and then fly they away (like ramage kytes) to their owne content, leauing the tame foole their Mistris full of fancie, yet without euer a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that wats not such a one as themselves, but spies their subtiltie) they ende their amors with
a few

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uer prooue as amorous as OENONE, I might finde as faithfull a PARIS as your selfe.

How say you by this *Item* Forester, (quoth GANIMEDE) the faire shepheardesse fauours you, who is mistresse of so manie flockes. Leaue of man the supposition of ROSALYNDS loue, when as watching at her, you roue beyond the Moone; and cast your lookes vpon my Mistres, who no doubt is as faire though not so royall; one birde in the hande is woorth two in the wood; better possesse the loue of ALIENA, than catch friuouously at the shadow of ROSALYNDE.

Ile tell thee boy (quoth GANIMEDE) so is my fancie fixed on my ROSALYNDE, that were thy Mistres as faire as LÆDA or DANAE, whome IOUE courted in tranformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to intertaine their beauties: and so hath Loue lockt mee in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, than absolutely possesse the excellence of anie other. VENUS is too blame (Forrester) if hauing so true a seruant of you, she reward you not with ROSALYNDE, if ROSALYNDE were more fairer than her selfe. But leauing this prattle, nowe Ile put you in minde of your promise, about those sonnets which you saide were at home in your lodge. I haue them about me (quoth ROSADER) let vs sit downe, and then you shall heare what a Poeticall furie Loue will infuse into a man: with that they sate downe vpon a greene bank, shadowed with figge trees, and ROSADER, fetching a deepe sigh read them this Sonnet.

Rosaders Sonnet.

*In sorrowes cell I laid me downe to sleepe:
But waking woes were iealous of mine eyes,
They made them watch, and bend themselues to weepe:
But weeping teares their want could not suffice:
Yet since for her they wept who guides my hart,
They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.*

Of

Euphues

(quoth ALIENA) needes there patience in Loue? Or els in nothing (quoth ROSADER) for it is a restlesse soare, that hath no ease, a canker that still frets, a disease that taketh awaie all hope of sleepe. If then so manie sorrowes, sodain ioies, momentarie pleasures, continuall feares, daylie griefes, and nightly woes be found in Loue, then is not he to be accompted patient, that smoothers all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth GANIMEDE) and therefore wee holde all thy words for Axiomes: but is Loue such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth he) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the partie that entertaines it: for as the weedes growe longer vntouchte than the pretie flowers, and the flint lies safe in the quarrie, when the Emeraulde is suffering the Lapidaries toole: so meane men are freed from VENUS iniuries, when kings are enuyroned with a laborynth of her cares. The whiter the Lawne is, the deeper is the moale, the more purer the chrysolite the sooner stained; and such as haue their hearts full of honour, haue their loues full of the greatest sorrowes. But in whomsoever (quoth ROSADER) he fixeth his dart, hee neuer leaueth to assault him, till either hee hath wonne him to follie or fancie: for as the Moone neuer goes without the starre LUNISEQUA, so a Louer neuer goeth without the unrest of his thoughts. For prooffe you shall heare another fancie of my making. Now doo gentle Forrester (quoth GANIMEDE) and with that he read ouer this *Sonetto*.

Rosaders second Sonetto.

*Turne I my lookes vnto the Skies,
Loue with his arrowes wounds mine eies:
If so I gaze vpon the ground,
Loue then in euerie flower is found.*

Search

*Search I the shade to flie my paine,
 He meetes me in the shade againe:
 Wend I to walke in secrete groue,
 Euen there I meete with sacred Loue.
 If so I bayne me in the spring,
 Euen on the brinke I heare him sing:
 If so I meditate alone,
 He will be partner of my moane.
 If so I mourne, he weepes with mee,
 And where I am, there will he bee.
 When as I talke of Rosalynde,
 The God from coyneffe waxeth kinde,
 And seemes in selfe same flames to frie,
 Because he loues as well as I.
 Sweete Rosalynde for pitie rue,
 For why, then Loue I am more true:
 He if he speede will quicklie flie,
 But in thy loue I liue and die.*

How like you this Sonnet, quoth ROSADER? Marrie quoth GANIMEDE, for the penne well, for the passion ill: for as I praise the one; I pitie the other, in that thou shouldest hunt after a clowde, and loue either without rewarde or regarde. Tis not her frowardnesse, quoth ROSADER, but my hard fortunes, whose Destenies haue crost me with her absence: for did shee feele my loues, she would not let me linger in these sorrowes. Women, as they are faire, so they respect faith, and estimate more (if they be honourable) the wil than the wealth, hauing loyaltie the obiect whereat they ayme their fancies. But leauing off these interparleyes, you shall heare my last *Sonnetto*, and then you haue heard all my Poetrie: and with that he sight out this.

K 2

Rosa-

Euphues

Rofaders third Sonnet.

*Of vertuous Loue my selfe may boast alone,
Since no suspect my seruice may attaint:
For perfect faire shee is the onely one,
Whom I esteeme for my beloued Saint:
Thus for my faith I onely beare the bell,
And for her faire she onely doth excell.*

*Then let fond Petrarch shrowde his Lawraes praise,
And Tasso cease to publish his affect;
Since mine the faith confirme at all assaies,
And hers the faire, which all men doo respect:
My lines her faire, her faire my faith assures;
Thus I by Loue, and Loue by me endures.*

Thus quoth ROSADER, heere is an ende of my Poems, but for all this no releafe of my passions: so that I resemble him, that in the deapth of his distresse hath none but the Eccho to aunswere him. GANIMEDE pittying her ROSADER, thinking to driue him out of this amorous melancholie, said, that now the Sunne was in his Meridionall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore we shepheards say, tis time to goe to dinner: for the Sunne and our stomackes, are Shepheards dialls. Therefore Forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrippes, welcome shall aunswere whatsoeuer thou wantst in delicates. ALIENA tooke the entertainment by the ende, and told ROSADER he should be her gueft. He thankd them heartely, and sate with them downe to dinner: where they had such cates as Countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweete, than all their Courtly iunckets.

Affoone as they had taken their repast, ROSADER giuing them thanks for his good cheere, would haue been gone:
but

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but GANIMEDE, that was loath to let him passe out of her
 presence, began thus; Nay Forrester quoth he, if thy bu-
 sines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply
 in loue, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent
 ROSALYNDE, and thou shalt bee as thou art ROSADER; see in
 some amorous Eglogue, how if ROSALYNDE were present,
 how thou couldst court her: and while we sing of Loue, A-
 LIENA shall tune her pipe, and playe vs melodie. Content,
 quoth ROSADER. And ALIENA, thee to shew her willingnesse,
 drewe foorth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the
 louing Forrester began thus.

The wooing Eglogue betwixt Rosa- lynde and Rosader.

Rosader.

*I pray thee Nymph by all the working words,
 By all the teares and sighes that Louers know,
 Or what or thoughts or faltring tongue affords,
 I craue for mine in ripping vp my woe.
 Sweete Rosalynd my loue (would God my loue)
 My life (would God my life) ay pitie me;
 Thy lips are kinde, and humble like the dove,
 And but with beautie pitie will not be.
 Looke on mine eyes made red with rufull teares,
 From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth,
 All pale in lookes, and I though young in yeares,
 And nought but loue or death my daies befrendeth.
 Oh let no stormic rigour knit thy browes,
 Which Loue appointed for his mercie seate:
 The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes,
 The yron yeelds with hammer, and to heate.
 Oh Rosalynde then be thou pittifull,
 For Rosalynde is onely beautifull.*

K 3

Rosa-

Euphues

Rofalynde.

*Loues wantons arme their traitrons futes with teares,
With vowes, with oathes, with lookes, with showers of golde:
But when the fruite of their affects appeares,
The fimple heart by subtill sleights is solda.
Thus suckes the yeelding eare the poysoned bait,
Thus feedes the hart vpon his endlesse karmes,
Thus glut the thoughts themselues on selfe deceit,
Thus blinde the eyes their fight by subtill charmes.
The louely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,
The deaw of deepe dissembled doublenesse:
These may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beautie leanes to wit and soothfastnesse.
Oh Rofader then be thou wittifull,
For Rofalynde scornes foolish pitifull.*

Rofader.

*I pray thee Rofalynde by those sweete eyes
That staine the Sunne in skine, the morne in cleare;
By those sweete cheekes where Loue incamped lies
To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.
I tempt thee Rofalynde by ruthfull plaints,
Not seasoned with deceit or fraudfull guile,
But firme in paine, farre more than tongue depaints,
Sweete Nymph be kinde, and grace me with a smile.
So may the heauens preferue from hurtfull food
Thy harmelesse flockes, so may the Summer yeeld
The pride of all her riches and her good,
To fat thy sheepe (the Citizens of field).
Oh leaue to arme thy louely browes with scorne:
The birds their beake, the Lion hath his taile,
And Louers nought but fighes and bitter mourne,
The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.
Oh Rofalynde then be thou pitifull:
For Rofalynde is onely beautifull.*

Rofa-

Rofalynde.

The hardned Steele by fire is brought in frame:

Rofader.

*And Rofalynde my loue than anie wooll more softer;
And shall not sighes her tender heart inflame?*

Rofalynde.

Were Louers true, maides would beleene them ofter.

Rofader.

Truth and regard, and honour guide my loue.

Rofalynde.

Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.

Rofader.

Oh pitie me sweete Nymph, and doo but proue.

Rofalynde.

I would resist, but yet I know not why.

Rofader.

*Oh Rofalynde be kinde, for times will change,
Thy lookes ay will be faire as now they be,
Thine age from beautie may thy lookes estrange:
Ah yeelde in time sweete Nymph, and pitie me.*

Rofalynde.

Oh Rofalynde thou must be pitifull.

For Rofader is yong and beautifull.

Rofader.

Oh gaine more great than kingdomes, or a crowne.

Rofalynde.

Oh trust betraid if Rofader abuse me.

Rofader.

*First let the heauens conspire to pull me downe,
And heauen and earth as abiect quite refuse me.
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower,
And restlesse horror hatch within my breast,
Let beauties eye afflict me with a lowre,
Let deepe despaire pursue me without rest;*

Ere

Euphues

*Ere Rosalynde my loyaltie disproue,
Ere Rosalynde accuse me for unkinde.*

Rosalynde.

*Then Rosalynde will grace thee with her loue,
Then Rosalynde will haue thee still in minde.*

Rosader.

*Then let me triumph more than Tithons deere,
Since Rosalynde will Rosader respect:
Then let my face exile his sorrie cheere,
And frolicke in the comfort of affect:*

*And say that Rosalynde is onely pitifull,
Since Rosalynde is onely beautifull.*

When thus they had finished their courting Eglogue in such a familiar clause, GANIMEDE as Augure of some good fortunes to light vpon their affections, beganne to be thus pleasant; How now Forrester, haue I not fitted your turn? haue I not plaide the woman handsomely, and shewed my selfe as coy in graunts, as courteous in desires, and been as full of suspition, as men of flatterie? And yet to salue all, iumpt I not all vp with the sweete vnion of loue? Did not ROSALYNDE content her ROSADER? The Forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes made this merrie replie.

Truth gentle Swaine, ROSADER hath his ROSALYNDE: but as IXION had IUNO, who thinking to possesse a goddesse, onely imbraced a clowde: in these imaginarie fruitions of fancie, I resemble the birds that fed themselues with ZEUXIS painted grapes; but they grewe so leane with pecking at shaddowes, that they were glad with AESOPS Cocke to scrape for a barley cornell: so fareth it with me, who to feede my selfe with the hope of my Mistris fauours, sooth my self in thy futes, and onely in conceipt reape a wished for content: but if my food be no better than such amorous dreames, VENUS at the yeares ende, shall finde mee but a leane louer. Yet doo I take these follies for high fortunes, and hope these
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fained affections doo deuine some vnfained ende of ensuing fancies. And thereupon (quoth ALIENA) Ile play the priest, from this day forth GANIMEDE shall call thee husband, and thou shalt call GANIMEDE wife, and so wee le haue a marriage. Content (quoth ROSADER) and laught. Content (quoth GANIMEDE) and changed as redde as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made vp this iesting match, that after prooude to a marriage in earnest; ROSADER full little thinking he had wooed and wonne his ROSALYNDE. But all was well, hope is a swéete string to harpe on: and therefore let the Forrester a while shape himselfe to his shaddow, and tarrie Fortunes leasure, till she may make a Metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse, and therefore to ALIENA: who said, the wedding was not worth a pinne, vnles there were some cheere, nor that bargaine well made that was not stricken vp with a cuppe of wine: and therefore she wild GANIMEDE to set out such cates as they had, and to drawe out her bottle, charging the Forrester as hee had imagined his loues, so to conceipt these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a Mazer of wine and to drinke to his ROSALYNDE: which ROSADER did; and so they passed awaye the day in manic pleafant deuices. Till at last ALIENA perceiued time would tarrie no man, and that the Sunne waxed verie lowe, readie to set: which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and ende the Banquet with a fresh Carrowse; which done, they all three rose, and ALIENA broke off thus.

Now Forrester, PHŒBUS that all this while hath been partaker of our sports; seeing euerie Woodman more fortunate in his loues, than hee in his fancies; seeing thou hast wonne ROSALYNDE, when he could not wooe DAPHNE, hides his head for shame, and bids vs adiew in a clowde; our sheep they poore wantons wander towards their foldes, as taught by Nature their due times of rest: which tells vs Forrester, we must depart. Marrie, though there were a marriage, yet I must carrie (this night) the Bryde with me, and to

L

mor-

Euphues

morrow morning if you meete vs heere, Ile promise to deliuer her as good a maide as I finde her. Content quoth ROSADER, tis enough for me in the night to dreame on loue, that in the day am so fond to doate on loue: and so till to morrow you to your Foldes, and I will to my Lodge; and thus the Forrester and they parted. He was no sooner gone, but ALIENA and GANIMEDE went and folded their flockes, and taking vp their hookes, their bagges, and their bottles, hied homeward. By the waye, ALIENA to make the time seeme short, began to prattle with GANIMEDE thus; I haue heard them say, that what the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period, that the starres are sticklers in VENUS Court, and desire hangs at the heele of Destenie; if it be so, then by all probable coniectures, this match will be a marriage: for if Augurisme be authentically, or the deuines doomes principles, it cannot bee but such a shaddowe portends the issue of a substaunce, for to that ende did the Gods force the concept of this Eglogue, that they might discouer the ensuing consent of your affections: so that eare it bee long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your Wedding.

Tush (quoth GANIMEDE) al is not malte that is cast on the kill, there goes more words to a bargaine than one, loue feeles no footing in the aire, and fancie holdes it flipperie harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made but he may misse of his market; but if Fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle Mistresse ALIENA) take it. I take all things well (quoth shee) that is your content, and am glad ROSADER is yours: for now I hope your thoughts will be at quiet; your eye that euer looked at Loue, will nowe lende a glaunce on your Lambes: and then they will proue more buxsome and you more blythe, for the eyes of the Master feedes the Cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spied olde CORIDON where hee came plodding to meete them: who tolde them supper was readie: which newes made them speede them home.
Where

Where we leaue them to the next morrow, and returne to SALADYNE.

All this while did poore SALADYNE (banished from *Bordeaux* and the Court of *France* by TORISMOND) wander vp and downe in the Forrest of *Arden*, thinking to get to *Lions*, and so trauell through *Germanie* into *Italy*: but the Forrest being full of by-pathes, and he vnskilfull of the Countrey coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced vp into the Defart, not farre from the place where GERISMOND was, and his brother ROSADER. SALADYNE wearie with wandering vp and downe, and hungrie with long fasting; finding a little caue by the side of a thicket, eating such frute as the Forrest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as Nature had prouided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungrie Lion came hunting downe the edge of the groue for pray, and espying SALADYNE began to ceaze vpon him: but seeing he lay still without anie motion, he left to touch him, for that Lions hate to pray on dead carcaffes: and yet desirous to haue some foode, the Lion lay downe and watcht to see if hee would stirre. While thus SALADYNE slept secure, fortune that was careful ouer her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that ROSADER (hauing striken a Deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the groue with a Boare speare in his hand in great hast, he spied where a man lay a sleepe, and a Lion fast by him: amazed at this sight, as hee stood gazing, his nose on the sodaine bled; which made him coniecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, hee might easely discern his visage, and perceiued by his phisnomie that it was his brother SALADYNE: which draue ROSADER into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so vnexpected a chaunce, maruelling what shoulde driue his brother to trauerse those secrete Defarts without anie companie in such distresse and forlorne fort. But the present time craued no such doubting ambages: for either he must

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resolue

Euphues

refolue to hazard his life for his reliefe, or els steale awaye, and leaue him to the crueltie of the Lion. In which doubt, he thus briefly debated with himselfe.

Rosaders meditation.

NOW ROSADER, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with nettles, meanes to salue thee with roses; and hauing croft thee with manie frownes, now she presents thee with the brightnesse of her fauours. Thou that didst count thy selfe the most distressed of all men, maist accompt thy selfe now the most fortunate amongst men; if fortune can make men happie, or sweete reuenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seeest SALADYNE thine enemye, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subiect to the crueltie of a mercilesse Lion: brought into this miserie by the Gods, that they might seeme iust in reuenging his rigour, and thy iniuries. Seeest thou not how the starres are in a fauourable aspect, the plannets in some pleasing coniunction, the fates agreeable to thy thoughtes, and the destenies perfourmers of thy desires, in that SALADYNE shall die, and thou free of his blood; he receiue meede for his amisse, and thou erect his Tombe with innocent hands. Now ROSADER shalt thou returne to *Bourdeaux*, and enioye thy possessions by birth, and his reuenewes by inheritaunce: now maist thou triumph in loue, and hang Fortunes Altares with garlandes. For when ROSALYNDE heares of thy wealth, it will make her loue thee more willingly: for womens eyes are made of Chrifecoll, that is euer vnperfect vnlesse tempred with golde: and IUPITER sooner enioyed DANAË, because he came to her in so rich a shouer. Thus shall this Lion (ROSADER) end the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to bee most fortunate. And with that casting his Boare speare on his neck, away he began to trudge. But hee had not stept backe two
or

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or thrée paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very hart, that resting his Boare speare against his breast, hee fell into this passionate humour.

Ah ROSADER, wert thou the sonne of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and yet the most hardiest Knight in all *Europe*? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne? and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a Gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe breathe out this golden principle; Brothers amitie is like the drops of *Balsamum*, that salueth the most dangerous sores? Did hee make a large exhort vnto concord, and wilt thou shewe thy selfe carelesse? Oh ROSADER, what though SALADYNE hath wronged thee, and made thee liue an exile in the Forrest? shall thy nature be so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so sauage, as to suffer so dismall a reuenge? what, to let him be deuoured by wilde beafts? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit* is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life ROSADER to winne a world of treasure: for in hauing him thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemy: and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasuring a foe, than reuenging a thousand iniuries.

With that his Brother began to stirre, and the Lion to rowse himselfe: whereupon ROSADER sodainely charged him with the Boare speare, and wounded the Lion verie sore at the first stroake. The beast feeling himselfe to haue a mortall hurt, leapt at ROSADER, and with his pawes gaue him a fore pinch on the breast that he had almost slain: yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparkes of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux* remained, he recouered himselfe, and in short combat slew the Lion: who at his death roared so lowde, that SALADYNE awaked, and starting vp was amazed at the sodayne sight of so monstrous a beast lie slaine by him, and so sweete a Gentleman wounded. He presently (as hee was of a ripe concept) began to coniecture, that the Gentleman had slain

L 3 him

Euphues

him in his defence. Whereuppon (as a man in a traunce) he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his Brother beeing in that disguise: at last hee burst into these tearmes.

Sir whatsoeuer thou bee, (as full of honour thou must needs be, by the view of thy present valure) I perceiue thou hast redrest my fortunes by thy courage, and saued my life with thine owne losse: which ties me to be thine in all humble seruice. Thankes thou shalt haue as thy due, and more thou canst not haue: for my abilitie denies to perforce a deeper debt. But if anie wayes it please thee to commaund me, vse me as farre as the power of a poore Gentleman may stretch.

ROSADER seeing hee was vnknownen to his brother, wondered to heare such courteous words come from his crabbed nature; but glad of such reformed nourture, hee made this aunswere. I am sir (whatsoeuer thou art) a Forrester and Ranger of these walkes: who following my Deere to the fall, was conducted hether by some affenting Fate, that I might saue thee, and disparage my selfe. For coming into this place, I sawe thee a sleepe, and the Lion watching thy awake, that at thy rising hee might prey vpon thy car-kasse. At the first sight, I coniectured thee a Gentleman, (for all mens thoughts ought to be fauourable in imagination) and I counted it the hart of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of his owne bloud: which I haue perforce performed (thou seest) to mine owne preiudice. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I valew thee by thy exterior liaments, make discourse vnto mee what is the cause of thy present fortunes. For by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frowns: but whatsoeuer or howsoeuer, let me craue that fauour, to heare the tragiecke cause of thy late. SALADYNE sitting downe, and fetchinge a deepe sigh, began thus.

Sala-

Euphues

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Sala-

Saladynes discourse to Rosader
vnknownen.

ALthough the discourse of my fortunes, be the renewing of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scar, will open a fresh wound; yet that I may not prooue ingratefull to so courteous a Gentleman, I will rather sitte downe and sigh out my estate, than giue anie offence by smoothing my griefe with silence. Know therefore (sir) that I am of *Bourdeaux*, and the sonne and heire of Syr IOHN of *Bourdeaux*, a man for his vertues and valour so famous, that I cannot thinke, but the fame of his honours, hath reacht farther than the knowledge of his Personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a Knight am I, my name SALADYNE: Who succeeding my Father in possessions but not in qualities, hauing two Brethren committed by my Father at his death to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherly concord, as might haue pierst like the SYRENS melodie into anie humane eare. But I (with VLYSSES became deafe against his Philosophicall harmony, and made more value of profite than of vertue, esteeming golde sufficient honour, and wealth the fittest title for a gentlemans dignitie: I fet my middle brother to the Vniuersitie to be a Scholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a booke, while I fed vpon his reuenewes: and for the yongest (which was my fathers ioye) yong ROSADER. And with that, naming of ROSADER, SALADYNE fate him downe and wept.

Nay forward man (quoth the Forrester) teares are the vnfittest salve that anie man can applie for to cure sorrowes, and therefore cease from such feminine follies, as shoulde droppe out of a Womans eye to deceiue, not out of a Gentlemans looke to discouer his thoughts, and forward with thy discourse.

Oh

golden Legacie.

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to these louing speeches. Then know SALADYNE (quoth he) that thou hast met with ROSADER; who grieues as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feelee the burden of thy miserie. SALADYNE casting vp his eye, and noting well the phisnomie of the Forrester, knew that it was his brother ROSADER: which made him so bash and blush at the first méeting, that ROSADER was faine to recomfort him. Which he did in such sort, y^t he shewed how highly he held reuenge in scorne. Much a doo there was betwéene these two Brethren, SALADYNE in crauing pardon, and ROSADER in forgiuing and forgetting all former iniuries; the one submisfe, the other courteous; SALADYNE penitent and passionate, ROSADER kinde & louing; that at length Nature working an vnion of theyr thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of vnkindnesse, to talke of the Countrey life, which ROSADER so highly commended, that his brother began to haue a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humour ROSADER conducted him to GERISMONDS Lodge, and presented his brother to the King; discourfing the whole matter how all had happened betwixt them. The King looking vppon SALADYNE, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honours, gaue him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilment, promised such fauour as the pouertie of his estate might affoord: which SALADYNE gratefully accepted. And so GERISMOND fell to question of TORISMONDS life? SALADYNE briefly discourft vnto him his iniustice and tyrannies: with such modestie (although hee had wronged him) that GERISMOND greatly praised the sparing speech of the yong Gentleman.

Manie questions past, but at last GERISMOND began with a deepe sigh, to inquire if there were anie newes of the welfare of ALINDA or his daughter ROSALYNDE? None sir quoth SALADYNE, for since their departure they were neuer heard of. Iniurious Fortune (quoth the King) that to double the Fathers miserie, wrongft the Daughter with misfortunes.

M

And

Euphues

And with that (furcharged with sorrowes) he
Cel,& left SALADYNE and ROSADER, whom ROSADER
conducted to the sight of ADAM SPENCER. Who told
LADYNE in that estate, was in a browne studie: but when
heard the whole matter, although he grieved for the exile
his Master, yet hee ioyed that banishment had so reformed
him, that from a lasciuious youth hee was prooued a vener-
ous Gentleman. Looking a longer while, and seeing what
familiaritie past betweene them, and what fauours were in-
terchanged with brotherly affection, he said thus; I marrie,
thus should it be, this was the concord that olde Sir IOHN
of *Bourdeaux* wisht betwixt you. Now fulfill you those
precepts he breathed out at his death, and in obseruing them,
looke to liue fortunate, and die honourable. Wel said ADAM
SPENCER quoth ROSADER, but hast anie victualls in store for
vs? A peece of a red Deere (quoth he) and a bottle of wine.
Tis Forresters fare brother, quoth ROSADER: and so they
sate downe and fell to their cates. Assoone as they had ta-
ken their repast, and had well dined, ROSADER tooke his bro-
ther SALADYNE by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of
the Forrest, and what content they enioyed in that meane e-
state. Thus for two or three dayes he walked vp and down
with his brother, to shewe him all the commodities that be-
longed to his Walke. In which time hee was mist of his
GANIMEDE, who mused greatly (with ALIENA) what should
become of their Forester. Some while they thought he had
taken some word vnkindly, and had taken the pet: then they
imagined some new loue had withdrawen his fancie, or hap-
pely that he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of
GERISMONDS, or that he had made a reconcilement with his
brother, and so returned to *Bourdeaux*. These coniectures
did they cast in their heads, but especially GANIMEDE: who
hauing Loue in her heart prooued restlesse, and halfe with-
out patience, that ROSADER wronged hir with so long ab-
sence: for Loue measures euerie minute, and thinkes how-
ers to be dayes, and dayes to be months, till they feed their
eyes

Golden Legacie.

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He breathed a while and was come to her
 He lookt about her, and saw where GANI-
 He saw vp the wounds of the Forrester:
 this courteous champion that had
 that with such affection, that thee
 of him with fauour, and in her
 age and his vertue, holding him
 affaile such a troupe of vnbr-
 ing her spirites together, she

that haue aduentured your
 holde you valiant, so we
 as manie hidden ver-
 . Wee poore Shep-
 . and therefore can
 treasures: but our
 to our friendes
 of this our rescue,
 kinde gramercie,
 glue: with pro-
 gratefull. For
 is our good
 y him with
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o wifely
 l to fur-
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 , en-
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 re-

Faire

Euphues

Fortune, that fawe how these parties valued not her Deitie, but helde her power in scorne, thought to haue about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine Rascalls that liued by prowling in the Forrest, who for feare of the Prouost Marshall had caues in the groues and thickets, to shrowde themselues from his traines; hearing of the beautie of this faire Shepheardesse ALIENA, thought to steale her away, and to giue her to the King for a present; hoping, because the King was a great lechour, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons: and therefore came to take her and her Page away. Thus resolued, while ALIENA and GANIMEDE were in this sad talk, they came rushing in, and laid violent hands vpon ALIENA and her Page, which made them crie out to ROSADER: who hauing the valour of his father stamped in his heart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than anie way be toucht with the least blemish of dishonour; and therefore dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did witnesse well vpon their carcases, that he was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so ROSADER could not resist a multitude, hauing none to backe him; so that hee was not onely rebatted, but fore wounded, and ALIENA and GANIMEDE had been quite carried away by these Rascalls, had not Fortune (that ment to turne her frowne into a fauour) brought SALADYNE that way by chaunce; who wandring to finde out his Brothers Walke, encountred this crue: and seeing not onely a shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, hee heaued vp a Forrest bill he had on his necke, and the first hee stroke had neuer after more neede of the Phisition: redoubling his blowes with such courage, that the slaues were amazed at his valour.

ROSADER espying his brother so fortunately arriued, and seeing how valiantly he behaued himselfe, though fore wounded, rushed amongst them, and laid on such load, that some of the crue were slaine, and the rest fled, leauing ALIENA & GANIMEDE in the possession of ROSADER and SALADYNE.

ALIENA

golden Legacie.

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ALIENA after she had breathed a while and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where GANIMEDE was busie dressing vp the wounds of the Forrester: but she cast her eye vpon this courteous champion that had made so hote a rescue, and that with such affection, that shee began to measure euerie part of him with fauour, and in her selfe to commend his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troupe of vnbridled villaines. At last gathering her spirites together, she returned him these thanks.

Gentle sir, whatfoeuer you be that haue aduentured your flesh to relieue our fortunes, as we holde you valiant, so we esteeme you courteous, and to haue as manie hidden vertues, as you haue manifest resolutions. Wee poore Shepherds haue no wealth but our flockes, and therefore can we not make requitall with anie great treasures: but our recompence is thanks, and our rewardes to our friendes without faining. For ranfome therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde gramercie, as a poore Shepheardesse and her Page may giue: with promise (in what wec may) neuer to prooue ingratefull. For this Gentleman that is hurt, yong ROSADER, he is our good neighbour and familiar acquaintance, weele pay him with smiles, and feede him with loue-lookes: and though he bee neuer the fatter at the yeares ende, yet wele so hamper him that he shall holde himselfe satisfied.

SALADYNE hearing this Shepheardesse speake so wisely began more narrowly to prie into her perfection, and to suruey all her liniaments with a curious insight; so long dallying in the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent: for Loue that lurked in all these broiles to haue a blowe or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountred them both with such a venie, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deepe, as it could neuer after be raced out. At last after he had looked so long, till ALIENA waxt red, he returned her this answere.

M 3

Faire

Euphues

Faire Shepheardeffe, if Fortune graced mee with fuch good hap, as to doo you anie fauour, I holde my felfe as contented, as if I had gotten a great conquest: for the reliefe of diftressed women is the speciall point, that Gentlemen are tied vnto by honour: feeing then my hazarde to rescue your harmes, was rather dutie than curtesie, thāks is more than belongs to the requitall of fuch a fauour. But leaft I might séeme either too coye or too carelesse of a Gentlewomans proffer, I wil take your kinde gramercie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, GANIMEDE lookt earnestly vpon him, and said; Trulie ROSADER, this Gentleman fauours you much in the feature of your face. No meruaile (quoth hee, gentle Swaine) for tis my eldest brother SALADYNE. Your brother quoth ALIENA? (& with that she blusht) he is the more welcome, and I holde myfelfe the more his debter: and for that he hath in my behalfe done fuch a peece of seruice, if it please him to doo me that honour, I will call him feruant, and he shall call me Miftresse. Content sweet Miftresse quoth SALADYNE, and when I forget to call you so, I will be vnmindfull of mine owne felfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of loue quoth ROSADER, and giue me some drinke, for I am passing thirstie, and then wil I home for my wounds bleede fore, and I will haue them dreft. GANIMEDE had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart to see her ROSADER so pained, and therefore stept hastely to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a Mazer, shee spiced it with fuch comfortable drugs as she had about her, and gaue it him; which did comfort ROSADER: that rising (with the helpe of his brother) he tooke his leaue of them, and went to his Lodge. GANIMEDE assoone as they were out of sight ledde his flockes downe to a vale, and there vnder the shad-dow of a Beech tree fate downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweete heart.

And ALIENA (as a woman passing discontent) seuering her felfe from her GANIMEDE, sitting vnder a Lymon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her newe Loue, and to meditate

ditate with her selfe on this manner.

Alienaes meditation.

AY me, now I see, and forrowing sigh to see that DIANAES Lawrells are harbours for VENUS Doues, that there trace as well through the Lawnes, wantons as chaste ones; that CALISTO be she neuer so chaste, will cast one amorous eye at courting IOUE: that DIANA her self will change her shape, but shee will honour Loue in a shadow: that maidens eyes be they as hard as Diamonds, yet CUPIDE hath drugs to make them more pliable than waxe. See ALINDA, howe Fortune and Loue haue interleagued themselues to be thy foes: and to make thee their subiect or els an abiect, haue inueigled thy sight with a most beautiful object. Alate thou didst holde VENUS for a giglot, not a goddess; and now thou shalt be forst to sue suppliant to her Deitie. CUPIDE was a boy and blinde, but alas his eye had aime enough to pierce thee to the heart. While I liued in the Court, I helde Loue in contempt, and in high feates I had small desires. I knewe not affection while I liued in dignitie, nor could VENUS counterchecke me, as long as my fortune was maiestie, and my thoughtes honour: and shall I now be high in desires, when I am made lowe by Deities?

I haue hearde them saye, that Loue lookes not at low cottages, that VENUS iettes in Roabes not in ragges, that CUPIDE flies so high, that hee scornes to touche pouertie with his heele. Tush ALINDA, these are but olde wiues tales, and neither authentically precepts, nor infallible principles: for Experience tells thee, that Peasaunts haue theyr passions, as well as Princes, that Swaynes as they haue their labours, so they haue theyr amours, and Loue lurkes assoone about a Sheepcoate, as a Pallaice.

Ah

Euphues

Ah ALINDA, this day in auoiding a preiudice thou art fallen into a deeper mischiefe; being rescued from the robbers, thou art become captiue to SALADYNE: and what then? Women must loue, or they must cease to liue: and therefore did Nature frame them faire, that they might be subiects to fancie. But perhaps SALADYNES eye is leuelde vpon a more seemelier Saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience, say Loue hath wrongd thee, that hath not wroong him; and if he be proud in contempt, bee thou rich in content; and rather die than discouer anie desire: for there is nothing more precious in a woman, than to conceale Loue, and to die modest. He is the sonne and heire of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*, a youth comely enough: oh ALINDA, too comely, els hadst not thou been thus discontent; valiant, and that fettered thine eye; wise, els hadst thou not been nowe wonne: but for all these vertues, banished by thy father; and therefore if hee know thy parentage, he will hate the fruite for the tree, and condempne the yong sien for the olde stocke. Well, howsoever, I must loue: and whomsoever, I will: and whatsoever betide, ALIENA will thinke well of SALADYNE: suppose he of me as he please. And with that fetching a deepe sigh, she rise vp, and went to GANIMEDE: who all this while sate in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend ROSADER; but now ALIENA began to comfort her, her selfe beeing ouer growen with sorrowes, and to recall her from her melancholic with manie pleasaunt perfwasions. GANIMEDE tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flockes, supping with olde CORIDON, who had prouided there cates. He after supper, to passe away the night while bedde time, began a long discourse, how MONTANUS the yong Shepheard that was in loue with PHOEBE, could by no meanes obtaine anie fauour at her hands: but still pained in restless passions, remained a hopelesse and perplexed Louer. I would I might (quoth ALIENA) once see that PHOEBE, is shee so faire, that she thinkes no shepheard worthie of her beautie: or so forward,

ward that no loue nor loyaltie will content hir: or so coye, that she requires a long time to be wooed: or so foolish that she forgets, that like a fop she must haue a large haruest for a little corne :

I cannot distinguish (quoth CORIDON) of these nice qualities: but one of these dayes Ile bring MONTANUS and her downe, that you may both see their persons, and note their passions: and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure quoth CORIDON, if all maidens were of her minde, the world would growe to a madde passe; for there would be great store of wooing and little wedding, manie words and little worship, much follie and no faith. At this sad sentence of CORIDON so solempnlie brought forth, ALIENA smiled: and because it waxt late, she and her page went to bed, both of them hauing fleas in their eares to keep the awake, GANIMEDE for the hurt of her ROSADER, and ALIENA for the affection she bore to SALADYNE. In this discontented humor they past away the time, til falling on sleep, their senses at rest, Loue left them to their quiet slumbers: which were not long. For assoone as PHŒBUS rose from his AURORA, and began to mount him in the Skie, summoning the Plough-fwaines to their handie labour, ALIENA arofe; and going to the couche where GANIMEDE laye, awakened her page, and said the morning was farre spent, the deaw smal, and time called them awaye to their foldes. Ah, ah, (quoth GANIMEDE) is the winde in that doore? then in faith I perceiue that there is no Diamond so harde but will yeelde to the file, no Cedar so strong but the winde will shake, nor anie minde so chaste but Loue will change. Well ALIENA, must SALADYNE be the man, and will it be a match? Trust me he is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthie Knight; whome if hee imitate in perfection as hee represents him in proportion, he is worthie of no lesse than ALIENA. But he is an exile: what then? I hope my Mistres respects the vertues not the wealth, and measures the qualities not the substance. Those dames that are like DANAE, that like loue in

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no

Euphues

no shape but in a shower of golde; I wish them husbandes with much wealth and little wit; that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my ALIENA) staine the honour of a Shepheardes life to set the end of passions vpon pelfe. Loues eyes looks not so low as gold, there is no fées to be paid in CUPIDS Courtes: and in elder time (as CORIDON hath tolde me) the Shepheards Loue-gifts were apples and chestnuts, & then their desires were loyall and their thoughts constant. But now

Quærenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.

And the time is growen to that which HORACE in his Satyres wrote on:

omnis enim res

Virtus-fama decus diuina humanæque pulchris

Diuitijs parent: quas qui-constrinxerit ille

Clarus erit, fortis, iustus, sapiens, etiam & rex

Et quic quid volet—

But ALIENA let it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith, and there an ende. ALIENA hearing GANIMEDE thus forward to further SALADYNE in his affections, thought she kist the childe for the nurfes sake, and wooed for him that she might please ROSADER, made this replie; Why GANIMEDE, whereof growes this perswasion? Haft thou féene Loue in my lookes? Or are mine eyes growen so amorous, that they discouer some new entertained fancies? If thou measurest my thoughtes by my countenance, thou maist prooue as ill a Physiognomer as the Lapidarie, that aymes at the secrete vertues of the Topace, by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the Agate is not known by the strakes, nor the Diamond prized by his brightness, but by his hardnesse. The Carbuncle that shineth most, is not euer the most precious: and the Apothecaries choose not flowers for their coulours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwaies Kalenders of fancie, nor doo their thoughtes and their lookes euer agree: for when their eyes are fullest of fauors, then they are oft most empty

tie of desire: and when they séeme to frown at disdaine, then are they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholie, then GANIMEDE tis not a consequence that I am entangled with the perfection of SALADYNE. But séeing fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor Loue kept so couert but it will bee spied, what should friends conceale fancies? Know my GANIMEDE, the beautie and valour, the wit and prowesse of SALADYNE hath fettered ALIENA so farre, as there is no obiect pleasing to her eyes, but the sight of SALADYNE: and if loue haue done me iustice, to wrap his thoughts in the foldes of my fare, and that he be as deeply enamoured as I am passionate; I tell thee GANIMEDE, there shall not be much wooing, for she is already wonne, and what néedes a longer batterie. I am glad quoth GANIMEDE that it shall be thus proportioned, you to match with SALADYNE, and I with ROSADER: thus haue the Destenies fauoured vs with some pleasing aspect, that haue made vs as priuate in our loues, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this GANIMEDE start vp, made her readie, & went into the fields with ALIENA: where vnfolding their flockes, they fate them downe vnder an Oliue tree, both of them amorous, and yet diuerlie affected; ALIENA ioying in the excellence of SALADYNE, and GANIMEDE sorrowing for the wounds of her ROSADER, not quiet in thought till she might heare of his health. As thus both of them fate in theyr dumpes, they might espie where CORIDON came running towards them (almost out of breath with his haft). What newes with you (quoth ALIENA) that you come in such post? Oh Mistres (quoth CORIDON) you haue a long time desired to see PHOEBE the faire Shepheardesse whom MONTANUS loues: so now if it please you and GANIMEDE but to walke with me to yonder thicket, there shall you see MONTANUS and her sitting by a Fountaine; he courting with his Countrey ditties, and she as coye as if she helde Loue in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two Louers, that

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vp

Euphues

vp they rose, and went with CORIDON. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where PHOEBE sate, (the fairest Shepherdesse in all *Arden*, and he the frolickst Swaine in the whole Forrest) she in a peticoate of scarlet, couered with a greene mantle; and to throwde her from the Sunne, a chaplet of roses: from vnder which appeared a face full of Natures excellence, and two such eyes as might haue amated a greater man than MONTANUS. At gaze vpon this gorgeous Nymph sat the Shepherd, feeding his eyes with her fauours, wooing with such piteous lookes, & courting with such deep strained sighs, as would haue made DIANA her selfe to haue been compassionate. At last, fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hande, and his elbow on his knee, he sung this mournefull Dittie.

Montanus Sonnet.

*A Turtle sate vpon a leauelesse tree,
Mourning her absent pheare
With sad and sorrie cheare:
About her wondring flood
The citizens of Wood,
And whilest her plumes she rents
And for her loue laments,
The stately trees complaine them,
The birdes with sorrow paine them:
Each one that doth her view
Her paine and sorrowes rue.
But were the sorrowes knownen
That me hath ouerthrowen,
Oh how would Phoebe sigh, if she did looke on me?*

*The loue sicke Polypheme that could not see,
Who on the barraine shore
His fortunes doth deplore,*

And

golden Legacie.

47

*And melteth all in mone
For Galatea gone:
And with his piteous cries
Afflicts both earth and Skies:
And to his woe betooke
Doth breake both pipe and hooke;
For whome complaines the Morne,
For whom the Sea Nymphs mourne.
Alas his paine is nought:
For were my woe but thought,
Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if she did looke on mee?*

*Beyond compare my paine
yet glad am I,
If gentle Phœbe daine
to see her Montan die.*

After this, MONTANUS felt his passions so extreame, that he fell into this exclamation against the iniustice of Loue.

*Helas Tirant plein de rigueur,
Modere un peu ta violence:
Que te sert si grande despense?
C'est trop de flammes pour un cuer.
Esparguez en vne estin celle,
Puis fay ton effort d'esmoïoir,
La fiere qui ne veut point voir,
En quel fu je brusle pour elle.
Execute Amour ce dessein,
Et rabaisse un peu son audace,
Son cuer ne doit estre de glace.
Bien que elle ait de Nieve le sein.*

N 3

MON-

*But during this accord,
A wonder strange to heare:
Whilest Loue in deed and word
Most faithfull did appeare.
False semblance came in place
By iealozie attended,
And with a doubleface
Both loue and fancie blended.
Which made the Gods forsake,
And men from fancie flie,
And maidens scorne a make;
Forsooth and so will I.*

Downe a downe.

Thus Phillis sung

by fancie once distressed;

*Who so by foolish Loue are stung
are worthely oppressed.*

And so sing I.

with downe a downe, adowne downe, a-
(downe a,

MONTANUS hearing the cruel resolution of PHŒBE, was so ouergrown with passions, that from amorous Ditties he fell flat into these tearmes; Ah PHŒBE quoth he, whereof art thou made, that thou regardest not my maladie? Am I so hatefull an obieſt, that thine eyes condempne me for an abieſt? or so base, that thy desires cannot stoope so lowe as to lende mee a gracious looke? My passions are manie, my loues more, my thoughts loyaltie, and my fancie faith: all deuoted in humble deuoir to the seruice of PHŒBE: & shal I reape no reward for such fealties. The Swaines daylie labours is quit with the euenings hire, the Ploughmans toyle is eased with the hope of corne, what the Oxe sweates out at the plough he fatneth at the cribbe: but infortunate MONTANUS hath no salue for his sorrowes, nor anie hope of recom-

Euphues

recōpence for the hazard of his perplexed passions. If PHŒBE, time may plead the prooffe of my truth, twice feuen winters haue I loued faire PHŒBE: if constancie bee a cause to farther my sute, MONTANUS thoughtes haue beene sealed in the sweete of PHŒBES excellence, as farre from chaunge as she from loue: if outward passions may discouer inward affections, the furrowes in my face may decypher the forrowes of my heart, and the mappe of my lookes the griefes of my minde. Thou séest (PHŒBE) the teares of despayre haue made my cheekes full of wrinkles, and my scalding sighes haue made the aire Eccho her pitie conceiued in my plaints: PHILOMELE hearing my passions, hath left her mournfull tunes to listen to the discourse of my miseries. I haue pourtraied in euerie tree the beautie of my Mistresse, & the despaire of my loues. What is it in the woods cannot witnes my woes? and who is it would not pitie my plaints? Onely POŒBE. And why? Because I am MONTANUS, and she PHŒBE; I a worthlesse Swaine and shee the most excellent of all faires. Beautifull PHŒBE, oh might I say pitifull, then happie were I though I tasted but one minute of that good hap. Measure MONTANUS not by his fortunes but by his loues; and ballaunce not his wealthe, but his desires, and lend but one gracious looke to cure a heape of disquieted cares: if not, ah if PHŒBE can not loue, let a storme of frownes ende the discontent of my thoughts, and so let me perish in my desires, because they are aboue my deserts: onely at my death this fauour cannot be denied me, that all shall say, MONTANUS died for loue of harde hearted PHŒBE. At these words she fild her face full of frownes, and made him this short and sharpe replie.

Importunate Shepheard, whose loues are lawlesse, because restlesse: are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale them with patience? Or art thou so folly-sick, that thou must needs be fancie-sicke? and in thy affection tied to such an exigent, as none serues but PHŒBE. Well sir, if your market may be made no where els, home again,
for

golden Legacie.

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for your Mart is at the fairest. PHŒBE is no lettice for your lippes, and her grapes hangs so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot. Yet MONTANUS I speake not this in pride, but in disdaine; not that I scorne thee, but that I hate Loue: for I count it as great honour to triumph ouer Fancie, as ouer Fortune. Rest thee content therefore MONTANUS, cease from thy loues, and bridle thy lookes; quench the sparkles before they grow to a further flame: for in louing me thou shalt liue by losse, & what thou vtterest in words, are all written in the winde. Wert thou (MONTANUS) as faire as PARIS, as hardie as HECTOR, as constant as TROYLUS, as louing as LEANDER; PHŒBE could not loue, because she cannot loue at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with PHŒBUS, I must flie with DAPHNE.

GANIMEDE ouer-hearing all these passions of MONTANUS, could not brooke the crueltie of PHŒBE, but starting from behinde the bush said; And if Damzell you fled from me, I would transforme you as DAPHNE to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches vnder my féeete. PHŒBE at this sodaine replie was amazed, especially when she saw so faire a Swaine as GANIMEDE; blushing therefore, shee would haue been gone: but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his replie thus. What Shepheardesse, so fayre and so cruell? Disdaine befeemes not cottages, nor coyne maides: for either they be condempned to bee too proude, or too froward. Take heede (faire Nymph) that in despising Loue, you be not ouer-reacht with Loue, and in shaking off all, shape your selfe to your own shaddow: and so with NARCISSUS prooue passionate & yet vn timer. Oft haue I heard, and sometimes haue I seene, high disdaine turnd to hot desires. Because thou art beautifull, be not so coye: as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading, as momentary as the shadowes which growes from a clowdie Sunne. Such (my faire Shepheardesse) as disdaine in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter, that might haue been loued in the prime. A wrinkled maide

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is

Euphues

is like to a parched Rose, that is cast vp in coffers to please the smell, not worne in the hand to content the eye. There is no follie in Loue to had I wist: and therefore be rulde by me, Loue while thou art young, leaft thou be disdained when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot bee recalde, and if thou loue, like of MONTAUNS: for as his desires are manie, so his deserts are great.

PHŒBE all this while gazed on the perfection of GANIMEDE, as deeplie enamoured on his perfection, as MONTANUS inueigled with hers: for her eye made suruey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of ADONIS had been leapt from ELIZIUM in the shape of a Swaine. When she blusht at her owne follie to looke so long on a stranger, she mildlie made aunswere to GANIMEDE thus. I cannot denie sir but I haue heard of Loue, though I neuer felt Loue; and haue read of such a Goddesse as VENUS, though I neuer saw anie but her picture: & perhaps, and with that she waxed red and bashful, and with all silent: which GANIMEDE perceiuing, commended in her selfe the bashfulnesse of the maide, and desired her to goe forward. And perhaps sir (quoth she) mine eye hath ben more prodigall to day than euer before: and with that she staid againe, as one greatly passionate and perplexed. ALIENA seeing the hare through the maze, bade her forward with her prattle: but in vaine, for at this abrupt periode she broke off, and with her eyes full of teares, and her face couered with a vermillion die, she fate downe and fightht. Whereuppon, ALIENA and GANIMEDE seeing the Shepheardesse in such a strange plight, left PHŒBE with her MONTANUS, wishing her friendly that shee would be more pliant to Loue, leaft in penance VENUS ioyned her to some sharpe repentaunce. PHŒBE made no replie, but fetcht such a sigh, that Eccho made relation of her plaint: giuing GANIMEDE such an adieu with a piercing glaunce, that the amorous Girle-boye perceiued PHŒBE was pinchd by the heele.

But leauing PHŒBE to the follies of her new fancie, and
MONTA-

golden Legacie.

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MONTANUS to attend vpon her; to SALADYNE, who all this last night could not rest for the remembrance of ALIENA: in-
somuch that he framed asweete conceipted sonnet to content
his humour, which he put in his bosome: being requested by
his brother ROSADER to go to ALIENA and GANIMEDE, to sig-
nifie vnto them that his wounds were not daungerous. A
more happie message could not happen to SALADYNE, that ta-
king his Forrest bil on his necke, he trudgeth in all hast to-
wards the plaines, where ALIENAES flockes did feede: com-
ming iust to the place when they returned from MONTANUS
and PHÆBE. Fortune so conducted this iollie Forrester, that
he encountred them and CORIDON, whom he presently salu-
ted in this manner.

Faire Shepherdesse, and too faire, vnlesse your beautie
be tempred with courtesie, & the liniaments of the face gra-
ced with the lowlinesse of minde: as manie good fortunes to
you and your Page, as your selues can desire, or I imagine.
My brother ROSADER (in the grieve of his greene wounds)
still mindfull of his friends, hath sent me to you with a kind
salute, to shew that he brookes his paines with the more pa-
tience, in that he holds the parties precious in whose defence
he receiued the preiudice. The report of your welfare, will
bee a great comfort to his distempered bodie and distressed
thoughts, and therefore he sent mee with a strict charge to
visite you. And you (quoth ALIENA) are the more welcome
in that you are messenger from so kind a Gentleman, whose
paines we compassionate with as great sorrowe, as hee
brookes them with grieve; and his wounds breedes in vs as
manie passions, as in him extremities: so that what disquiet
hee feeles in bodie, wee partake in heart. Wishing (if wee
might) that our mishap might salue his maladie. But see-
ing our wills yeelds him little ease, our orizons are neuer i-
dle to the Gods for his recouerie. I pray youth (quoth GA-
NIMEDE with teares in his eies) when the Surgeon searcht
him, helde he his wounds dangerous? Dangerous (quoth
SALADYNE) but not mortall: and the sooner to be cured, in

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that

Euphues

that his patient is not impatient of anie paines: whereupon my brother hopes within these ten dayes to walke abroad and visite you himselfe. In the meane time (quoth GANIMEDE) say his ROSALYNDE commends her to him and bids him be of good cheere. I know not (quoth SALADYNE) who that ROSALYNDE is, but whatsoeuer she is, her name is neuer out of his mouth: but amidst the deepest of his passions he vseth ROSALYNDE as a charme to appease all sorrows with patience. Infomuch that I coniecture my brother is in loue, and she some Paragon that holdes his hart perplexed: whose name he oft records with sighs, sometimes with teares, straight with ioy, then with smiles; as if in one person Loue had lodged a Chaos of confused passions. Wherein I haue noted the variable disposition of fancie, that like the POLYPE in colours, so it changeth into fundrie humours: being as it should seeme a combate mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweete preiudice, like to the SINOPE tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruite infects the tast. By my faith (quoth ALIENA) sir, you are deepe read in loue, or growes your insight into affection by experience? Howsoeuer, you are a great Philosopher in VENUS principles, els could you not discouer her secrete aphorismes. But sir our countrey amours are not like your courtly fancies, nor is our wooing like your suing: for poore shepheards neuer plaine them till Loue paine them, where the Courtiers eyes is full of passions when his heart is most free from affection: they court to discouer their eloquence, we wooe to ease our sorrowes: euerie faire face with them must haue a new fancie sealed with a forefinger kisse and a farre fetcht sigh; we heere loue one, and liue to that one so long as life can maintain loue, vsing few ceremonies because we know fewe subtilties, and little eloquence for that wee lightly accompt of flatterie: only faith and troth thats shepheards wooing, and sir howe like you of this? So (quoth SALADYNE) as I could tie my selfe to such loue. What, and looke so low as a Sheheardesse, being the Sonne of Sir

IOHN

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IOHN of *Bordeaux*: such desires were a disgrace to your honours. And with that furueying exquisitely euerie part of him, as vttering all these words in a deepe passion, she espi- ed the paper in his bosome: whereupon growing iealous that it was some amorous Sonnet, shee sodainly snatcht it out of his bosome, and asked if it were any secret? She was bashfull, and SALADYNE blusht: which she perceiuing sayd; Nay then sir, if you waxe redde, my life for yours tis some Loue matter: I will see your Mistresse name, her praises, and your passions. And with that she lookt on it: which was written to this effect.

Saladynes Sonnet.

*If it be true that heauens eternall course
With restlesse sway and ceaselesse turning glides,
If aire inconstant be, and swelling sourse
Turne and returnes with many fluent tides,
If earth in winter summers pride estrange,
And Nature seemeth onely faire in change.*

*If it be true that our immortall spright
Deriude from heauenly pure, in wandring still
In noueltie and strangenesse doth delight,
And by discouerent power discerneth ill,
And if the bodie for to worke his best
Doth with the seasons change his place of rest:*

*Whence comes it that (inforst by furious Skies)
I change both place and soyle, but not my hart?
Yet salue not in this change my maladies?
Whence growes it that each obiect workes my smart?
Alas I see my faith procures my misse,
And change in loue against my nature is.
Et florida pungunt.*

O 3

ALI-

Euphues

ALIENA hauing read ouer his sonnet, began thus pleasantly to descant vpon it. I see SALADYNE (quoth shee) that as the Sunne is no Sunne without his brightnesse, nor the diamond accounted for precious vnlesse it be hard: so men are not men vnlesse they be in loue; and their honours are measured by their amours not their labours, counting it more commendable for a Gentleman to be full of fancie, than full of vertue. I had thought

*Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus,
Contemptaq; iacent, & sine luce faces:*

But I see OUIDS axiome is not authentically, for euen labor hath her loues, and extremitie is no pumice stone to race out fancie. Your selfe exiled from your wealth, friends & countrey by TORISMOND, (sorowes enough to suppress affecti-
ons) yet amidst the depth of these extremities, Loue will be Lord, and shew his power to bee more predominant than Fortune. But I pray you sir (if without offence I may craue it) are they some new thoughts, or some olde desires? SALADYNE (that now saw opportunitie pleasaunt) thought to strike while the yron was hote, and therefore taking ALIENA by the hand fate downe by her; and GANIMEDE to giue them leaue to their Loues, founde her selfe busie about the foldes, whilest SALADYNE fell into this prattle with ALIENA.

Faire Mistres, if I bee blunt in discouering my affecti-
ons, and vse little eloquence in leuelling out my loues: I appeale for pardon to your owne principles that say, Shepherds vse few ceremonies, for that they acquaint theselues with few subtilties: to frame my selfe therefore to your countrey fashion with much faith and little flatterie, knowe beautifull Shepherdesse, that whilest I liued in the court I knew not Loues cumber, but I held affection as a toy, not as a maladie; vsing fancie as the HIPERBOREI do their flowers, which they weare in their bosome all day, and cast them in the fire for fuell all night. I liked al because I loued none, and who was most faire on her I fed mine eye: but as cha-
rely

rely as the Bee, that assoone as shee hath sucked honnie from the rose, flies straight to the next Marigold. Liuing thus at mine owne list, I wondred at such as were in loue, & when I read their passions, I tooke them only for poems that flowed from the quicknesse of the wit not the sorrowes of the heart. But nowe (faire Nymph) since I became a Forrester, Loue hath taught me such a lesson that I must confesse his deitie and dignitie, and saye as there is nothing so precious as beautie, so there is nothing more piercing than fancie. For since first I arriued in this place, and mine eie tooke a curious suruey of your excellence, I haue been so fettered with your beautie and vertue, as (sweet ALIENA) SALADYNE without further circumstance loues ALIENA. I coulde paint out my desires with long ambages, but seeing in manie words lies mistrust, and that trueth is euer naked; let this suffice for a countrey wooing, SALADYNE loues ALIENA, and none but ALIENA.

Although these words were most heauenly harmonie in the eares of the Shepheardesse: yet to seeme coye at the first courting, and to disdain Loue howsoever shee desired Loue, she made this replie.

Ah SALADYNE, though I seeme simple, yet I am more subtile than to swallow the hook because it hath a painted bait: as men are wilie so women are warie, especially if they haue that wit by others harmes to beware. Doo wee not knowe SALADYNE, that mens tongues are like MERCURIES pipe, that can inchaunt ARGUS with an hundred eies; and their words as preiudiciall as the charmes of CIRCES, that transfourme men into monsters. If such SYRENS sing, wee poore Women had neede stoppe our eares, least in hearing we proue so foolish hardie as to beleue them, and so perrish in trusting much, and suspecting little. SALADYNE, *Piscator ictus sapit*, he that hath been once poysoned & afterwards feares not to bowse of euerie potion, is woorthie to suffer double pennaunce. Giue me leaue then to mistrust, though I doo not condempne. SALADYNE is now in loue with ALIENA, he

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Euphues

a Gentleman of great Parentage, she a Shepheardesse of meane Parents; he honourable, and shee poore? Can Loue consist of contrarieties? Will the Fawlcen pearch with the Kistresse, the Lion harbour with the Woolfe? Will VENUS ioyne robes and rags together? Or can there be a simpatheie betweene a King and a begger. Then SALADYNE how can I beleue thee that loue should vnite our thoughts, when Fortune hath set such a difference betweene our degrees? But suppose thou likest of ALIENAES beautie, men in their fancie resemble the waspe, which scornes that flower from which she hath fetcht her waxe; playing like the inhabitants of the Ilande *Tenerifa*, who when they haue gathered the sweete spices, vse the trees for fuel: so men when they haue glutted themselues with the faire of womens faces, holde them for necessarie euills; and wearied with that which they seemed so much to loue, cast away fancie as children doo their rattles; and loathing that which so deepe lie before they likte, especially such as take loue in a minute, & haue their eyes attractiue like ieate apt to entertaine anie object, are as readie to let it slip againe. SALADYNE hearing howe ALIENA harpt still vppon one string, which was the doubt of mens constancie, hee broke off her sharp inuectiue thus.

I graunt ALIENA (quoth hee) manie men haue doone amisse in proouing soone ripe and soone rotten, but particular instances inferre no generall conclusions: and therefore I hope what others haue faulted in shall not preiudice my fauours. I will not vse sophistrie to confirme my loue, for that is subtiltie; nor long discourses, least my words might bee thought more than my faith: but if this will suffice, that by the honour of a Gentleman I loue ALIENA, and wooe ALIENA not to crop the blossomes and reiect the tree, but to consummate my faithfull desires, in the honourable ende of marriage.

At this word marriage: ALIENA stood in a maze what to answere: fearing that if she were too coye to driue him away
with

golden Legacie.

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with her disdain; and if she were too courteous to discover the heate of her desires. In a dilemma thus what to doo, at last this she said. SALADYNE euer since I saw thee, I fauoured thee, I cannot dissemble my desires, because I see thou doost faithfully manifest thy thoughtes, and in liking thee I loue thee so farre as mine honour holdes fancie still in suspense: but if I knew thee as vertuous as thy father, or as well qualified as thy brother ROSADER, the doubt shoulde be quickly decided: but for this time to giue thee an answer, assure thy selfe this, I will either marrie with SALADYNE, or still liue a virgine: and with this they strained one anothers hand. Which GANIMEDE espying, thinking he had had his Mistres long enough at shrift, said; what, a match or no? A match (quoth ALIENA) or els it were an ill market. I am glad (quoth GANIMEDE) I would ROSADER were well here to make vp a messe. Well remembred (quoth SALADYNE) I forgot I left my brother ROSADER alone: and therefore least being solitarie he should increase his sorrowes I will haue me to him. May it please you then to commaund me any seruice to him, I am readie to be a duetifull messenger. Onely at this time commend me to him (quoth ALIENA) & tell him, though wee cannot pleasure him we pray for him. And forget not (quoth GANIMEDE) my commendations: but say to him that ROSALYNDE sheds as many teares from her heart, as he drops of blood from his wounds, for the sorrow of his misfortunes; feathering all her thoughtes with disquiet, till his welfare procure her content: say thus (good SALADYNE) and so farewell. He hauing his message, gaue a courteous adieu to them both, especially to ALIENA: and so playing loath to depart, went to his brother. But ALIENA, she perplexed and yet ioyfull, past away the day pleasantly still praising the perfection of SALADYNE, not ceasing to chat of her new Loue, till euening drew on; and then they folding their sheepe, went home to bed. Where we leaue them and returne to PHOEBE.

P

PHOE-

Euphues

PHOEBE fiered with the vncouth flame of loue, returned to her fathers house; so galled with restlesse passions, as now she began to acknowledge, that as there was no flower so fresh but might bee parched with the Sunne, no tree so strong but might bee shaken with a storme; so there was no thought so chaste, but Time armed with Loue could make amorous: for shee that helde DIANA for the Goddesse of her deuotion, was now faine to flie to the Altare of VENUS; as suppliant now with prayers, as she was froward afore with disdain. As she lay in her bed, she called to minde the feuerall beauties of yong GANIMED, first his locks, which being amber hued, passeth the wreath that PHOEBUS puts on to make his front glorious; his browe of yuorie, was like the seate where Loue and Maiestie sits inthronde to enchain Fancie; his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heauen, darting forth frownes with disdain, and smiles with fauor, lightning such lookes as would enflame desire, were shee wrapt in the Circle of the frozen Zoane; in his cheekes the vermilion teinture of the Rose flourished vpon naturall Alabafter, the blush of the Morne and LUNAEs silver shewe were so liuely portrayed, that the TROYAN that fills out wine to IUPITER was not halfe so beautifull; his face was full of pleafance, and all the rest of his liniaments proportioned with such excellence, as PHOEBE was settred in the sweetnes of his feature. The IDEA of these perfections tumbling in her minde, made the poore Shepheardesse so perplexed, as feeling a pleasure tempred with intollerable paines, and yet a disquiet mixed with a content, she rather wished to die, than to liue in this amorous anguish. But wishing is little worth in such extreames, and therefore was she forst to pine in her maladie, without anie salue for her sorrowes. Reueale it she durst not, as daring in such matters to make none her secretarie; and to conceale it, why it doubled her griefe: for as fire suppress growes to the greater flame, and the Current stopt to the more violent streame; so Loue smotherd wrings the heart with the deeper passions.

Per-

Perplexed thus with fundrie agonies, her foode began to faile, and the difquiet of her minde began to worke a diftemperature of her bodie, that to be ſhort PHŒBE fell extreame ſicke, and ſo ſicke, as there was almoſt left no recouerie of health. Her father ſeeing his faire PHŒBE thus diſtreſt, ſent for his friends, who ſought by medicine to cure, and by counſaile to pacifie, but all in vaine: for although her bodie was feeble through long faſting, yet ſhe did *magis agrotare animo quàm corpore*. Which her friends perceiued and ſorrowed at, but ſalue it they could not.

The newes of her ſickneſſe was bruted abroad thorough all the Forreſt: which no ſooner came to MONTANUS eare, but he like a madde man came to viſite PHŒBE. Where fitting by her bedde ſide, he began his Exordium with ſo manie teares and ſighes, that ſhe perceiuing the extremitie of his ſorrowes, began now as a loue to pitie them, although GANIMEDE helde her from redreſſing them. MONTANUS craued to knowe the cauſe of her ſickneſſe, tempred with ſecrete plaints: but ſhe aunſwered him (as the reſt) with ſilence, hauing ſtill the forme of GANIMEDE in her minde, & coniecturing how ſhee might reueale her loues. To vtter it in words ſhe found herſelfe too baſhfull, to diſcourſe by anie friend ſhee would not truſt anie in her amours, to remayne thus perplexed ſtill and conceale all, it was a double death. Whereuppon for her laſt refuge ſhe reſolued to write vnto GANIMEDE: and therefore deſired MONTANUS to abſent him ſelfe a while, but not to depart: for ſhe would ſee if ſhe could ſteale a nappe. He was no ſooner gone out of the chamber, but reaching to her ſtandiſh, ſhe tooke penne and paper, and wrote a letter to this effect.

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PHŒBE

Euphues

Phœbe to Ganimede wisheth what she
wants her selfe.

FAire Shepheard (and therefore is PHŒBE infortunate because thou art so faire) although hetherto mine eies were adamants to resist Loue, yet I no sooner saw thy face but they became amorous to intertaine Loue: more deuoted to fancie than before they were repugnant to affection, addicted to the one by Nature, and drawen to the other by beautie; which being rare, and made the more excellent by manie vertues, hath so snared the freedome of PHŒBE, as she rests at thy mercie, either to bee made the most fortunate of all Maidens, or the most miserable of all Women. Measure not GANIMEDE my loues by my wealth, nor my desires by my degrees: but thinke my thoughts are as full of faith, as thy face of amiable fauours. Then as thou knowest thy selfe most beautifull, suppose me most constant. If thou deemeest me hardhearted because I hated MONTANUS, thinke I was forst to it by Fate: if thou saist I am kinde hearted because so lightly I loue thee at the first looke, thinke I was driuen to it by Destenie, whose influence as it is mightie, so it is not to be resisted. If my fortunes were anie thing but infortunate Loue, I woulde striue with Fortune: but he that wrests against the will of VENUS, seekes to quench fire with oyle, and to thrust out one thorne by putting in another. If then GANIMEDE, Loue enters at the eie, harbours in the heart, and will neither bee driuen out with Phisicke nor reason: pitie me, as one whose maladie hath no salue but from thy sweete selfe, whose grieve hath no ease but through thy graunt, and thinke I am a Virgine, who is deeply wrongd, when I am forst to wooe: and coniecture Loue to bee strong, that is more forceable than Nature.

Thus distressed vnlesse by thee eased, I expect either to
liue

golden Legacie.

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liue fortunate by thy fauour, or die miserable by thy deniall.
Liuing in hope. Farewell.

She that must be thine, or
not be at all.

Phæbe.

To this Letter she annexed this Sonnet.

Sonnetto.

*My boate doth passe the straights
of seas incenst with fire,
Filde with forgetfulnesse:
amidst the winters night,
A blinde and carcleffe boy
(brought vp by fonde desire)
Doth guide me in the sea
of sorrow and despiht.*

*For euerie oare, he sets
a ranke of foolish thoughts,
And cuts (in stead of waue)
a hope without distresse;
The windes of my deepe sighs
(that thunder still for noughts)
Haue split my sayles with feare,
with care, with heauinesse.*

*A mightie storme of teares,
a blacke and hideous cloude,
A thousand fierce disdaines
dooo slacke the haleyards oft:*

P 3

Till

Euphues

*Till ignorance doo pull
and errour hale the shrowdes,
No starre for safetie shines,
no Phœbe from aloft.
Time hath subdued arte,
and ioy is slaue to woe:
Alas (Loues guide) be kinde;
what shall I perish so?*

This Letter and the Sonnet being ended, she could find no fitte messenger to sende it by; and therefore shee called in MONTANUS, and intreated him to carrie it to GANIMEDE. Although poore MONTANUS saw day at a little hole, and did perceiue what passion pincht her: yet (that he might séeme dutifull to his Mistres in all seruice) he dissembled the matter, and became a willing messenger of his owne Martyrdom. And so (taking the letter) went the next morne verie early to the Plaines where ALIENA fed her flockes, and there hee found GANIMEDE sitting vnder a Pomegranade tree sorrowing for the hard fortunes of her ROSADER. MONTANUS saluted him, and according to his charge deliuered GANIMEDE the letters, which (he said) came from PHŒBE. At this the wanton blusht, as beeing abasht to thinke what newes should come from an vnknownen Shepheardesse, but taking the letters vuript the seales, and read ouer the discourse of PHŒBES fancies. When shee had read and ouer-read them, GANIMEDE began to smile, & looking on MONTANUS fell into a great laughter: and with that called ALIENA, to whom she shewed the writings. Who hauing perused them, conceived them verie pleasantly, and smiled to see how Loue had yoakt her, who before disdained to stoupe to the lure, ALIENA whispering GANIMEDE in the eare, and saying; Knewe PHŒBE what want there were in thee to perfourme her will, and how vnfit thy kinde is to bee kinde to her, she would be more wise and lesse enamoured: but lea-
uing

uing that, I pray thee let vs sport with this Swaine. At that worde, GANIMEDE tourning to MONTANUS, began to glaunce at him thus.

I pray thee tell me Shepheard, by those sweet thoughts and pleasing sighes that grow from my Mistresse fauours, art thou in loue with PHŒBE? Oh my Youth, quoth MONTANUS, were PHŒBE so farre in loue with me, my Flockes would be more fat and their Master more quiet: for through the sorrowes of my discontent growes the leanness of my sheepe. Alas poore Swaine quoth GANIMEDE, are thy passions so extreame or thy fancie so resolute, that no reason will blemish the pride of thy affection, and race out that which thou striuest for without hope? Nothing can make me forget PHŒBE, while MONTANUS forget himselfe: for those characters which true Loue hath stamped, neither the enuie of Time nor Fortune can wipe awaye. Why but MONTANUS quoth GANIMEDE, enter with a deepe insight into the despaire of thy fancies, and thou shalt see the depth of thine owne follies: for (poore man) thy progresse in loue is a regresse to losse, swimming against the streame with the Crab, and flying with APIS INDICA against winde and weather. Thou seekest with PHŒBUS to winne DAPHNE, and shee flies faster than thou canst followe: thy desires soare with the Hobbie, but her disdain reacheth higher than thou canst make wing. I tell thee MONTANUS, in courting PHŒBE thou barkest with the Wolues of *Syria* against the Moone, and roauest at such a marke with thy thoughtes, as is beyond the pitch of thy bow, praying to Loue when Loue is pitilesse, and thy maladie remedilesse. For prooffe MONTANUS read these letters, wherein thou shalt see thy great follies and little hope.

With that MONTANUS tooke them and perused them, but with such sorrow in his lookes, as they bewrayed a fourfe of confused passions, in his heart: at euerie line his coulour changed, and euerie sentence was ended with a periede of sighes.

At

Euphues

At last, noting PHÆBES extreame desire toward GANIMEDE, and her disdaine towards him, giuing GANIMEDE the letter, the Shepheard stode as though hee had neither wonne nor lost. Which GANIMEDE perceiuing, wakened him out his dreame thus; Now MONTANUS, doost thou see thou vowest great seruice and obteineest but little reward: but in lieu of thy loyaltie, she maketh thee as BELLEPHORON carrie thine owne bane. Then drinke not willinglie of that potion wherein thou knowest is poyson, creepe not to her that cares not for thee. What MONTANUS, there are manie as faire as PHÆBE, but most of all more courteous than PHÆBE. I tell thee Shepheard, fauour is Loues fuell: then since thou canst not get that, let the flame vanish into smoake, and rather sorrow for a while than repent thee for euer.

I tell thee GANIMEDE (quoth MONTANUS) as they which are stung with the Scorpion, cannot be recoured but by the Scorpion, nor hee that was wounded with ACHILLES lance be cured but with the same trunchion: so APOLLO was faine to crie out, that Loue was onely eased with Loue, and fancie healed by no medecin but fauor. PHÆBUS had hearbs to heale all hurts but this passion, CYRCES had charmes for all chaunces but for affection, and MERCURIE subtile reasons to refell all griefes but Loue. Perswasions are bootlesse, Reason lendes no remedie, Counsaile no comfort, to such whome Fancie hath made resolute: and therefore though PHÆBE loues GANIMEDE, yet MONTANUS must honor none but PHÆBE.

Then quoth GANIMEDE, may I rightly tearme thee a despayring Louer, that liuest without ioy, & louest without hope: but what shall I doo MONTANUS to pleasure thee? Shall I despise PHÆBE as she disdaines thee? Oh (quoth MONTANUS) that were to renew my griefes, and double my sorrowes: for the sight of her discontent were the censure of my death. Alas GANIMEDE, though I perish in my thoughtes, let not her die in her desires. Of all passions,
Loue

golden Legacie.

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Loue is most impatient: then let not so faire a creature as PHŒBE sinke vnder the burden of so déepe a distresse. Being loue sicke she is prooued heart sicke, and all for the beautie of GANIMEDE. Thy proportion hath entangled her affection, and she is snared in the beautie of thy excellence. Then sith she loues thee so déere, mislike not her deadly. Bee thou paramour to such a paragon: shee hath beautie to content thine eye, and flockes to enrich thy store. Thou canst not wish for more than thou shalt winne by her: for she is beautifull, vertuous and wealthe, three deepe perwasions to make loue frolicke. ALIENA seeing MONTANUS cut it against the haire, and plead that GANIMEDE ought to loue PHŒBE, when his onely life was the loue of PHŒBE: answered him thus. Why MONTANUS doost thou further this motion? seeing if GANIMEDE marrie PHŒBE thy market is clean mard. Ah Mistres (quoth he) so hath Loue taught mee to honour PHŒBE, that I would preiudice my life to pleasure her, and die in despaire rather than she should perish for want. It shal suffice me to see him contented, and to feed mine eye on her fauour. If she marrie though it be my Martyrdome: yet if shee bee pleased I will brooke it with patience, and triumph in mine owne starres to see her desires satisfied. Therefore if GANIMEDE bee as courteous as hee is beautifull, let him shew his vertues, in redressing PHŒBES miseries. And this MONTANUS pronounst with such an assured countenance, that it amazed both ALIENA and GANIMEDE to see the resolution of his loues: so that they pitied his passions and commended his patience; deuising how they might by anie subtiltie, get MONTANUS the fauour of PHŒBE. Straight (as Womens heads are full of wyles) GANIMEDE had a fetch to force PHŒBE to fancie the Shepheard MALGRADO the resolution of her minde hee profecuted his policie thus. MONTANUS (quoth he) seeing PHŒBE is so forlorne least I might bee couuted vnkinde, in not saluing so faire a creature, I will goe with thee to PHŒBE, and there heare her selfe in worde vtter that which she hath discourst with her penne, and then

Q

as

Euphues

as Loue wills me, I will fet downe my censure. I will home by our house, and fend CORIDON to accompanie ALIENA. MONTANUS seemed glad of this determination, and away they goe towards the house of PHOEBE. When they drew nigh to the Cottage, MONTANUS ranne afore, & went in and tolde PHOEBE that GANIMEDE was at the dore. This word GANIMEDE founding in the eares of PHOEBE, draue her into such an extasie for ioy, that rising vp in her bed she was halfe reuiued, and her wan colour began to waxe red: and with that came GANIMEDE in, who saluted PHOEBE with such a curteous looke, that it was halfe a salue to her sorowes. Sitting him downe by her bed side, hee questioned about her disease, and where the paine chiefly helde her? PHOEBE looking as louely as VENUS in her night geere, tainting her face with as ruddie a blush as CLITIA did when when shee bewrayed her Loues to PHOEBUS: taking GANIMEDE by the hand began thus. Faire shepheard, if loue were not more strong then nature, or fancie the sharpest extream; my immodesty were the more, and my vertues the lesse: for nature hath framed womens eyes bashfull, their hearts full of feare, and their tongues full of silence: But Loue, that imperious Loue, where his power is predominant, then he peruerts all and wresteth the wealth of nature to his owne will: an Instance in my selfe sayre GANIMEDE, for such afire hath hee kindled in my thoughts, that to finde ease for the flame, I was forced to passe the bounds of modestie and seeke a salue at thy handes for my secret harmes: blame mee not if I bee ouer bolde for it is thy beautie, and if I be too forward it is fancie, & the deepe insight into thy vertues that makes me thus fond. For let me say in a word, what may be containd in a volume, PHOEBE loues GANIMEDE: at this she held downe her head and wept, and GANIMEDE rose as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers made this replic. Water not thy plants PHOEBE, for I doe pitie thy plaintes, nor seeke not to discouer thy Loues
in

in teares; for I coniecture thy trueth by thy passions: sorrow is no salve for loues, nor sighes no remedie for affection. Therefore frolick PHŒBE, for if GANIMEDE can cure thee, doubt not of recouerie. Yet this let me say without offence, that it gréeues me to thwart MONTANUS in his fancies, séeing his desires haue ben so resolute, and his thoughts so loyall: But thou alleadgest that thou art forst from him by fate; so I tell thee PHŒBE either some starre or else some destinie fits my minde rather with ADONIS to die in chase, than be counted a wanton in VENUS knee. Although I pittie thy martyrdome, yet I can grant no mariage; for though I held thee faire, yet mine eye is not fettered, Loue growes not like the hearb Spattanna to his perfection in one night but creepes with the snaile, and yet at last attaines to the top *Festina Lente* especially in Loue: for momentarie fancies are oft times the fruites of follies: If PHŒBE I should like thee as the HIPERBOREI do their Dates, which banquet with them in the morning and throw them awaie at night, my folly should be great, and thy repentance more, Therefore I will haue time to turne my thoughts, and my Loues shall growe vp as the water *Cresses*, slowly but with a deepe roote. Thus PHŒBE thou maist see I disdaine not though I desire not, remaining indifferent till time and loue makes me resolute. Therefore PHŒBE seeke not to suppress affection, and with the Loue of MONTANUS quench the remembrance of GANIMEDE, striue thou to hate me as I seeke to like of thee, and euer haue the duties of MONTANUS in thy minde, for I promise thee thou mayst haue one more welthie but not more loyall. These wordes were corasiues to the perplexed PHŒBE, that sobbing out sighes and straying out teares shee blubbered out these wordes.

And shall I then haue no salve of GANIMEDE, but suspense, no hope but a doubtfull hazard, no comfort, but bee posted off to the will of time? iustly haue the Gods ballanst

Q 2

my

Euphues

my fortunes, who beeing cruell to MONTANUS found GANIMEDE, as vnkinde to my felfe: so in forcing him perih for loue, I shall die my felfe with ouermuch loue. I am glad (quoth GANIMEDE) you looke into your owne faults, and see where your shooe wrings you, meafuring now the paines of MONTANUS by your owne paffions. Truth quoth PHÆBE, and fo deeply I repent me of my frowardneffe toward the Shepheard, that could I ceafe to loue GANIMEDE, I would refolue to like MONTANUS. What if I can with reafon perfwade PHÆBE to milike of GANIMEDE, will ſhe then fauour MONTANUS? When reafon (quoth ſhe) doth quench that loue that I owe to thee, then will I fancie him: conditionallie, that if my loue can bee ſuppreſt with no reafon, as beeing without reafon, GANIMEDE wil onely wed himſelfe to PHÆBE. I graunt it faire Shepheardesse quoth he: and to feede thee with the sweetneſſe of hope, this refolue on: I will neuer marrie my felfe to woman but vnto thy felfe: and with that GANIMEDE gaue PHÆBE a fruiteleſſe kiſſe & ſuch words of comfort, that before GANIMEDE departed ſhe aroſe out of her bed, and made him and MONTANUS ſuch cheere, as could be found in ſuch a Countrey cottage. GANIMEDE in the miſt of their banquet rehearſing the promiſes of either in MONTANUS fauour, which highly pleaſed the Shepheard. Thus all three content, and foothed vp in hope, GANIMEDE tooke his leaue of his PHÆBE & departed, leauing her a contented woman, and MONTANUS highly pleaſed. But poore GANIMEDE, who had her thoughtes on her ROSADER, when ſhe calde to remembrance his wounds, filde her eyes full of teares, and her heart full of ſorrowes, plodded to finde ALIENA at the Foldes, thinking with her preſence to driue away her paffions. As ſhe came on the Plaines, ſhe might eſpie where ROSADER and SALADYNE ſate with ALIENA vnder the ſhade: which ſight was a ſalue to her grieſe, and ſuch a cordiall vnto her heart, that ſhe tript alongſt the Lawnes full of ioy.

At laſt CORIDON who was with them ſpied GANIMEDE,
and

golden Legacie.

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and with that the Clowne rose, and running to méete him cried, Oh sirha, a match, a match, our Mistres shall be married on Sunday. Thus the poore peasant frolickt it before GANIMEDE, who comming to the crue saluted them all, and especially ROSADER, saying that hee was glad to see him so well recovered of his wounds. I had not gone abroade so soone quoth ROSADER, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which on Sunday next must bee solempnized betweene my brother and ALIENA. I see well where Loue leades delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serues, where both the parties are willing. Truth quoth GANIMEDE: but a happy day should it be, if ROSADER that day might be married to ROSALYNDE. Ah good GANIMEDE (quoth he) by naming ROSALYNDE renue not my sorrowes: for the thought of her perfections, is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, bee of good cheere man quoth GANIMEDE, I haue a friend that is deeply experienst in Negromancie and Magicke, what arte can doo shall bee acted for thine aduantage: I will cause him to bring in ROSALYNDE, if either *France* or anie bordering Nation harbour her; and vpon that take the faith of a young Shepheard. ALIENA smilde to see how ROSADER frownde, thinking that GANIMEDE had iested with him. But breaking off from those matters, the Page (somewhat pleasant) began to discourse vnto them what had past betweene him and PHŒBE: which as they laught, so they wondred at; all confessing, that there is none so chaste but Loue will change. Thus they past away the day in chat, and when the Sunne began to set, they tooke their leaues and departed: ALIENA providing for their marriage day such solempne cheere and handsome roabes as fitted their countrey estate, & yet somewhat the better, in that ROSADER had promised to bring GERISMOND thether as a guest. GANIMEDE (who then meant to discouer her selfe before her father, had made her a gowne of greene, and a kirtle of the finest sendall, in such sort that she seemed some heavenly Nymph harboured in Countrey attire.

Q 3

SA-

Euphues

SALADYNE was not behind in care to set out the nuptials, nor ROSADER unmindfull to bid guests, who invited GERISMOND and all his Followers to the Feast: who willingly graunted; so that there was nothing but the daye wanting to this marriage. In the meane while, PHOEBE being a bidden guest, made her selfe as gorgeous as might be to please the eye of GANIMEDE; and MONTANUS suted himselfe with the cost of many of his flocks to be gallant against that day; for then was GANIMEDE to giue PHOEBE an answer of her loues, and MONTANUS either to heare the doome of his miserie, or the censure of his happinesse. But while this geare was a bruining, PHOEBE past not one day without visiting hir GANIMEDE, so farre was shee wrapt in the beauties of this louely Swaine. Much prattle they had, and the discourse of manie passions, PHOEBE wishing for the daye (as shee thought) of her welfare, and GANIMEDE smiling to thinke what vnexpected euent would fall out at the wedding. In these humours the weeke went away, that at last Sundaye came.

No sooner did PHOEBUS HENCH man appeare in the Skie, to giue warning that his masters horses shoulde bee trapt in his glorious couch, but CORIDON in his holiday sute meruailous seemely, in a russet iacket welted with the same, and faced with red worsted, hauing a paire of blew chamlet sleeues, bound at the wrefts with foure yeolow laces, closed afore verie richly with a dosen of pewter buttons: his hose was of gray karsie, with a large flop bard ouerthwart the pocket holes with three fair gards, sticht of either side with red thred, his stock was of the own sewed close to his breech, and for to beautifie his hose, he had trust himself round with a dosen of new thredde points of medley colour: his bonnet was greene whereon stood a copper brooch with the picture of SAINT DENIS: and to want nothing that might make him amorous in his olde dayes, he had a fayre shyrt band of fine lockram, whipt ouer with Couentrey blew, of no small cost.

Thus

Thus attired, CORIDON bestird himselfe as chiefe stickler in these actions, and had strowed all the house with flowers, that it seemed rather some of FLORAES choyce bowers, than anie Countrey cottage.

Thether repaired PHŒBE with all the maides of the Forrest to set out the bride in the most seemeliest sort that might be: but howsoever she helpt to pranke out ALIENA, yet her eye was still on GANIMEDE, who was so neate in a sute of gray, that he seemed ENDYMION when hee won LUNA with his lookes, or PARIS when he plaide the Swaine to get the beautie of the Nymph OENONE. GANIMEDE like a prettie Page waited on his Mistresse ALIENA, and ouerlookt that all was in a readinesse against the Bridegroome shoulde come. Who attired in a Forresters sute came accompanied with GERISMOND and his brother ROSADER early in the morning; where arriued, they were solempnlie entertained by ALIENA and the rest of the Countrey Swaines, GERISMOND verie highly commending the fortunate choyce of SALADYNE, in that had chofen a Shepheardesse, whose vertues appeared in her outward beauties, being no lesse faire than seeming modest.

GANIMEDE comming in and seeing her Father began to blush, Nature working affects by her secret effects: scarce could she abstaine from teares to see her Father in so lowe fortunes: he that was wont to sit in his royall Pallaice, attended on by twelue noble peeres, now to be contented with a simple Cottage, and a troupe of reuelling Woodmen for his traine. The consideration of his fall, made GANIMEDE full of sorrowes: yet that shee might triumph ouer Fortune with patience, and not anie way dash that merrie day with her dumpes, shee smothered her melancholy with a shaddow of mirth: and verie reuerently welcommed the King, not according to his former degree, but to his present estate, with such diligence, as GERISMOND began to commend the Page for his exquisite person, and excellent qualities.

As

golden Legacie.

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[for being so mean, my night sleeps are waking flombers, as full of sorrowes as they be far from rest, & my dayes labors are fruitlesse amors, staring at a star & stombling at a straw, leauing reason to follow after repentance: yet euery passion is a pleasure thogh it pinch, because loue hides his worme-feed in figs, his poysons in sweet potions, & shadows preiudize with the maske of pleasure. The wisest counsellors are my deep discontents, and I hate that which should salue my harm, like the patient which stung with the *Tarantula* loaths musick, and yet the disease incurable but by melody. Thus (Sir) restless I hold my selfe remediles, as louing without either reward or regard, and yet louing, bicause there is none worthy to be loued, but the mistresse of my thoughts. And that I am as full of passions as I haue discourst in my plaintes, Sir if you please see my Sonnets, and by them censure of my sorrowes.

These wordes of MONTANUS brought the king into a great wonder, amazed as much at his wit as his attire: insomuch that he tooke the papers off his hooke, and read them to this effect.

Montanus first Sonnet.

*Alas how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde access:
But where the melancholy fleeting floods
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarme of reason, spoilde of natures goods,
Without redresse to salue my heauinesse
I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes)
With endles grief my heedles iudgement charmes.*

*My silent tongue assailede by secret feare,
My traitrous eyes imprisoned in their ioy,*

R

My

Euphues

*My fatall peacc deuourd in fained cheare,
My heart inforst to harbour in annoy,
My reason robde of power by yeelding eare,
My fond opinions slaue to euery toy.
Oh Loue thou guide in my vncertaine way,
Woe to thy bow, thy fire, the cause of my decay.
Et florida pungunt.*

When the King had read this Sonnet, he highly commended the deuice of the shepheard, that could so wittily wrap his passions in a shaddow, and so couertly conceale that which bred his chiefeft discontent: affirming, that as the least shrubs haue their tops, the smallest haire their shadowes: so the meanest swaines had their fancies, and in their kynde were as charie of Loue as a King. Whetted on with this deuice, he tooke the second and read it: the effects were these.

Montanus second Sonnet.

*When the Dog
Full of rage,
 With his irefull eyes
 Frownes amidst the skies
The Shepheard to asswage
 The fury of the heat,
 Himselfe doth safely seat
By a fount
Full of faire,
 Where a gentle breath
 (Mounting from beneath)
Tempreth the aire.*

There

*There his flocks
 Drinke their fill,
 And with ease repose
 Whilest sweet sleep doth close
 Eyes from toylsome ill.
 But I burne
 Without rest,
 No defensue power
 Shields from Phoebes lower:
 Sorrow is my best.
 Gentle Loue
 Lowre no more,
 If thou wilt invade,
 In the secret shade,
 Labour not so sore.
 I my selfe
 And my flocks
 They their loue to please,
 I my selfe to ease,
 Both leaue the shadie oakes:
 Content to burne in fire
 Saith Loue doth so desire.
 Et florida pungunt.*

GERISMOND seeing the pithy vaine of those Sonets, began
 to make further enquiry what hee was? Whereupon RO-
 SADER discourst vnto him the loue of MONTANUS to PHOEBE,
 his great loialtie & her deep crueltie: and how in reuenge
 the Gods had made the curious Nymph amorous of yoong
 GANIMEDE. Vpon this discourse, y^e king was desirous to
 see PHOEBE: who being broght before GERISMOND by RO-
 SADER, shadowed the beauty of her face with such a ver-
 milion teinture, that the Kings eyes began to dazle at the

R 2

puritie

Euphues

puritie of her excellence. After GERISMOND had fed his lookes a while vpon her faire, he questioned with her, why she rewarded MONTANUS loue with so little regard, seeing his desertes were many, and his passions extream. PHOEBE to make reply to the Kings demaund, answered thus: Loue (sir) is charitie in his lawes, and whatsoeuer hee sets downe for iustice (bee it neuer so vniust) the sentence cannot be reuerst: womens fancies lende fauours not euer by desert, but as they are inforst by their desires: for fancy is tied to the wings of Fate, & what the starres decree, stands for an infallible doome. I know MONTANUS is wise, & womens ears are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charme of a pleasant toong, as VLISSES the melody of the SYRENS. MONTANUS is bewtifull, and womens eyes are snared in the excellence of obiects, as desirous to feede their lookes with a faire face, as the Bee to suck on a sweet floure. MONTANUS is welthy, & an ounce of giue me perswades a woman more than a pound of heare me. DANAE was won with a golden shower, when she could not be gotten with all the intreaties of IUPITER: I tell you sir, the string of a womans heart reacheth to the pulse of her hand, and let a man rub that with gold, & tis hard but she wil prooue his hearts gold. MONTANUS is yoong, a great claue in fancies court: MONTANUS is vertuous, the richest argument that Loue yeelds: & yet knowing all these perfections I praise them, and wonder at them, louing the qualities, but not affecting the person, because the Destenies haue set downe a contrary censure. Yet VENUS to ad reuenge, hath giue me wine of y^e same grape, a sip of the same fauce, & firing me with the like passiō, hath croft me with as il a penance: for I am in loue with a shepheards swaine, as coy to mee as I am cruel to MONTANUS, as peremptory in disdain as I was peruerse in desire, & that is (quoth she) ALIENAES page, young GANIMEDE.

GERISMOND desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in GANIMEDE: who knowing the case, came in graced with

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with such a blush, as beautified the Christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The King noting well the phisnomy of GANIMEDE, began by his fauours to cal to mind the face of his ROSALYND, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. ROSADER that was passing familiar with GERISMOND, demanded of him why he sighed so fore? Because ROSADER (quoth hee) the fauour of GANIMEDE puts mee in minde of ROSALYNDE. At this word, ROSADER sigh so deeply as though his heart would haue burst. And whats the matter (quoth GERISMOND) that you quite mee with such a sigh? Pardon mee sir (quoth ROSADER) because I loue none but ROSALYND. And vpon that condition (quoth GERISMOND) that ROSALYND were here, I would this day make vp a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this ALIENA turnd her head and smilde vpon GANIMEDE, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salued all with secrecie, and GERISMOND to driue away such dumpes, questioned with GANIMEDE, what the reason was he regarded not PHOEBES loue, seeing she was as faire as the wantō that brought *Troy* to ruine. GANIMEDE mildly answered, If I shuld affect the fair PHOEBE, I should offer poore MONTANUS great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet haue I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse, to wed my self neuer to woman except vnto her: but with this promise, y^t if I can by reason suppress PHOEBES loue towards me, she shall like of none but of MONTANUS. To y^t q. PHOEBE I stand, for my loue is so far beyond reason, as it wil admit no persuation of reason. For iustice q. he, I appeale to GERISMOND: and to his censure wil I stand q. PHOEBE. And in your victory q. MONTANUS stands the hazard of my fortunes: for if GANYMEDE go away with conquest, MONTANUS is in conceit loues Monarch, if PHOEBE winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controuersie q. GERISMOND, & then we will to church: therefore GANIMEDE let vs heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while (quoth shee) and you shall see one in store.

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In

Euphues

In went GANIMEDE and drest her self in womans attire, hauing on a gowne of greene, with kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed DIANA triumphing in the Forrest: vpon her head she wore a chaplet of Roses, which gaue her such a grace, y^t she looked like FLORA pearkt in the pride of all hir floures. Thus attired came ROSALIND in, & presented her self at her fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, crauing his blessing, & discoursing vnto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by TORISMOND, and how euer since she liued in that country disguised.

GERISMOND seeing his daughter, rose from his seat & fel vpon her necke, vttering the passions of his ioy in watry plaints driuen into such an extasie of content, that hee could not vtter one word. At this sight, if ROSADER was both amazed & ioyfull, I refer my selfe to the iudgement of such as haue experience in loue, seeing his ROSALYND before his face whom so long and deeply he had affected. At last GERISMOND recouered his spirites, and in most fatherly tearmes entertained his daughter ROSALYND, after many questions demanding of her what had past betweene her and ROSADER. So much sir (quoth she) as there wants nothing but your Grace to make vp the marriage. Why then (quoth GERISMOND) ROSADER take her, shee is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brothers and thy nuptials, ROSADER beyond measure cōtent, humbly thanked the king, & imbraced his ROSALYNDE, who turning to PHOEBE, demanded if she had shewen sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loues. Yea quoth PHOEBE, & so great a perfwasiue, that if it please you Madame and ALIENA to giue vs leaue, MONTANUS and I will make this day the thirde couple in marriage. She had no sooner spake this word, but MONTANUS, threw away his garland of willow, his bottle, where was painted dispaire, & cast his sonnets in the fire, shewing himselfe as frolicke as PARIS when he hanseled his loue with HELENA. At this GERISMOND and the rest smiled, and concluded that MONTANUS and PHOEBE should
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keepe their wedding with the two brethren. ALIENA seeing SALADYNE stand in a dumpe, to wake him from his dreame began thus. Why how now my SALADYNE, all a mort, what melancholy man at the day of marriage? perchaunce thou art sorrowfull to thinke on thy brothers high fortunes, and thyne owne base desires to chuse so meane a shepheardize. Cheare vp thy hart man, for this day thou shalt bee married to the daughter of a King: for know SALADYNE, I am not ALIENA, but ALINDA the daughter of thy mortal enimie TORISMOND. At this all the company was amazed, especially GERISMOND, who rising vp, tooke ALINDA in his armes, and said to ROSALYNDE: is this that faire ALINDA famous for so many vertues, that forsoke her fathers court to liue with thee exile in the country? The same q. ROSALYNDE. Then quoth GERISMOND, turning to SALADINE, iolly Forrester be frolick, for thy fortunes are great, & thy desires excellent, thou hast got a princeesse as famous for her perfection, as exceeding in proportion. And she hath with her beauty won (quoth SALADYNE) an humble seruant, as full of faith, as she of amiable fauour. While euery one was amazed with these Comicalleuentes, CORIDON came skipping in, & told them that the Priest was at Church and tarried for their comming. With that GERISMOND led the way, & the rest followed, where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in *Arden*, their mariages were solemnly solemnized. As soone as the Priest had finished, home they went with ALINDA, where CORIDON had made all things in readines. Dinner was prouided, & the tables being spread, and the Brides set downe by GERISMOND, ROSADER, SALADYNE, & MONTANUS that day were seruitors: homely cheare thay had, such as their country could afford: but to mend their fare they had mickle good chat, and many discourfes of their loues and fortunes. About mid dinner, to make them mery CORIDON came in with an old crowd, and plaid them a fit of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song.

Cori-

Euphues

Coridons Song.

*A blyth and bonny country Lasse,
heigh ho the bonny Lasse:
Sate fighing on the tender grasse,
and weeping said, will none come woo mee?
A smicker boy, a lyther Swaine,
heigh ho a smicker Swaine:
That in his Loue was wanton faine,
with smiling looks straight came vnto her.*

*When as the wanton wench espide,
heigh ho when she espide
The meanes to make her selfe a bride,
she simpred smooth like bonny bell:
The Swaine that saw her squint eied kind
heigh ho squint eyed kind,
His armes about her body twind,
and faire Lasse, how fare ye, well?*

*The country kit said well forsooth,
heigh ho well forsooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
a longing tooth that makes me crie:
Alas said he what garres thy grieve?
heigh ho what garres thy grieve?
A wound quoth she without reliefe,
I feare a maid that I shall die.*

*If that be all the shepheard said
heigh ho the shepheard said,*

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*He make thee wiue it gentle maide,
And so recure thy maladie.
Hereon they kist with manie a oath,
heigh ho with manie a oath,
And fore God Pan did plight their troath,
and to the Church they hied them fast.*

*And God send euerie pretie peate
heigh ho the pretie peate
That feares to die of this conceate,
so kinde a friend to helpe at last.*

CORIDON hauing thus made them merrie: as they were in the midst of all their iollitie, word was brought in to SALADYNE and ROSADER, that a brother of theirs, one FERNANDYNE was arriued, and desired to speake with them. GERISMOND ouer hearing this newes, demaunded who it was? It is sir (quoth ROSADER) our middle brother, that lyues a Scholler in *Paris*: but what fortune hath driuen him to seek vs out I know not. With that SALADYNE went and met his brother, whom he welcommed with all curtesie, and ROSADER gaue him no lesse friendly entertainment: brought hee was by his two brothers into the parlour where they al sate at dinner. FERNANDYNE as one that knewe as manie manners as he could points of sophistrie, & was aswell brought vp as well lettered, saluted them all. But when hee espied GERISMOND, knéeling on his knée he did him what reuerence belonged to his estate: and with that burst foorth into these speaches. Although (right mightie Prince) this day of my brothers mariage be a day of mirth, yet time craues another course: and therefore from daintie cates rise to sharpe weapons. And you the sonnes of Sir IOHN of *Bourdeaux*, leaue off your amors & fall to armes, change your loues into lances, and now this day shewe your selues as valiant, as hetherto you haue been passionate. For know GERISMOND, that hard by at the edge of this forrest the twelue Peeres of

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France

Euphues

France are vp in Armes to recouer thy right; and TORISMOND troupt with a crue of desperate runnagates is ready to bid them battaile. The Armies are readie to ioyn: therefore shew thy selfe in the field to encourage thy subiects; and you SALADYNE & ROSADER mount you, and shewe your selues as hardie souldiers as you haue been heartie louers: so shall you for the benefite of your Countrey, discouer the IDEA of your fathers vertues to bee stamped in your thoughts, and proue children worthie of so honourable a parent. At this alarum giuen by FERNANDYNE, GERISMOND leapt from the boord, and SALADYNE and ROSADER betook themselues to their weapons. Nay quoth GERISMOND, goe with me I haue horse and armour for vs all, and then being well mounted, let vs shew that we carrie reuenge and honour at our fawchions points. Thus they leaue the Brides full of forrow, especially ALINDA, who desired GERISMOND to be good to her father: he not returning a word because his haft was great, hied him home to his Lodge, where he deliuered SALADYNE and ROSADER horse and armour, and himselfe armed royally led the way: not hauing ridden two leagues before they discovered where in a Valley both the battailes were ioyned. GERISMOND seeing the wing wherein the Peeres fought, thrust in there, and cried SAINT DENIS, GERISMOND laying on such loades vpon his enemies, that hee shewed how highly he did estimate of a Crowne. When the Peeres perceived that their lawfull King was there, they grewe more eager: and SALADYNE and ROSADER so behaued themselues, that none durst stand in their way, nor abide the furie of their weapons. To be short, the Peeres were conquerours, TORISMONDS armie put to flight, & himselfe slaine in battaile. The Peeres then gathered themselues together, and saluting their king, conducted him royally into *Paris*, where he was receiued with great ioy of all the citizens. Assoone as all was quiet and he had receiued againe the Crowne, hee sent for ALINDA and ROSALYNDE to the Court, ALINDA being verie passionate for the death of her father: yet brooking it
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with the more patience, in that she was contented with the welfare of her SALADYNE. Well, assoone as they were come to *Paris*, GERISMOND made a royall Feast for the Peeres and Lords of his Lande, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a Parliament, by the consent of his Nobles he created ROSADER heire apparant to the kingdom he restored SALADYNE to all his fathers lande, and gaue him the Dukedome of *Normeys*, he made FERNANDYNE principall Secretarie to himselfe: and that Fortune might euerie way seeme frolicke, he made MONTANUS Lord ouer all the Forrest of *Arden*: ADAM SPENCER Captaine of the Kings Gard, and CORIDON Master of ALINDAS Flocks.

H Eere Gentlemen may you see in EUPHUES GOLDEN LEGACIE, that such as neglect their fathers precepts, incurre much preiudice; that diuision in Nature as it is a blemish in nurture, so tis a breach of good fortunes; that vertue is not measured by birth but by action; that yonger brethren though inferiour in yeares, yet may be superiour to honours; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amitie betwixt brothers more forceable than fortune. If you gather any frutes by this Legacie, speake well of EUPHUES for writing it, and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that fauour, you encourage me to be more forward: and assoone as I haue ouerlookt my labours, expect the SAILERS KALENDER.

T. Lodge.

FINIS.

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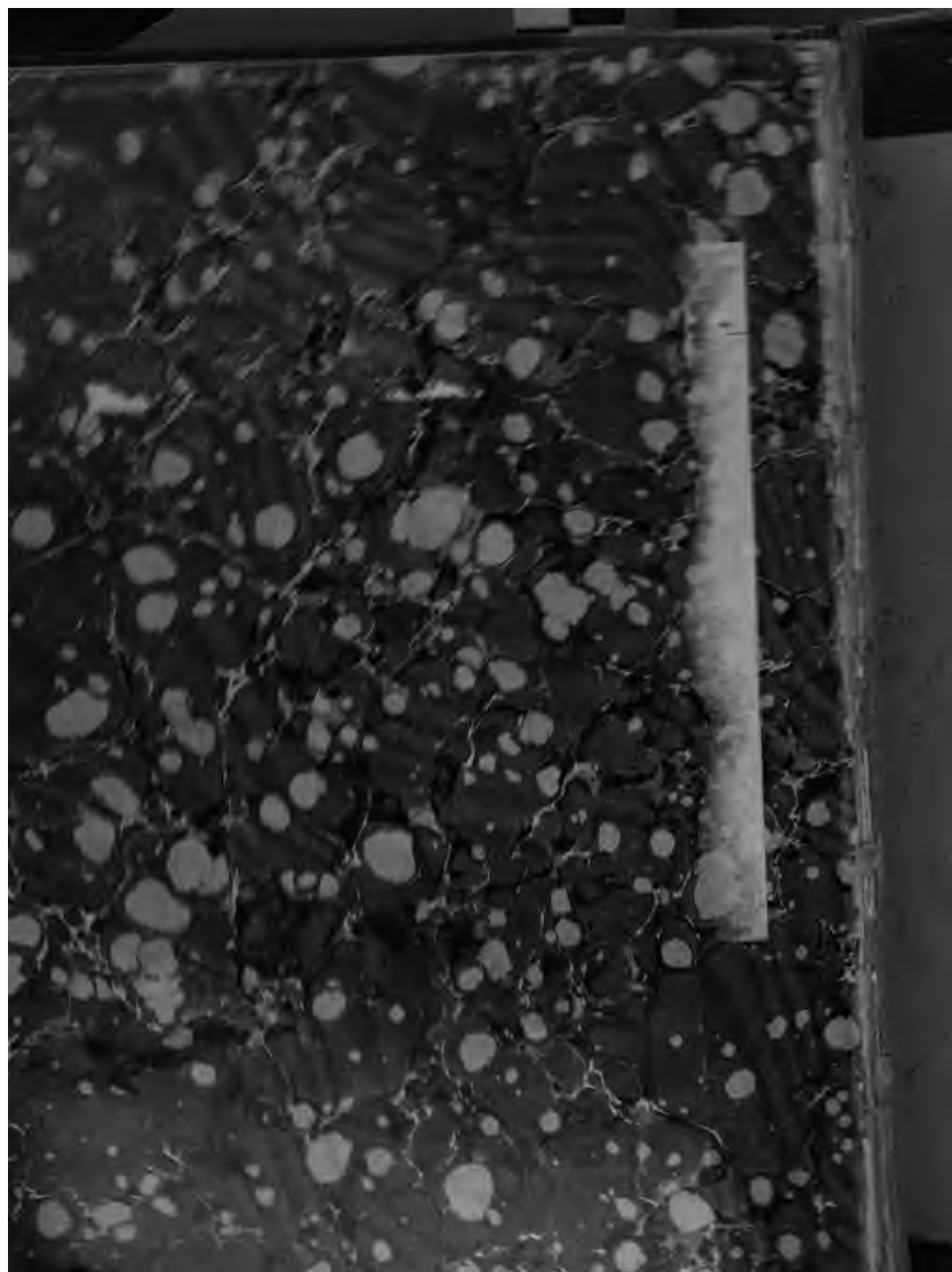


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